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INDIANS OF THE DESERT

BY LEO CRANE

I

[IN 1910, Leo Crane was a hard-working Bureau clerk at Washington, and a successful writer of fiction. Work by day and by night, and too little ease in the sun, brought about a physician's ultimatum that dispatched Mr. Crane to an outpost of the Arizona Indian Territory, where for six months he was to seek 'the proper altitude,' and to act as clerk to an Indian Agency. Six months lengthened into a year and, for a pallid tenderfoot, Mr. Crane became experienced in the ways of the desert and the Indian. Then from Washington came a telegram that was to alter profoundly the even tenor of Mr. Crane's career. — THE EDITOR]

WILL YOU ACCEPT APPOINTMENT
SUPERINTENDENT MOQUI SALARY
EIGHTEEN HUNDRED BOND THIRTY
THOUSAND WIRE

A courteous expression that is now rare — 'Will you accept?' The mere transposition of a word makes all the difference. 'You will accept!' is the tone of recent orders, a reaction of the great war against Prussianism on those who reject with an unctuous civilian horror all idea of militarism.

And yet there is a certain fine

discipline and training in the military atmosphere, even a copy of it, as practised at the properly conducted schools and agencies of the farther deserts. One learns to obey in unpleasant things, and feels something of duty and loyalty in acceding. Where there is nothing of civilization for one hundred miles in any direction, not even a telegraph wire, one comes to revere that refreshing bit of bravery, the Flag, whipping above trees, a symbol of authority and order; one thrills at the music of the band; and bugle-calls, in the wine of seven thousand feet above the sea, add a character-forming stimulation. Reveille, mess, retreat — or, at the end of a long day's drive homeward in the dark, cramped and cold from fifty miles, to hear the solemn notes of 'taps.'

The night hush of the drowsy desert has succeeded all daylight bustle. The clatter of shops, the hum of machinery, the hiss of steam, have quieted. There are no more calls from children at play. One by one the lamps go out on campus and in quarters, and great Orion burns down the empty spaces to glimpse a scrap of feeble civilization gripped in the aged everlasting hills. Then, on the cold wind, stealthily, comes the

eerie chant of a Navajo, riding across the mesa, calling on his gods.

'Will you accept Moqui?'

That was the country of the Buttes and craggy mesas; of Old Oraibi; of Second Mesa and its broad stairway to the domelike pueblos; of ancient Walpi and its rocky ladder to the sky — the land of ruins dating from the misty dawn of history. Across it the Spaniards had marched, contemporaries of Columbus, their halberds gleaming in the sun; and there the early padres had ruled, their mission bells now silent. The 'provinces of Mohoce or Mohoqui,' as Coronado bade his poet-historian write it down. It was the very heart of the Enchanted Empire.

There were but two persons to give me a modern view of the situation. The Navajo interpreter at my present station was one of those half-educated, half-sullen returned students who would accept the meagre wage when the trader would not, a part of the economic system aimed at cheaply teaching grandfather through his unrespected grandson. He came from that northern country, and his immediate family composed a most insolent gang — a mere detail I discovered later in time of stress.

'Lots of Navajo up there,' he said. 'Those Black Mountain fellows — mean Indians, too. Down here quiet, never any trouble, 'cause they liked the Chief; but up there, always something doing.'

Having little confidence in the fellow, I discounted his words heavily. But that afternoon came the missionary from down-river.

'Hello!' he called to me. 'What's this I hear? You — going to Moqui? Well, well; I hope you handle that bunch of mean ones over beyond Oraibi — those Hotevillas. About every four years they flare up. The last was in 1906, so it's about due now. The pres-

ent Agent has n't Christianized those Indians, and the one ahead of him was a bit mild. They need the fear of God put into them. Many Agents? Well, come to think of it, yes. I can recall several of them. One remained four years, but they average about two, as a rule. Let me hear from you sometime.'

A combined Indian Agency, half Hopi, half Navajo, and the two ancient enemies who fraternized on the surface when the Agent was strong enough to compel it. Ninety miles back in the hills. No telephone and no telegraph. And Agents averaged about two years each of service. What happened to them, I wondered. Were they buried there, quietly and without fuss, or did they depart between suns, seeking more peaceful climes? The padres were not successful, and the Spaniards had abandoned the country as hopeless, notwithstanding their usual methods of domination. True, there was such a thing as having a chap on for the good of his soul, after the manner of whimsical Arizona.

I debated the matter seriously before answering that wire. My plans were changing. From six months my exile had been expanded into a year; and the year was now up. Acceptance would mean a longer stay, an habitation enforced, as I should be under bond and no longer free to come and go, with the added chance of failure in an unsought position of responsibility. I had not envied my old Chief. I do not envy any Indian Agent to-day.

And yet — the Desert called to me from over beyond those blue-toned Buttes to come and find that intangible something 'just around the corner.'

So finally, like Kipling's Pagan, I decided: —

And I think it will kill me or cure,
So I think I will go there an' see.

II

I am now glad that I went to the Painted Desert and entered Hopi-land before the advent of the automobile. The going then was a picturesque if toilsome journey. After two days in a farm wagon loaded with my plunder, I reached the first back-country trading-post, and met the official I was to succeed.

That old store at Indian Wells, with its back against the hills, seemed a fanciful place in the twilight of a summer's day. Across a wide plain lifted purple mesas gashed with red clays, and Rabbit Ear Butte stuck its two inquisitive peaks into the evening sky. There was something far removed in the atmosphere and setting of Indian Wells, something of true desert solitude.

Next day we wended northward across Hauke Mesa, passing the White Cone, a solitary bleached-out pyramid that marks the southeast corner of the Hopi Reservation. Two huge white horses drew us — not a very fast pace, but decidedly a sure one. The vehicle was a mountain spring-wagon, and its one wide seat served three of us, the driver and I simple figures in comparison with the gentleman I was to relieve. This was a large pompous man who had sought the Southwest for his health and had not found all of it — principally because he had not arrived soon enough, and also because he was continually fretted by the vision of his former importance. He had come from the East, from a much larger Governmental position. In fact he had been quite within the shadow of the Cabinet, and was bulwarked with political tradition. He knew the President personally, and immediately told one so; and when he came into the desert he wore — Suffering Pioneers! — a top hat!

It takes a long time to make forty miles in a wagon of that type, whatever

the entertainment of political conventions and presidential anecdotes.

In late afternoon we crossed the sandy waste of the Jedito Wash, and came out by a steep rocky road that ascended a high mesa. A short distance to the left were the ruins of Awatobi, that once important pueblo of Tusayan, where El Tovar had his first view of and encounter with the 'Mohoce' or 'Mohoqui' of the Spanish chronicles. This meeting occurred twenty-five years before the settlement of St. Augustine, and eighty years before the gentlemen from Plymouth reached the historic New England Rock. In 1911, only a series of low walls, the pueblo foundations, were discernible at Awatobi. The place of the old Spanish mission could not be determined. The blowing desert sand had nearly reclaimed the site to solitude and unbroken sterility. But, following the sacred customs of their forefathers, the Hopi were still making trouble for their guardians.

My predecessor told me how he had sought to quiet this antagonism. At great expense he had taken the old Chief, Youkeoma, and several of his retainers on a trip to and through the East. At Washington they were honored by an audience with President Taft. The power and the glory of the American Nation, it was thought, would overwhelm the savage. He might as well have taken a piece of Oraibi sandrock to see the Pope. Not even the size of President Taft impressed the old spiderlike Hopi prophet, as he afterward told me in diplomatic confidence. Youkeoma returned as sullen and as determined as before, made some new medicine with corn meal and feathers, and then repudiated the whole hegira, including President Taft, telling his people that he had seen nothing of importance, that he had received no counsel that contained

wisdom, and that he sincerely doubted those men were chiefs of anything. Certainly they were not the mythical 'Bohannas' that the Hopi, following their own version of the Messianic legend, expect to come and rule them. And then, having refused to do that which Washington had urbanely decreed, he sat down in his warren of a pueblo, amid the sand and the garbage, to await whatever the white man might see fit to do about it.

That was my inheritance.

'And there is your Agency,' said the official, pointing. 'You can see as far as you like from that place, if you look straight up.'

Below in the great gash were the buildings of the plant, gray, lonely-looking, standing in barren grounds; but large as they were the rocky walls of the cañon dwarfed them. So clear was the air that they appeared as toy houses, cut-outs pasted on a strip of pebbled cardboard. There was a straight line of them, for the cañon, generous enough in other dimensions, had not room for grouping at its bottom.

It was a rough trough hewn by quake and flood. For centuries the waters had torn at it, until their bed was now far below the site of the buildings; and for centuries the sand had drifted in to form rounded domes that buttressed the walls. Each season's tremors disturbed the shattered rocks, sending some to the bottom in tearing grinding slides and posing others at new angles.

It was disappointing — a lonely, dreary place. No trees or hedges relieved the starved-looking site. There was little to be proud of. As for the natural beauties, one must grow to feel the majesty of worn rocks, tinted in all the shades of weathering sandstone, from saffron through gold to ruddy brown, toned to a thousand

delicate hues by the stunted cedars and diversified cacti that struggled from every crevice. In the springtime there would be flowers in the crannies, winsome purple and pink flowers, with here and there the blazing scarlet of the Indian paintbrush; and in springtime too would come the great flocks of migratory birds.

Why build in such a place? The answer is that stereotyped one affecting everything in the desert — water. At the upper end of this cañon lived the springs. Water could be brought to the site without great expense. There was enough to furnish a small settlement, and more than could have been harnessed cheaply at any other point of the territory when the plant was built. Water in greater quantity has been discovered since, but there were no 'water-witches' in the provinces of the Mohoqui prior to 1910.

All that day the thunder had muttered sullenly, and occasionally a few drops of rain had fallen on us. It was too early in the year to expect a shower of any consequence, so my guides told me. It was June, and the red-bellied clouds that the Snake Priests watch for do not appear until late August, when they herald the Snake Dance and prove Hopi wisdom; then cloudbursts send torrents through these cañons, and flood the plains, and guarantee the harvest. But, just as we drove up the main road, came a sharp downpour that settled into a rare thing indeed — a steady summer rain.

A group of Indians were standing close as we alighted. This was a delegation of welcome, for the tribes are very curious.

A Navajo grunted: 'Nahtahni.' A Hopi said something that brought smiles to their faces. It was interpreted to me as we shook hands around. He said: 'You must be a good Chief, for you bring the rain.'

III

The Agency consisted of an office, quarters and shops for the clerks, farmers, and mechanics, and a school for about one hundred and fifty pupils of the grammar grades. This was a boarding-school and, in addition to teachers, had a corps of cooks, matrons, laundress, and seamstress, all necessary to the work. In the field, close to the pueblos of the Indians, were five day-schools, serving from fifty to one hundred and twenty children each, and stations for physicians, field nurses, and range men. Therefore the equipment, furniture, and stores of six small settlements had to be inventoried and receipted for at any change of directors.

The outgoing Agent was anxious to have his papers signed, that he might be off to his next post in further search of health. For two weeks we labored over those accounts, and it seemed that it would require another three months — as it did — to adjust and compare and reduce them to something approximating accuracy. So the major part of it was arranged conditionally between us, and I filed my official signature together with bond for thirty thousand dollars, and we two shook hands as cordially as it was possible for men to do who had been debating for a fortnight.

In this manner I became Indian Agent for twenty-two hundred Hopi Indians of the Pueblo stock — maligned under a stupid Departmental label as 'Moqui' — who would call me 'Moungwi'; and for a trifle more of Navajo, the nomads of the desert, who would title me 'Nahtahni' — very likely 'Nahtahni Yezzi,' meaning Little Chief. They had undoubtedly named my predecessor 'Nahtahni Tso,' or Fat Chief.

That time of inventory I recall as a bad dream. Every conceivable article of useless equipment had been dumped

on and carefully preserved at that post. The greatest care had been taken of the most useless. Once, when the tailors of Chicago were long on swatches, they presented them to the Indian Service, and to save storage the warehouse custodian had promptly shipped them to the most distant point, the Moqui Agency, in the hope and quite sure belief that they would never come back. Aside from transcontinental railroad charges, Indian wagoners had hauled such precious supplies from the receiving station, one hundred miles, at a cartage of one cent per pound. So it was with hundreds of lamp-chimneys that never fitted a lamp, clothing too small for infants or too large for giants, machetes that were needed in the Cuban cane-fields, tools that Noah would have spurned, and broadcast seeders for use where the Indians planted corn with ceremonial sticks. One warehouse was jammed with wagon-repair material, spokes, fellies, bolsters, and so forth, of dimensions that must have been current in the period of the pioneers.

Some of this waste had been the result of stupid ordering, while much of it grew from the system of yearly contracts — neither of which has changed unto this day. Smith furnishes wagons one year, by virtue of being the lowest bidder, and one must have Smith's repair parts. Next year Brown has the contract, again by virtue of being the lowest and therefore cheapest bidder; and part of Smith's material is a dead loss to the Service.

The method of checking stores was a grotesque science. Sewing-needles were counted, the unit being a single needle, whereas darning-needles were accepted by the hundred. Anvils, log-chains, sledges, and mason-axes were known by weight, other tools by description, and still other tools were identified by sets. Each textbook, each library

and reference volume, — and there were thousands, — was known by its more or less involved title, and so catalogued and counted and charged every three months.

Of shoes — and ships — and sealing-wax —
Of cabbages — and kings —

Quite so; there were shoes, men's, women's, misses', boys', youths', and children's, each divided into two sorts, — Sunday and everyday, — twelve classifications, and all counted and all charged. There were boxes of sealing-wax, and cobbler's wax, and beeswax, in quantity; and in the attenuated garden, irrigated by the hand-bucket method, grew something resembling cabbages where free Congressional seeds had been planted. There were no ships of the keel variety; it was too dry — even the fish carried canteens; but there were burros, those pack-ships of the desert, which cheerfully doubled as 'Arizona nightingales.' And there was one official king, who, if he did not find that crandall the smith had made in 1893, would have months of explaining to those who did not know then, and do not know now, what a crandall is. After thirty days of this I felt myself going mad; so I started forth to view the domain.

Having had but little experience in the handling of horses, I selected one of my Indian interpreters for Jehu, and so he proved. My idea was that an Indian would not only be a thorough horseman, but would possess the rare faculty of driving equally well after dark. The Indian has the eye of the eagle, say the books, and so on; and those winding, narrow, switchback roads did not invite me after nightfall. Sure enough, my first return to the cañon was made in pitch blackness; but I lolled in the buggy, well wrapped up, enjoying a feeling of perfect security. An excellent thing to have an eagle's

eye, I thought — when suddenly the world tipped and heaved. There was a moment of crashing confusion and complete chaos. The lines and my Indian driver and I were all on the floor of the buggy together, hopelessly mixed and entangled in blankets and foot-brake and nose bags and halters. The vehicle had pitched forward, and seemed to have climbed on to the backs of the struggling horses. Jehu had driven over a six-foot bank into an arroyo. Fortunately the team had taken it straight over, without swerving, and fortunately too those arroyo banks are of crumbling sand. We scrambled out to catch the heads of the horses.

'What in the blankety-blank did you do that for?' I cried at the dazed Indian, who, like myself, was very much numbed and scared. 'Where were your eyes? Could n't you see the crossing to the left?'

'Did n't you see it?' he mumbled.

'I can't see in this dark — never pretended to; but you — you're an Indian, and —'

'Indian eyes no different from white man's!' he announced in his defense, and with complete composure. 'I can't see in the dark, either.'

Another precious ideal exploded.

IV

A new Agent at the Cañon headquarters — a greenhorn to boot — and immediately a thousand questions were asked. Questions of Indians, of employees, of missionaries, of traders, of traveling cattlemen and drummers, of tourists, of everyone having an interest in that country, even if ever so little. And the new Agent was to answer them all, promptly, that they might go forth with instructions and permits to do the things that they felt most necessary to themselves. I had brought a little book of regulations from Washington

and, too, I thought of the commission. It read:—

All the duties relating to the Moqui schools, Agency, and the Indians contiguous thereto, *are hereby devolved upon you as Superintendent.*

Rather a large order — depending of course on how sincerely and conscientiously one would view the matter. Here were close to four thousand square miles of territory, having five thousand people of many conditions, three fourths of them uncombed savages — and all their problems devolved upon me.

I remember a particularly worthless Civil Service employee who once said to me: 'But, Mr. Crane, you take these matters too seriously.'

It was necessary for me to cancel his engagement shortly thereafter. I did this abruptly, for he had shown a strong tendency to go to sleep at the scales. He then emitted another philosophical remark, worthy of a Civil Service employee:—

'Well,' he said, 'I will get home just at watermelon time.'

Now one does not have to take the thing seriously. I have followed several Agents who did not. But there is no traditional 'George' in the Arizona Desert, and the Agent can always be found. He is the official goat, tagged, manacled, bonded. He may not leave his jurisdiction for longer than one week without having procured special permission; and when he goes the work continues in the hands of irresponsibles under his responsibility and his bond. I spent several evenings with the little book of regulations, and answered my own queries.

What are the duties and responsibilities of an Indian Agent?

On a closed reservation, where the Indians are noncitizen wards, the Agent acts the following parts:—

1. He is the Disbursing Officer for all activities, and will expend \$100,000 or more yearly, the reserve's allotment of funds, without including the moneys of individual Indians that may be deposited with him.

2. He directs a corps of employees, persons procured from the Civil Service grab-bag (persons he does not select), a gregarious and vagarious outfit, consisting of physicians, nurses, stockmen, farmers or range men, mechanics, teachers; and he often coöperates with the Irrigation or other services and their corps.

3. When there is construction work of any kind, from quarters and schools to roads and bridges, he often designs these things, always passes on the efficiency, and nearly always directs the actual work.

4. As Chief Health Officer he should know enough to advise and support the physicians, who require more of direction and guidance than one would imagine; and among the Indians he is in great measure responsible for the legality of their actions. In times of epidemic he must lead.

5. He is the Chief of Indian Police.

6. He is a special deputy officer of the Liquor Service, a branch designed for the suppression of the liquor traffic among Indians.

7. He is Judge of the Indian Court, with the powers of a magistrate, unless there is an intelligent Indian who may be commissioned so to act. Such are not in the Arizona Desert. If there should be intelligent Indians to act, the Agent has appellate power.

8. He is the Game Warden.

9. He holds hearings, determines heirs, and probates estates.

10. He often makes allotment of lands to Indians and determines values.

11. He is superintendent of Indian trade, recommends those persons who seek Governmental license to trade with Indians at designated trading-posts, and is expected to regulate the prices of that trade in accordance with market conditions.

12. Should the Indians have moneys accruing from supervised activities, such as the leasing or sale of lands, or from stock-selling, and so forth, the Agent first sets his approval on the leases or sales, and thereafter acts as banker of the money.

13. As banker again, he makes loans to Indians under the Government's reimbursable plan, whereby an Indian may purchase of the Agent live stock or implements, materials, tools, or seed, with borrowed money, and repay such loans during a period of years.

14. In the Navajo country, he guarantees the genuineness of the famous Navajo blanket before it goes to market.

15. He should encourage Indian agriculture, seek to improve their live-stock holdings, and generally strengthen their industries.

16. Under an Act of the Legislature of Arizona, he issues marriage licenses as a clerk of the court, and may solemnize marriage.

17. He is to see that all Indian children between the ages of six and eighteen years attend school; to provide and equip properly the schools; and to improve if possible the sanitary and moral conditions of the Indian communities.

18. In some places — and the Moqui Reservation is one — he should police and protect Indian ceremonies, such as the Snake Dance.

19. He has authority to make minor regulations in good judgment for the government of Indian country of his jurisdiction; and in larger measures, if he is informed and possesses a backbone, he usually sways the policy of the Service as it affects his people.

20. The laws of the State do not apply directly to his territory, but serve as guides in those cases not specifically covered by Federal Law, and through him as Agent.

Have you had enough? If these are not sufficient in number to be convincing, there are a few others in the two thousand amendments issued since 1904.

V

Now the Indians drifted in to greet their new Chief. Although possessed by a great curiosity, they came shyly, diffidently, as is the Indian way. One would suppose that a grand council of braves would have been called to introduce a new Agent with some

semblance of formality, a thing that impresses a primitive people. But not so. The old Agent — who was Agent no longer, and glad that someone else had succeeded to the petty headaches, which are worse than the problems — packed his gear and departed. It was up to me to meet the savage in the course of business, and to make what impression I could.

The prominent men of the several districts were not at all backward in telling me how influential they were. The Navajo came first, and with reason, for they held five sixths of the range by right of might, and were eager to impress one that they should not be disturbed.

Came Hostin Nez, 'the Tall Man,' a lean shrewd genius, who could remember the captivity after Carson's campaigns. He stood proudly erect, and yet had an ingratiating manner that was part of his profession; for, besides dominating a large faction of his people and being the hereditary chief of all the Navajo, he was a Medicine Man of high degree. From the north came old Billa Chezzi, better known as 'Crooked Fingers' because of a crippled hand, who had in him nothing that was sullen or criminal, perhaps, but who pictured a bloodthirsty pirate on a desperate mission.

These two represented communities of Navajo, living and roaming north, south, east, and west of the Hopi mesa settlements, and by whom the Hopi have been throttled from the range. There were lesser men, headmen of groups of families, each having something of distinction in his manner of personal eccentricity.

But for the most part my Navajo business was with Hostin Nez. He was a Judge of the Indian Court, and carried a 'pretty paper' — a ragged commission lithographed in bright colors. We had many a long and dispassionate

argument, he rolling cigarettes in pieces of newspaper, which he evidently preferred to the 'saddle blankets' that came in packages, and wiping his lips now and then with a Turkish towel that was draped about his neck — a fashion in neckcloths that he affected. I never knew Hostin Nez to lose patience, and he would return again and again to a point at issue in the hope of gaining advantage. In appearance a Tatar chieftain, and in methods a Talleyrand.

'Think of it, Nahtahni,' he said to me, very shortly after our first meeting, 'I have never had a wagon. Here I am, an influential man among my people, and all the others have been favored. When the children first went to school, the Agents used to give each father a wagon; but that was years ago, and my children are men, and I have never had a wagon.'

Now this was hard lines, for a Navajo who did not possess a wagon was prevented from hauling freight, at that time a most lucrative occupation, and the camp need for a vehicle of some sort was great. The Navajo has to haul wood and water, and must somehow transport his products of wool and hides to the trader. So I promised him a wagon from the next lot received.

This would not be a present. The Indians of the Empire are independent and self-supporting; they do not receive rations; and the Nahtahnis do not make presents of implements or other necessary things. The Indians paid for such issues by laboring on the roads and at other constructive work of the jurisdiction, and were credited at current rates for laborers. The 'wagon' meant the issue of a full freighting-outfit — everything save the horses, of which the Navajo have a surplus.

But Hostin Nez sent his son to sign the receipt for the issue. This was Hostin Nez Bega Number Four, indi-

cating that there were other scions numbered one, two, and three, and perhaps even others bearing more fanciful Indian names. A great suspicion dawned on me. The issue-papers for several years back were examined, and lo! old Talleyrand had worked that game many times. *He* had never received a wagon; but each of his sons had received wagons after the father had made the plea for himself. When they went for freight, the Nez outfit comprised a caravan, and at the scales their pay-checks totaled hundreds of dollars. Hostin Nez did not go for freight. He was the Main Guy, and procured the wagons.

When I taxed the Chief with this, he was not offended. He smiled benignly and repeated: 'But, Citcili' (my younger brother), 'I have never had a wagon.' We let it go at that.

VI

Hardly had I moved the big desk to a place where I could see the Indians as they came in at the main door, in order that their pleas would not have to filter down through clerks, when the quiet of the summer afternoon was broken by cries of dismay and excited grief. A Navajo came running, weeping, his manner hysterical. He rushed into the office and stammered: 'Charlie Bega, he dead — kill — Charlie Bega.'

For the moment I thought someone had been murdered, but the Navajo interpreter quickly explained: 'His son has just died. Their hogan is down the cañon near the mine, and he came to tell you of it, and he wants a coffin built and a grave dug.'

The doctor came in to confirm this statement, and added: 'The carpenter makes coffins for the people. The Navajo have a great fear of the dead, and they will not bury when it is possible to have the work done by

someone else. We usually send a squad of men to prepare a grave, and the parson conducts a little service. If you say so, I will tell him.'

It was late afternoon, and would soon be twilight. 'You may tell the carpenter,' I said to the interpreter, 'and we will arrange this funeral for to-morrow morning.'

'Pardon me, sir, but they have queer customs. No member of that family will eat until the body is disposed of; and they must purify themselves by sweat-baths and ceremonies. When one dies close to the Agency, we help them bury at once.'

My first inclination was not to be ruled by such superstition; and then I thought how little four centuries of progress around them and fifty years of American influence had changed the Navajo. Like his desert, he has remained untouched, unaffected.

'Very well,' I said. 'Have things made ready to-night.'

And I shall never forget my first Indian funeral. At different times since, and among other tribes and circumstances, I have had more of excitement and not a little anxiety at funerals. But this was my first in the desert.

The carpenter made a substantial box, much too large, I thought; but when the body was placed in it, wrapped in new blankets, decked with silver ornaments, with the dead boy's saddle, bridle, and quirt at the foot, it was none too large. They could ill afford to part with those blankets and silver things, and especially that saddle. But he must be caparisoned and equipped for his new life in the ghostly land where he would go a-roaming.

A half-dozen of the employees climbed into the wagon that would carry the body to the grave. Among them was a visitor, a noted geologist who has made the Empire his study, and who took his share of labor along with

the rest. The minister from the Baptist Mission met us at the gate. The burial ground was a desolate place across the arroyo, in a little hollow of those great drifted dunes, shunned by the Indians and not very inviting to anyone. By the time the grave was ready it was quite dark and lanterns had been lighted.

'Do you wish a commitment service, sir?' asked the minister. I did not at once understand him, having to learn that the new Agent decides everything, and I had thought he would take his place as the man of prayer without request. He had a short ritual for pagans, and this was one of them. It was solemn and sufficient.

'Dust to dust . . .' and the tossing of earth on the box followed. Four of the men began filling in the grave. I had looked around for the relatives of the dead; as yet none were in evidence, but out of the dusk came two strange Navajo leading a pony. It was a very good animal, as desert mounts go. And the missionary presented to me a serious problem.

'They wish to kill the horse. Will you permit that?'

And there was something in his tone of voice that indicated a hope I would deny something as an innovation. Again I called for an explanation.

'The Navajo always kill a horse at the grave,' said the trader.

'It seems a merciless thing to do — that's a good pony.'

The missionary brightened. He had little use for pagan customs and longed for an arbitrary decision.

'It is the custom of the people,' said the trader, an honest man who advised me for many days thereafter. 'You may not like it, and — you *may* be strong enough to stop it.' There was doubt in his voice. 'But it is their custom.'

It went against the grain; but there

stood the Indians with the animal — silent, waiting. This problem had been presented to many Agents perhaps.

'If we do not kill it mercifully with a gun, they will only go away and beat it to death with rocks,' said the trader. 'It must be done to-night. I have brought a rifle.'

The desert custom of the Navajo won its first round.

The two Indians led the pony to the head of the grave and, seeming to understand that we had settled it, scuttled away in the shadows. The trader leveled his rifle and shot that very good pony through the brain. It leaped forward convulsively, and plunged down, knee-deep, in the soft earth of the grave. The dead had a mount.

VII

Now the first complaints were filed with me, and soon increased to scores. The Hopi has suffered for many years because of the willful depredations of his too close neighbor, the Navajo; and the Navajo in turn has community troubles of his own. The Indian welcomes opportunity to speak his piece in court, and if permitted will promptly set up as prosecutor and spring to the rapid cross-examination of witnesses.

A docket having once been opened, word seemed to go forth to the mesas and the cañons to bring in their complaints. The cases became legion. One would begin to examine witnesses in so simple a matter as horse-stealing, record quite a bit of evidence, to discover suddenly that the animal in question had disappeared eleven years gone, the complaint having been duly entered by seven different Indian Agents sitting at this and other Agencies. It became necessary to impose a statute of limitations.

The first real trial concerned a Medicine Man and his collar-bone. One

Horace Greeley, of Sitchumnovi, in the First Mesa District, at that time reputed to be seventy-four years old, and by profession a bonesetter, had not pleased a member of his tribe. Or perhaps he had conjured only too well with the misplaced anatomy of the patient, and charged according to his skill. At any rate, a relative of the patient took umbrage, and proceeded to handle Horace in a rough and unseemly manner. Among other things damaged was Horace's own collar-bone. He could not very well set this himself, and naturally distrusted his confreres; so he was forced to send for the Agency physician. Otherwise I should not have heard of the case. But Horace being found with a fractured collar-bone and numerous contusions, the matter was reported, and his complaint entered for the next session of court.

The Regulations of the Indian Service direct that the Court of Indian Offenses shall consist of two or more intelligent and trustworthy Indians, acting as judges, whose verdicts shall be reviewed by the Indian Agent should an appeal be taken to him. As many Indians do not understand their right of appeal, the Agent is compelled to be present either to sustain or to overrule the verdicts.

And did I not have two such judges, all properly commissioned? Did not Hostin Nez have a treasured 'pretty paper,' and was not Hooker Hongave an equal judge? Did not the Government, looking for justice, generously crowd on each of them the princely salary of seven dollars, each and every month, 'fresh and fresh'? Now was the time to avail myself of native wisdom.

Judge Hooker was a figure in the First Mesa community. At one time he had been a Hopi of the Hopi, and had fought the new system of schools and regulation with all his crude ability. To-day he is hated by pagans because

he has tried to assimilate the doctrines of Christianity, and is looked on by some Christians as an arch-hypocrite. Such are the trials of the savage.

Actually he is a childish old fellow who has tried to merit the confidence of the mission folk, with little concept of where paganism ends and Christianity begins. His greatest sacrifice in life has been the abandonment of tribal ceremonies. From his house below the mesa can be seen the famous Walpi dance-ledge, like a miniature stage high in the thin air, thronged on pagan festival days with multicolored costumes, where faintly sound the chanting and the drums. But he never attends these feasts of rhythm and song, save at the biannual Walpi Snake Dance, when he joyfully receives a dispensation from the Agent to go as an official of the Government, he being a Judge and the authorized Crier. Many times did he cry down the aimless chatter of tourists during my administration, that solemn announcements might be made to the brethren, and the visitors cautioned against the making of vile photographs and unseemly levity. Garbed in a magnificently beaded waistcoat that had decked some long-vanquished Sioux warrior, and bearing his staff of office, a knotted club out of Africa, he presents a strange and not undignified figure on these occasions.

Therefore the two who shared the woolsack were contrasts. Hostin Nez, a Navajo pagan of the pagans, a Medicine Man, a leader of chants and a priest of the sand-paintings; Hooker Hongave, a simple-minded savage who had turned halfway toward the Church, with the low-toned booming of hide-drums in his ears, and in his heart, perhaps, a longing for the mysticism of his ancient people.

The day of hearing having been reached, and all assembled, the Judges listened to the story of old broken

Greeley, who had by no means recovered and was still swathed in bandages. The accused was a burly fellow under forty, powerful enough to have challenged a middleweight, who did not deny or extenuate the assault.

'It is a very bad thing that this man has done,' said Judge Hooker, clucking his tongue and shaking his head sadly.

'Yes, my brother,' agreed the Navajo jurist. 'It is a serious thing and it must not happen again. We must make an example of this man so all the people will know of it.'

'We will,' said Hooker; and they withdrew to frame up a sentence.

From their determined expressions I feared that the prisoner would get at least a year in the hoosegow — an embarrassing piece of business, for the Regulations do not recognize any charge as deserving more than ninety days, and the Territorial Court had thought three years sufficient for cold-blooded murder in a recent Indian case. The Judges reappeared.

'He is a bad man,' said Hooker.

'Yes, he is a dangerous fellow,' said Hostin Nez.

'And so we will send him to jail for — ten days.'

'Ten days!' I cried out. 'Why, he nearly killed Greeley. That old man will suffer for weeks. You mean ten weeks, don't you?'

'No,' they said. 'Ten days is a long time in jail.'

The appellate power came into action.

'Your decision, gentlemen, is overruled.'

Hooker brightened, expecting a remission of at least five days, which would save his face at the mesa, and perhaps prevent the prisoner from hating him for many years.

'The prisoner will be confined for the period of sixty days, and during that time will be employed at hard labor.'

Hooker gasped, trembled, and was speechless.

'You are a man without mercy,' declared old Hostin Nez.

That was my last session of the Indian Court in the Hopi-Navajo country with native judges sitting. One might as well expect justice from a goose.

For an Agent who wishes to evade responsibility, the 'judges' are an excellent smoke-screen. He can always

say: 'It was done by the prisoner's own people' — Pilate's method. Aside from its having all the elements of farce, it breeds dissatisfaction and ill-will among the people, while teaching them nothing.

Thereafter I paid the salaries, and pleasantly chatted with the old gentlemen when they visited the Agency; but of their legal wisdom I wanted nothing. The Court proceeded to business without them.

TRACKING DOWN A MURDERER

BY J. LESLIE HOTSON

I

ANCIENT murderers arouse in some of us a deep detecting interest. To ferret them out and to turn the world's eye upon them gives a peculiar pleasure. The modern criminal, on the other hand, leaves us comparatively cold. We abandon him, with his large fortune and temporary mental aberration, to the sordid pillory of the headlines. Our preferred murderers are those far figures who, having drawn a cloak of centuries over their crime, are trying to slip unnoticed down the dark highway of history. Such we like to tap on the shoulder.

But 'First catch your hare,' says the oracle of the kitchen. And the greatest initial obstacle to the exposure of lost murderers is of course the catching them. Clues are clues only to those who have their eyes open. As a specimen of ancient hidden murder, I take the case of Nicholas Colfox. This man, we have just discovered, was a murderer

denounced, under a cloak of poetry, by Geoffrey Chaucer. An obscure corner of history shows Colfox as the chief accomplice of Thomas Mowbray in the abduction and secret murder of Thomas, Duke of Gloucester, in 1397. This discovery has now for the first time opened our eyes to the damning finger which Chaucer points in his 'Tale of the Cock and the Fox': —

A Colfox, ful of sly iniquitee . . .
Wayting his tyme on Chauntecleer to falle,
As gladly doon thise homicydes alle,
That in awayt ligen to mordre men.
O false mordre, lurking in thy den!

But the story we have to tell here is not the Hunting of the Colfox. We shall come down two centuries, and relate the chase of the man who killed the dramatist Christopher Marlowe. And the beginning of the story lies in Bloomsbury.

You must know, first, that the houses in Bloomsbury are all alike — on the

outside. Idiosyncrasy may find a place within door, but it is drab uniformity which orders the antique right-dress and the jaded eyes-front of the smoky exteriors. In a garret of one of these indistinguishable houses, one raw November night, we were huddled over the gas stove. Mary was trying to toast bread and, Jupiter-like, I was pouring a well-aimed shower of coins into the lap of that Danaan stove, to coax from it a complaisant warmth. No one who has not experienced it can know the joy of an English fireside. When the ponderous penny has dropped, and the eager gas has launched its cheerful roar — then is the moment for scorched shins, shivering backs, and little abortive attempts to mitigate the monotony of the English cuisine.

To us enters our literary friend, partly for hot buttered toast, and partly for companionship. Our literary friend is an authority on Christopher Marlowe and his writings. Being on tour, he has paid a visit to Marlowe's college at Cambridge, he has walked from the Bankside to Shoreditch, and is projecting a pilgrimage to the poet's birthplace, Canterbury. Before taking his leave, our literary friend learns that we are spending our days in Chancery Lane, grubbing among the musty parchments and papers of the Public Record Office, finding here a new fact about John Harvard, and there a lawsuit concerning some property of John Milton's. Thinking at once of the unknown man who destroyed the greatest early genius of the English drama, he shakes his head. Not much chance of finding a trace of that criminal in the Public Record Office. Scholars have ransacked the place in search of him. But Deptford, now — where Marlowe was killed? Why not try Deptford? No telling what you might find there, in some obscure corner.

After our literary friend had gone, I

endeavored to think why I ought not to try Deptford. One very good reason that came to me was, I remember, that Peter the Great, Tsar of Muscovy, had tried it: and tsars were notorious for their bad taste — whether it were shown in accidentally beating their children to death, or in fostering revolution with the knout. The story goes that Peter went to Deptford ostensibly to learn shipbuilding as a common workman. But King Charles lodged him and his retinue in Sayes Court, the handsome Deptford mansion of Sir John Evelyn. When the Muscovites came to move out, Sir John made a bitter complaint to Parliament of the horror wrought within the house by the nasty nobility, and of the destruction of his cherished hedges by Peter. The potentate, it seems, as shipbuilding palled, would seat himself in quest of excitement in a wheelbarrow, and get a powerful gardener to rush him full tilt through a hedge. Evelyn naturally could not be expected to understand what an intoxicated thrill of Tsarility it gave one to smash through those hedges.

Then, too, I reflected that though Deptford, even as late as Peter's time, may have been in a condition to be visited, it now was unquestionably a city slum. On picking up the *Evening Standard* I read that health officers were urging the establishment of public baths in Deptford, since it had been estimated that there was one bathroom for every one hundred houses. Finally, where in Deptford should I find an archive — a commodity no doubt scarcer even than bathrooms?

No; the prospect of Deptford was lacking in charm. Instead, I went to the British Museum to find out exactly what was already known of Marlowe's murderer.

It took but a very short time to find that nothing was exactly known.

Turning to the *Dictionary of National Biography*, I found this:—

In the register of the parish church of St. Nicholas, Deptford, appears the entry, which is ordinarily transcribed thus: 'Christopher Marlow, slain by Francis Archer, 1 June 1593.' Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps read the surname of the assailant as 'Frezer,' i. e. Fraser.

Here at once was mystery unfledged. The authorities did not agree even on the murderer's name. Some read 'Archer,' and others 'Frezer.' Plainly the first step would be to settle the question to my own satisfaction by studying the original writing. But the burial register that contained it was still kept in the church at Deptford where Marlowe was buried. For some moments a bus pilgrimage to Dismal Deptford loomed up unavoidable—but I was spared. From the dim stack a book on Marlowe was produced, whose author had thoughtfully enriched his work with a photographic facsimile of the disputed entry. One careful glance proved beyond a doubt that the 'Frezer' reading was right and the 'Archer' reading impossible. The scholars and parsons had mistaken the *ff* of *ffrezer* (which was the old way of writing capital *F*) for a capital *A*, owing to the two uprights and the crossbar; and to take *ez* for *ch* in an Elizabethan hand is not so stupid as one might suppose. But 'Francis Frezer' was unquestionably the name written by the parish clerk.

So much for the name. What other dim light was there on Marlowe's death? Well, there were two ancient brimstone accounts of the violent and well-merited end of Marlowe, the reputed atheist, which have survived. The first, written by Thomas Beard four years after Marlowe's death, in his *Theatre of Gods Iudgements* (a collection of terrific obituaries), runs as follows:—

Not inferiour to any of the former in Atheisme & impiety, and equall to all in maner of punishment was one of our own nation, of fresh and late memory, called *Marlin* [marginal note: *Marlow*], by profession a scholler, brought vp from his youth in the Vniuersitie of Cambridge, but by practise a playmaker, and a Poet of scurrilitie, who by giuing too large a swinge to his owne wit, and suffering his lust to haue the full raines, fell (not without iust desert) to that outrage and extremitie, that hee denied God and his sonne Christ, and not only in word blasphemed the trinitie, but also (as it is credibly reported) wrote books against it, affirming our Sauieur to be but a deceiuer, and *Moses* to be but a coniurer and seducer of the people, and the holy Bible to be but vaine and idle stories, and all religion but a deuice of pollicie. But see what a hooke the Lord put in the nostrils of this barking dogge: It so fell out, that in London streets as he purposed to stab one whome hee ought a grudge vnto with his dagger, the other party perceiuing so auoided the stroke, that withall catching hold of his wrest, he stabbed his owne dagger into his owne head, in such sort, that notwithstanding all the meanes of surgerie that could be wrought, hee shortly after died thereof. The manner of his death being so terrible (for hee euen cursed and blasphemed to his last gaspe, and together with his breath an oth flew out of his mouth) that it was not only a manifest signe of Gods iudgement, but also an horrible and fearefull terrour to all that beheld him. But herein did the iustice of God most notably appeare, in that hee compelled his owne hand which had written those blasphemies to be the instrument to punish him, and that in his braine, which had deuised the same.

It was to this story that Francis Meres, writing a year later, added the famous embroidery of scandal: '*Christopher Marlow* was stabd to death by a bawdy Seruing man, a riuall of his in his lewde loue.' Historians of literature, novelists, and playwrights have seized on this last unsavory morsel of gossip and have served it up under such an

ingenious variety of forms that those who have heard nothing else about Marlowe have heard that.

William Vaughan, the author of the second long account, tells a more circumstantial and less expansive tale in his *Golden Grove* (1600): —

Not inferiour to these was one Christopher Marlow by profession a playmaker, who, as it is reported, about 7. yeeres a-goe wrote a booke against the Trinitie: but see the effects of Gods iustice; it so hapned, that at Detford, a little village about three miles distant from London, as he meant to stab with his ponyard one named Ingram, that had inuited him thither to a feast, and was then playing at tables, he quickly perceyuing it, so auoyded the thrust, that withall drawing out his dagger for his defence, hee stabd this Marlow into the eye, in such sort, that his braines comming out at the daggers point, hee shortlie after dyed. Thus did God, the true executioner of diuine iustice, worke the ende of impious Atheists.

It is to be noticed here that Vaughan gives the assailant's name as one 'Ingram,' while the burial register, we remember, reported it as 'Francis Frezer.' Which was correct? Someone had blundered over this name, but from this distance no one could tell where the age-old mistake lay.

II

Out of this tangle I took small encouragement. How could I hope to discover anything about so shadowy a criminal? In the first place, he was reputed to have been a serving man; and men of that class do not figure largely in the public records. Secondly, his very name was a matter of doubt. So hopeless it seemed that I gave up all thought of tracking him down, and returned to my other research.

Months passed, and took me far from Chancery Lane. But the magnetic power of the archives, that subtle

and incalculable force, drew me back; and somewhere in the unconscious part of memory the names 'Ingram' and 'Francis Frezer' were still lurking. One day the gods of chance were propitious. I was going through the pages of one of the old index-books to the Close Rolls of the Chancery, searching it for Walter Raleighs, Francis Drakes, and the like. As my eye traveled through the entries for the year 1596, it was suddenly caught and held by the name 'Ingram Frizer.' In a flash came revelation. Something shouted in my brain that I had my finger on Marlowe's murderer, whose trail I had so long abandoned. The mystery of the name was solved: Vaughan had mentioned the murderer as 'Ingram,' apparently taking this as his surname, while the parish clerk, though writing 'Frezer' correctly, had mistakenly substituted 'Francis' as his Christian name.

The date here was 1596, three years after the crime, and Frizer had not been hanged by the neck; on the contrary, here he was, indexed in the Close Rolls of the Chancery. What was he doing there? Referring to the enrolled document, I found it to be merely a deed of bargain and sale, by which Ingram Frizer of London purchased two houses and some land in Buckinghamshire; and in this, of course, there was no clue to the crime. But we had crossed a hot trail. A hazy contradiction of names had leaped into life as Ingram Frizer, a London man of business, living, moving, and having his being three years after killing Marlowe. He challenged me to a chase.

How was I to recover a trace of his crime of 1593? I could not believe that he had not come to some kind of trial for killing Marlowe, even though he had been acquitted. There must have been a record, somewhere. Casting about, I thought first of the great series of ancient Criminal Inquests — those

investigations by coroners' courts into questionable deaths — included in the Chancery records. Unfortunately this collection upon examination proved to contain nothing later than the reign of Henry VI.

Baffled here, I had to lead off in a new direction. It occurred to me that although Marlowe was killed at Deptford in Kent, perhaps the case was not tried in Kent. Perhaps Frizer had been indicted for Marlowe's death in the great Court of the Queen's Bench, Westminster, the highest criminal court in the realm. I therefore got out the Queen's Bench Controlment Roll for 35 Elizabeth (1593) — a thick bundle of dark-brown parchments sewn together at the top. For two days I strained my eyes searching in the dim and difficult script for an indictment of Ingram Frizer, and I finished by finding nothing.

Once more I paused and considered. The possibilities of Kent were not yet exhausted. Marlowe's murderer might have been tried by the Justices of Assize, on circuit there. Hope rode high when the bundle of ancient rolls of the South-Eastern Circuit for 1593 was brought out for me. Black with thick dust they were, and appeared not to have been opened for centuries. I thought surely to make a discovery here. But as they slowly passed in dim and fragmentary procession under my eyes hope seemed to pass with them. In the long files of criminals I found no Ingram Frizer.

This was a dark moment. I could see nothing in any direction. While waiting for light, I read over the two old narratives of Marlowe's death once more. Was there a possible clue still hidden there? What was Vaughan's view of the circumstances of the fight? According to him Marlowe, dagger in fist, had attacked Ingram, who drew his own poniard and killed the poet in

self-defense. If this were true, could Ingram properly be called a murderer? To freshen up my imagination I made an effort to put myself in his place. Here lay Kit Marlowe, whom I had stabbed to save my life. Was I to look forward quietly to a trial for murder, and then the gallows? But I killed him in self-defense! I thought that I could prove as much to the coroner's jury. And after proving it, what then? Why, then I could appeal to the Queen for a pardon.

A pardon. A clue! A clue which — presto! — turned me back into my natural shape as a researcher. Where would the royal pardons be entered? Of a sudden I recalled having seen them mentioned in a description of the Patent Rolls of the Chancery. This series is made up of copies of the *Litteræ Patentes* or open letters from the sovereign to the subject (the originals are so called from being written upon open sheets of parchment with the Great Seal pendent at the bottom). Among many other kinds of documents, pardons of all sorts were issued through the Chancery as Letters Patent.

Now the index books to the Patent Rolls stand most conveniently on the shelves of the Legal Search Room, just a step down the gloomy corridor from the Round Room where I was working. In a moment I was there, taking down the volume containing 35 Elizabeth (1593), and running my excited finger down the time-faded names noted in the margins.

A dozen rapid leaves, a score or so of names, and treasure-trove! — 'Frisar' lay before me like a jewel on the page. I could not believe my good fortune. There beside it was the laconic description of the pardon, clearly written in the customary abbreviated Latin: —

R[egina] xxviii^o die Junij concessit In-
gramo ffrisar p[er]don[am] de se defend[endo]

This may be put into English roughly as:—

The Queen 28th day of June granted pardon to Ingram frisar [for homicide] in self-defense.

In a kind of whirling daze I realized that Marlowe's name was not there. Still, the date was right: four weeks after Marlowe's burial was sufficient time for issuing a pardon. This *must* be the pardon I was after. But before I could rest I must see the document to which this entry was the index. In an unsteady hand I made out the call ticket for Patent Roll 1401, to which the index referred me, only to find that the hands of the Record Office clock pointed to 4:15 — too late to see the roll that afternoon! That was another dark moment.

Conquering an absurd fear that the attendants must have guessed my secret from my face, I found my way out from the dark musty halls of the archives to the green quiet of the Rolls Yard, past the reflective eye of the guardian bobby under the massive gateway, and into the narrow rapid roar of Chancery Lane. Law clerks passed like so many hasty puppets. Nothing stood in my mind's eye but the shining hope of finding the first authentic account of the death of Christopher Marlowe. That hope would be dashed or realized precisely at ten o'clock on the morrow, when the fatal roll would be waiting on my table. There would be a pardon, I knew; but suppose it should turn out to be only a bare statement, with no thrilling details? As I faced this staggering doubt in Holborn, I was very nearly juggernauted by a Charing Cross bus.

This would not do. I had no right to risk a violent death, when such a secret would die with me. I must live at least until 10 A.M., and that right rapidly. But my desire to speed the parting

minutes fell beneath the inexorability of routine. I had to make my usual way by tube to Paddington with other 'season ticket-holders' (an Englishman never *commutes*) and take my seat in the customary Beaconsfield train. We were staying then at Jordans Hostel, which lies halfway between Chalfont St. Giles, where Milton wrote, and Beaconsfield, where Chesterton may still be seen from afar off, similarly occupied. On this night of nights the Great Western Railway dropped me in the most ordinary fashion at my little station, and the engine puffed off, remarking, 'Whatever you *may or may not* discover, the *world must go on, world-must-go-on, world-mustgoon.*' I walked up past the old Friends' Meeting House, through the orchard to the Hostel, and divulged the tremendous secret to Mary. Then followed an attempt to kill the long evening hours by means of a furious game of badminton with a small boy in the Mayflower Barn (a three-centuries-old affair, affirmed by tradition and at least one eminent scholar to be built from the timbers of the Pilgrim ship). The night which succeeded was long, unusually long for the season. But morning came at length, and with it the London train.

III

Life goes by contraries. When I approached the Record Office as the bells of St. Clement's were striking ten, I ought, no doubt, to have quickened my steps. Contrariwise, I fell into a kind of fatalistic saunter. If I should find it, well; if not, why, no need to have hurried. . . .

I reached my table. There was the brown roll waiting, as it had waited these three hundred years. Almost calmly I began to unroll the heavy involute of parchment, ten inches wide. But as I noted the length of the average

entry my excitement waxed. Faster I rolled — faster, faster — until Frizer's immortal name flashed into view, at the head of a pardon *more than a foot long*.

Surely an angel — perhaps the recording angel — had preserved me for this, or this for me. For me? I cast a furtive glance, half expecting the sharp-eyed double circle of searchers to rise in a body and pounce on my roll — but they were deep in affairs, mostly genealogical, of their own. My eye raced over the pardon — it was written in Latin — and I saw that it quoted in full the details of the inquest held by the Queen's Coroner, William Danby, on 'the body of Christopher Morley, lying dead and slain' at Deptford. *Christopher Morley*. Was this Christopher Marlowe the dramatist? My heart skipped a beat. It must be. The same name in a different spelling. Scholars had seen Marlowe's name written 'Marlin' and 'Marley'; but 'Christopher Morley' was a new and modern-sounding form. In passing I realized that the author of *Shandygaff* had here found a great namesake across three centuries.

No matter for the spelling — here was the precious story, the only authoritative and complete story of Kit Marlowe's mysterious death. How did he die? What was the quarrel? Was there a woman in the case? I found the answers to these questions in the findings of sixteen men under oath — the Coroner's jury. Stripped of a little verbiage, here follows a direct translation from the Latin: —

. . . When a certain Ingram Frysar, late of London, gentleman, and the aforesaid Christopher Morley and one Nicholas Skeres, late of London, gentleman, and Robert Poley of London aforesaid, gentleman, on the thirtieth day of May in the thirty-fifth year above mentioned, at Detford Strand aforesaid . . . about the tenth

hour before noon of the same day, met together in a room in the house of a certain Eleanor Bull, widow; & there passed the time together & dined & after dinner were in quiet sort together there & walked in the garden belonging to the said house until the sixth hour after noon of the same day & then returned from the said garden to the room aforesaid & there together and in company supped; & after supper the said Ingram & Christopher Morley were in speech & uttered one to the other divers malicious words for the reason that they could not be at one nor agree about the payment of the sum of money, that is, *le Reckoninge*; & the said Christopher Morley then lying upon a bed in the room where they supped, & moved with anger against the said Ingram Frysar upon the words as aforesaid spoken between them, and the said Ingram then & there sitting in the room aforesaid with his back towards the bed where the said Christopher Morley was then lying, sitting near the bed . . . & with the front part of his body towards the table, & the aforesaid Nicholas Skeres & Robert Poley sitting on either side of the said Ingram in such a manner that the same Ingram Frysar in no wise could take flight: it so befell that the said Christopher Morley on a sudden & of his malice towards the said Ingram aforesaid, then & there maliciously drew the dagger of the said Ingram which was at his back, and with the same dagger the said Christopher Morley then & there maliciously gave the aforesaid Ingram two wounds on his head of the length of two inches & of the depth of a quarter of an inch; whereupon the said Ingram, in fear of being slain, & sitting in the manner aforesaid between the said Nicholas Skeres & Robert Poley so that he could not in any wise get away, in his own defense & for the saving of his life then & there struggled with the said Christopher Morley to get back from him his dagger aforesaid; in which affray the same Ingram could not get away from the said Christopher Morley; and so it befell in that affray that the said Ingram, in defense of his life, with the dagger aforesaid of the value of twelve pence, gave the said Christopher then & there a mortal wound over his right eye of the depth of two inches & of the width of one inch; of

which mortal wound the aforesaid Christopher Morley then & there instantly died; And since that the said Ingram killed & slew the said Christopher Morley aforesaid at Detford Strand aforesaid . . . in the manner & form aforesaid in the defense and saving of his own life, against our peace our crown & dignity, as more fully appears by the tenor of the Record of the Inquest aforesaid which we caused to come before us in our Chancery by virtue of our writ; We therefore moved by piety have pardoned the same Ingram Frisar the breach of our peace which pertains to us against the said Ingram for the death above mentioned & grant to him our firm peace. . . . Witness the Queen at Kew on the 28th day of June.

It will be noticed that this pardon, near the end, refers to the record of the inquest as though it were in the Court of Chancery; and yet I had searched the whole collection of Chancery Inquests with no result. I felt that to complete my documentary record I must find that inquest. But where could it be? I took up the printed description of the Chancery documents and thrashed through every item. At length, in an obscure corner of the Miscellany of the Chancery, a title met my eye: 'Writs and Returns, Henry III to Charles II.' This looked hopeful, for, as I had just seen, the inquest had been returned upon a writ into Chancery; and I got out the Index and Calendar to the Chancery Miscellany. Though the documents well merited the title of 'miscellaneous,' they had been roughly grouped together by counties. By going through all the items listed under Kent, I found at last what I wanted — the indented Coroner's inquest (so called because two copies were cut apart on a wavy or indented line for purposes of tallying — whence *indentures*), and the Queen's writ which summoned the case into Chancery. A comparison showed that this inquest had been copied word for word into the pardon, except for the

jurors' statement that 'the said Ingram after the slaying aforesaid, perpetrated and done by him in the manner aforesaid, neither fled nor withdrew himself. But what goods or chattels, lands or tenements the said Ingram had at the time of the slaying . . . the said jurors are totally ignorant.'

With all the documents before me, every step in the proceedings was clear. Ingram Frizer killed Christopher Marlowe on the evening of Wednesday, May 30, 1593. The inquest was held on Friday, June 1; and on the same day they buried Marlowe's body. Coroner Danby sent the record of the inquest into Chancery in obedience to a writ dated June 15. And Frizer's pardon was granted at Kew on Thursday, June 28.

So much for the new dates. Returning to the scene of the inquest, we notice that there are two eyewitnesses to the killing, doubtless friends of Marlowe and Frizer, since they had been feasting with them. Coroner Danby opens his inquiry. The jury examines Marlowe's body, the dagger used in the scuffle, the scalp wounds on Frizer's head, and hears the oral testimony of the two eyewitnesses, Poley and Skeres. Upon deliberation, the jury brings in its finding of homicide in self-defense.

Two courses are open to us: (a) to believe as true the story of Marlowe's attack on Frizer from behind, corroborated in so far as it is by the wounds on Frizer's head, which wounds must have been inflicted *before* Marlowe received his deathblow; or, (b) to suppose that Frizer, Poley, and Skeres after the slaying, and in order to save Frizer's life on a plea of self-defense, concocted a lying account of Marlowe's behavior, to which they swore at the inquest, and with which they deceived the jury.

The latter seems to me a possible but rather unlikely view of the case. In all probability the men had been drinking

deep — the party had lasted from ten in the morning until night! — and the bitter debate over the score had roused Marlowe's intoxicated feelings to such a pitch that, leaping from the bed, he took the nearest way to stop Frizer's mouth.

We learn that the quarrel which brought on the fight was a dispute over the reckoning. Money is cause sufficient for a fight; there is no need to drag a woman into the case. The imaginary object of Marlowe's so-called 'lewdie loue,' about whom so much has been written, is noticeably absent from the picture, both as a cause and as a witness of the fray. In spite of the wishes of Francis Meres and his followers, she must now be returned with thanks to the fertile brain from which she sprang.

IV

Such is the true story of the death of Christopher Marlowe, as I found it in the records, stripped of scandal, and told by sixteen good men and true. But was this to be the end? Who could rest content without finding out more about this Ingram Frizer than his mere name? What manner of man was he? What's Christopher to him, or he to Christopher? Questionings of this kind urged me along still farther on his trail; and before many days I had run down such a quantity of facts about his position and personal character that through them the killer of Christopher Marlowe will stand out as a living figure.

And as for Marlowe himself, the

spelling of his name as 'Morley' afforded a pregnant suggestion. It led me to an official letter of the highest importance bearing on the dramatist's early life; but that, as Kipling says, is another story.

Halliwell-Phillipps, great biographer of Shakespeare and a mighty man with the records, spoke once and for all for the Nimrods of the archives: 'Which sport is it that elicits the keenest and most genuine enthusiasm — fox-hunting or record-hunting? Undoubtedly the latter.

'For what devotee to field amusements, after galloping day after day for three months in search of a possible fox that does not turn up, would commence another session of the same description with undiminished alacrity? Where is the determined sportsman to be found who would continue to traverse downs and morass if he only winged a miserable sparrow once in a month? Would he persevere for a year or two on the chance of eventually bringing down a woodcock?

'Not a bit of it! The record-hunter is your only true sportsman. Undeterred by hundreds of obstacles — carrying any height of fence — disheartened by no number of failures — merrily henting the stile-a — and, above all, when he once does catch a sight of his bird, never missing it!'

Foxes? Sparrows? Woodcocks? If such small deer stir his blood, picture the high adventure of a chase through a noble forest of parchment three hundred years old — and, at the end of the day, big game.

THE DIRECT PRIMARY: A STUDY FROM LIFE

BY IMOGEN B. OAKLEY

I

'THE remedy for the evils of democracy is more democracy.'

Following this formula, which has been offered as a specific for all the ills that may afflict a democratic form of government, the direct primary is taking the place of the state and city convention. The evils of the convention are many, but can we be sure that the direct primary is the 'more democracy' which is to be their cure?

Democracy implies a secret and independent ballot. The rules governing the direct primary require the voter to register, where all may see, the name of the party with which he voted at the last election or the one he intends to vote with at the next. If, in his desire to vote for the best candidate irrespective of party, he registers as a non-partisan, he is quite likely to find that no party under that name has prepared a primary ballot and he loses his vote. To avoid this disfranchisement he may register as a Republican or Democrat and vote in the party primary for the candidates whom he deems the most worthy among the few offered for his choice and in whose selection he was not consulted. It may happen, and frequently does happen to the independent, that the candidates whom he believes the least worthy become the choice of the party with which he has voted, in which case he finds himself committed by what is called party loyalty to the support of men he does

not trust and whose election he believes would be a public disaster.

In addition to this moral obligation imposed by party loyalty, the would-be independent voter in my own state is under a legal obligation to vote at the general election for more than half of the ticket nominated by the majority, however well founded may be his objections to more than half. The natural result of this constraint of choice is that the citizen who believes in his inherent right to vote for the best man he knows does not take part in the primary, and the selection of the ticket is left to the blindly partisan, who accept any candidate put forth by the party leaders and who can be depended upon to support any ticket labeled regular.

A system of nomination that thus violates the principle for which the Anglo-Saxon has so long and so valiantly contended — the secrecy and independence of the ballot — can hardly be recommended as the 'more democracy' which is to be the remedy for our electoral ills. New abuses have taken the place of those the primary was intended to abolish, and except in unusual cases the machine control of nominations is as absolute as ever. The cost of elections has been doubled, and in states and cities where one party is strongly in the majority the primary gives the real decision and the general election becomes a perfunctory, expensive, and unnecessary function.

In population and industrial achievement, Pennsylvania stands second among the states, and Philadelphia, by reason of her historical associations and industrial activities, is in the front rank of American cities; it seems fair, therefore, to take a Philadelphia primary conducted under Pennsylvania laws as typical of the 'more democracy' obtained by that method of nomination.

The primary of 1923 was undoubtedly the most important election ever held in Philadelphia. Under the provisions of the new charter every elective officer of every kind and degree had to be nominated, and to the Republican nominees — for in Philadelphia a Republican nomination is equivalent to an election — was to be entrusted the expenditure of a loan of \$70,000,000 for public improvements.

In my own division in the heart of the city, where the organization is firmly entrenched, it is always very difficult to get enough independent watchers. Four are needed, in order that two may be in the polling-place together and be witness one for the other should any challenge result in legal proceedings. A thorough canvass of the division revealed that not one man could be persuaded to act as independent watcher, and only two women, myself and one other, were willing to accept the responsibilities involved. Each of us had had a varied experience as watcher in two previous elections, but unfortunately we were compelled to be on duty alternately, thus leaving the independent candidates represented by only one watcher.

When I reported for duty on election morning, my alternate, who had been at the polls since the opening hour, said, 'Every voter who asks for assistance gets it, and no affidavits have been required. What do you think we ought to do?'

A Voters' Assistance Clause in the

election laws of Pennsylvania allows every voter who claims a disability to ask for aid in marking his ballot. The disability may be physical or mental. The voter may plead that he is blind, or has not the use of his arms or hands, or he may plead that he cannot read or write, or simply that he cannot understand the ballot. It is said that when the Voters' Assistance Clause was first debated in the legislature one member proposed that drunkenness be added to the list of disabilities, and since I myself have seen feeble-minded men deposit, with the support of the law, ballots which they obviously knew nothing about, the plea to make drunkenness a legal disability seems almost defensible.

At a general election, every voter demanding assistance is made the judge of his own disability and may not be challenged. On his simple statement that he needs aid, a benevolent watcher goes into the booth with him and renders the assistance asked for. The primary law, however, which was enacted when the independents happened to be in control of the legislature, provides that no voter may receive assistance without making an affidavit that his disability is as claimed. When my alternate said, therefore, that assistance was being given and no affidavits required, it was evident that the election officers were permitting a wholesale violation of the primary law. We made a joint protest to the judge, and the division leader took it upon himself to explain the situation. I might say incidentally that all the election officers, including the judge, were Negroes, and that the division leader was Irish.

This leader told us that a judge of the Superior Court had handed down a decision to the effect that whenever a loan is to be voted upon at a primary the rules of the general election must

apply and assistance be allowed without challenge. My alternate and myself doubted whether the decision of any one judge could thus suddenly and without appeal nullify an act of legislature. She remained on duty and I left the polls to consult the Committee of Seventy, a body of public-spirited citizens who have made it their business to watch for infractions of the election laws and prosecute conspicuous offenders. The secretary of the Committee told me that, from what he had been able to learn, word had gone out at midnight to all organization leaders that assistance without affidavit would be legal under a judicial decision, but that he himself had not as yet found any record of any such decision. Assistance was being given freely in all polling-places, he said, and the Committee was powerless to stop such general violation of the law. The only thing we could do in our division was to keep a list of names and addresses of those who were assisted and of the assistants. 'You may say to your election officers,' he added, 'that the Committee of Seventy will prosecute everyone who gives illegal assistance and every election officer who permits it, and the penalty for a judge of election who permits illegal assistance is a fine of \$1000 or a year's imprisonment or both.'

I returned to the polls and reported to the election officers what I had heard from the Committee of Seventy. They looked troubled and conferred with the division leader and with a magistrate who was hastily summoned. The outcome of the conference was that assistance was continued. No challenges were allowed. The election became a merry farce with my alternate and myself as spectators. Out of 286 voters, 126 received assistance, and the assistants became so careless that in one instance one of them forgot to drop

the curtain before the booth and I saw him mark the ballot himself, the nominal voter merely standing by, an apparently uninterested looker-on at something that did not concern him.

II

The next morning's papers confirmed the report of the secretary of the Committee of Seventy that the primary-election law had been disregarded all over the city, that assistance to voters had been general, and that in many divisions there had been illegalities of various other kinds. The extreme length of the ballot had made the official count an all-night task. Many election officers had revolted and, after counting the names on several ballots, had made 'estimates' of the rest. The *North American* made public the process of 'estimating' as set forth in an affidavit sworn to by an election officer who at the last minute had substituted for a majority inspector who was ill. According to this sworn statement, the Republican ballots were taken to the rear of the room by one of the officers, who made calculations on a sample ballot and then called off the figures for the mayoralty and councilmanic candidates, these figures being then entered on the tally sheets which had been signed in blank earlier in the day. The suggestion of another officer that the whole count be 'simplified' was then adopted, and, after a few minutes' figuring, the vote totals for all the candidates were announced and entered on the tally sheets.

'At no time during this period,' says the affidavit, 'did any officer make a count of the Republican ballots or examine them in any way.'

Four months later, on the strength of this affidavit, these election officers and two committeemen were indicted and brought to trial on the charge of a

conspiracy to make false returns. They were promptly acquitted.

'This case,' says the *Philadelphia Record*, 'if it shall stand as a precedent, will in our opinion set back the cause of a pure ballot in Philadelphia about twenty-five years. . . . Instead of counting the votes on the Republican ballots, the election board turned them over to a committeeman. He did not count them, he "estimated" them. He called off his "estimates" to the election officers, who entered them on the tally sheets as an actual record of votes cast. The accuracy of the "estimates" may be judged from the fact shown in the recount that one candidate who had actually received 131 votes was credited with 19. One of the accused officers testified on the witness stand that he was guilty. The jury disagreed with him and rendered a verdict clearing all of the seven defendants. The judge, in his charge to the jury, declared that "it is not an indication of fraudulent intent by election officers if they let some ready computer count the votes for them. It indicates a desire to get home after twelve hours' work and not a desire to make a false return." And after acquittal he is quoted as having administered this solemn rebuke to the men who had been instrumental in defeating the will of the voters: "Now you'd better be more careful how you count votes. All these short cuts get you into trouble."'

These 'short cuts' and the 'simplified' counts resulted in the nomination of the entire organization ticket. The choice of the organization candidate for mayor was a foregone conclusion. He was a popular man and undoubtedly received a large majority of the votes cast, but the independents had reason to expect the nomination of at least a third of their candidates for council. In one councilmanic district the independent candidate, who had previously

shown himself a good fighter against heavy odds, demanded and obtained a recount of the ballots. The actual count reversed the 'simplified' count and, instead of being defeated, he found himself nominated by a substantial majority. The independents thought and still think that an actual count would have shown a similar result in all the wards where they are strong, but no other candidate cared to go to the trouble and expense of insisting on a recount.

The investigation conducted by the Committee of Seventy showed later that the judicial decision quoted by the organization as authorizing assistance whenever a loan is submitted to the people was not a judicial decision but merely an opinion given by the judge in question before he was called to the bench and while he was acting as counsel to the county commissioners. Moreover, his opinion was given in 1909, while the act of legislature defining and clarifying the laws governing the primary was not passed until 1913. Manifestly, a legal opinion given to the county commissioners in 1909, however valuable at that time, would have to yield to an act of legislature in 1913.

When I went to serve as watcher at the general election, I said to the election officers, 'Your faction committed at the primary the kind of blunder that has been described as worse than a crime. This division is always overwhelmingly for the organization, and the illegal assistance you permitted could not be called politically necessary. The Committee of Seventy is collecting evidence of illegal assistance in all the election divisions, and when this division is reached what are you going to do?'

'My word is as good as yours, I suppose,' answered one of the officers, meaning apparently that he would deny what I as a watcher would affirm.

'Quite as good,' I assented, 'but I have a list of names and addresses written down at the moment of assistance and it should be good evidence in court.'

'Don't you believe that the courts are political?' was his next question.

'If you mean that the decisions of the courts are influenced by party politics,' I answered, 'I can only say that, whether justified or unjustified, that is the current belief.'

'And don't you believe that juries can be fixed?' he asked.

Again I had to answer, 'Whether justified or not, that is the current belief.'

'Well?' he said. 'Well?' — and settled himself back in his chair as if there were nothing more to be said.

In point of fact, there was nothing more to be said, and the decision of the court that 'estimating' votes instead of counting them is not an offense against the election laws left little to be done. The control of the next primary became a relatively easy matter.

The outcome of the primaries of 1923 and 1924 was known in each case before election day, but the control was effected by different methods. In 1923 the organization was still demoralized by the death of a powerful leader and the election of Governor Pinchot. It became necessary from a partisan standpoint that a majority of the nominees should be trusted organization-men, and to attain this end electoral illegalities had to be permitted. Within the six months before the primary of 1924 the organization had lubricated and repaired the party machine, the division leaders were working together in peace and harmony, and the control of the primary was so assured that flagrant violations of the law were not necessary.

It is true that, owing to some political manipulation somewhere, independent

watchers in several divisions, including my own, found themselves unable to get certificates, but a little irregularity of that kind is scarcely worth public mention. It is true, also, that marked ballots were furnished abundantly in all the polling-places, but apparently such first aid to the voter is no longer an indictable offense. Law-abiding citizens in fifty divisions asked the aid of the Committee of Seventy in having the ballot boxes opened and recounts made, but such requests are nothing unusual. A defeated candidate assured me that she had positive proof that in her division a voter of some influence was paid ten dollars to scratch Pinchot's name, but when a man is paid to act against his convictions the price is necessarily high.

Newspaper witticisms reflect the popular opinion of the last primary:—

Conscientious citizen to ward leader: 'Was this an honest election?'

Ward leader: 'Absolutely honest. We paid spot cash for every vote we bought.'

Inquiring citizen to Chief Boss: 'Are you satisfied with the way the election went?'

Chief Boss: 'Perfectly. If I were not going to be satisfied I would not have had it go that way.'

III

The theory of the primary is better than the theory of the convention, but the fact is that the voters have little if any more freedom of choice under one system than under the other. In both cases a slate is presented. The candidates have been agreed upon by a committee more or less self-appointed. This was markedly the case in the primary of 1924. Voters were permitted to select seven out of ten delegates to the Republican National Convention, but they had nothing to do with the naming of the ten. The rest of the ticket on the Republican

ballot offered the voter no choice of candidates. He had either to vote the straight organization ticket or not vote at all.

Under the direct-primary law of Pennsylvania, independent choice would seem to be secured by the proviso that any candidate who can show the signatures of a given number of residents of his district must be given a place on the ticket. Few candidates, however, have cared to incur the displeasure of the party leaders by rebelling against the slate, and it is a task requiring time and energy to get the necessary signatures, the majority of the voters preferring to take the line of least resistance by voting for the slated candidates or not voting at all.

The average citizen is perplexed and harassed by the number of elections and the length of the ballot. With the primary, we now have two elections a year, and the primary is the more important since, in a state so overwhelmingly of one party as Pennsylvania, a Republican nomination is almost equivalent to an election. The general election has become merely a ratification of the Republican primary, but still requires campaign headquarters, public meetings, party assessments, and all the 'whooping it up' which tradition has imposed. The ballot is many times too long. In the primary of 1923 we citizens were asked to choose twelve judges among twice as many candidates of whom we knew little or nothing. We were bidden to select a coroner, a sheriff, a recorder of deeds, and a register of wills, although their duties are largely clerical and every one of the officers could be supplied more easily and satisfactorily from the eligible lists of the civil-service commission. We were expected to signify our choice of a list of candidates for division registrars, inspectors, and judges of election, and

a variety of other petty officials who would do better work if they were certified by the civil-service examiner and made responsible to the registration commission. In addition to the effort to find a familiar name among all these candidates, we had to approve or disapprove of a loan, though not one voter in a hundred had time or patience to read the complicated sentence of one thousand words in which it was submitted, and not one in fifty could understand it when read. Small wonder that the average citizen remained at home rather than face the arduous task set him by the party leaders.

During every campaign the charge is made anew that the intelligent citizens forget or refuse to vote, thus leaving the ignorant and boss-ridden to constitute a majority. My experience as a watcher in four elections has convinced me that the intelligent and unintelligent go to the polls and remain at home in the same proportion, and if the unintelligent prevail it is because there are more of them. In my division, for example, there were in 1923 the names of 819 voters on the assessor's list. I should hesitate to vouch for the accuracy of the list, but on the face of it the division was given 819 possible voters. About 150 of these reflected the intelligent vote — that is, the vote that could be depended upon to repudiate unfit candidates however strong the political influence behind them. Only 395 of the possible 819 voters availed themselves of their right to register for the primary, and only 286 in 1923 and 222 in 1924 took the trouble to go to the polls. I made especial note of the fact that the actual independent vote bore about the same ratio to the possible independent vote as the actual organization vote to the possible vote of that faction.

My alternate happened to say to one of the election officers, after the polls

had closed, that the independents hoped to see the Voters' Assistance Clause repealed during Governor Pinchot's administration. 'I hope they will see nothing of the kind,' he said. 'It is hard enough now to get our voters out, and if they cannot be sure of assistance they will not come out at all.'

My own observation is in accord with that of the election officer. I believe that the very ignorant do not care to vote and that they go to the polls only under pressure from the division leader or in expectation of financial reward. During one primary in which I was trying to keep track of assisted voters, an organization watcher suddenly exclaimed, 'No one has voted from Mulberry Street!' 'No,' said another, 'and I'll tell you why. A lady on Mulberry Street was put in jail last month and the division leader did n't get her out, so no one's voting on Mulberry Street.'

An ambassador with plenipotentiary powers was at once dispatched to Mulberry Street, and soon returned bringing several reluctant Negro women who demanded and received assistance. As one of them left the room she was overheard to say to her companion, 'I did n't want to vote, but I had to. They told me they'd raise my rent if I did n't.'

My division, which is in the old part of the city, crowded with tenements and with a tenement population supposed to be entirely under party control, was able to produce only one third of the possible vote, and this in face of the fact that the organization watchers were under orders to bring

out at least 350 voters. One of the election officers told us that to stimulate vote-getting the watchers were paid a dollar apiece for every voter over the required 350. 'What happens,' we asked, 'when, as to-day, the total vote is only 222?' The man shrugged his shoulders. 'That is just what I want to know,' he said.

The city as a whole showed in 1923 approximately 400,000 voters out of a possible 819,218, and in the 1924 primary the difference between the actual and possible vote was still greater. I used to join in condemning the stay-at-homes, but since I have seen with my own eyes with what ease the vote is controlled I find myself yielding to a sympathy with their point of view. Candidates are slated, voters are assisted, votes are 'estimated,' the count is 'simplified,' and the primary is no more representative of the people at large than is the convention.

The Philadelphia *Public Ledger* said editorially the morning after the last primary that this method of nomination 'presents a practical problem for conscientious voters for which no satisfactory answer has been found. . . . An inevitable result (of the primary) is that the choice of candidates is left to the managers of the respective machines and their well-disciplined forces. . . . If the primary is an ineffective instrument for eliciting the will of the party, what is there to replace it?'

Shall we be forced to admit that democracy is a failure?

What shall we do about it?

MY LITTLE LEARNING

A FRAGMENT OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY

BY LOUIS E. REED

ONE day, while fording a river a few miles from our home, my father was shot and killed. I was fifteen at the time, large and strong for my age, and the oldest of five children. When the news of my father's death was brought to us my mother was hanging out the family wash. Without a word of comment she continued her task. When she had finished she quietly removed my rifle from the wall and handed it to me. Words were unnecessary. These things are understood and appreciated in the West Virginia mountains.

Nevertheless, certain things caused me to hesitate. First, I had but recently joined the church, an undertaking not lightly entered into on my part. Secondly, through the kindness of Mr. Roberts, a Sunday School missionary of the Presbyterian faith, I had read a number of good books such as Scott's *Waverley Novels*, Tennyson's *Idylls*, a translation of Josephus, and the historical sections of the Bible. These influences, however, though powerful in their way, were hardly sufficient to counteract the training of generations, and there is no knowing what the course of my life might have been had not my father's murderer got into difficulties with the revenue men shortly after the murder, and begun a long sojourn at the state penitentiary.

About the same time my friend Mr. Roberts found a man ready to be interested in me. Without letting me

know what he was about, he had written to a number of rich acquaintances in the hope of placing me in a good school, and at last a prominent Washington philanthropist had responded and offered to defray the expenses of my education.

It is difficult to describe my feelings when I learned of this possibility. The problem of providing daily bread for my mother and brothers and sisters was, fortunately, not mine. Although the mountaineers are poor, I have never known a case of actual want. Somehow there is always enough to go round: a few mouths more or less make little difference where large families are the rule. In this emergency an uncle offered my family the shelter of his home. My mother, while not wholly dependent, was in straitened circumstances, and by accepting my uncle's offer she could at once bestow and receive aid, as my three small cousins had been left motherless the preceding winter. Still my youngest brother was but eight months old; the other children were small, and I fancied that a certain exemplary influence was due from me. This was really the one thing that held me back from immediately accepting Mr. Roberts's help, for the call of adventure was strong within me, and I had formed from my reading all sorts of fantastic notions about the 'world beyond.'

Mr. Roberts and I discussed the situation many times. He believed that it was my duty to go, because I could thereby accomplish more good in the world. He never failed to point out what his opportunities for service might have been had he been equipped with a college education. In the end I agreed to prepare myself for the ministry of God, and two months later I had made my first sally into the world about which I had read so much and knew so little, and was matriculated for the second semester of the school year.

I

Looking back, it seems as if from earliest childhood I had known the time would come, eventually, when I should go forth seeking new worlds to conquer. Our home, a crude, one-story, undressed-plank dwelling, was situated in plain view of Bald Mountain, so named because of the sparse vegetation at its crest. This mountain was celebrated locally for two reasons. First, because of certain mysterious lights, called, by the superstitious, Jim Clark's Lights: Jim Clark, according to the story, was beheaded by a man with an axe, and Jim's spirit still searched for his head. The mountain owed its further distinction to the road that zigzagged back and forth across its sides and disappeared over Yellow Gap into the 'world beyond.' One of my earliest remembrances is listening to the wails of the screech owls on Bald Mountain and wondering what lay over the top.

College did not suggest itself to me as a practical goal until Mr. Roberts made it possible, but long pondering upon the pages of *Ivanhoe*, many chapters of which I knew by heart, as well as upon the other books which I have mentioned, had gone far to convince me that my sphere of action

was somewhere beyond my native hills.

I was encouraged in this idea by my father, a hearty, good-natured giant of a man who never quite got over his pleasure at having a son who knew more than the village school-teacher. Those were gala days for me when I was permitted to accompany him on foot to the village store. On such occasions he never failed to dwell at length upon the circumstances of his own youthful quest for adventure, and I used to listen breathless to his thrilling stories of life in the Arizona deserts, of barroom encounters with the greasers, of the exploits of the Rough Riders in Cuba. But an unlucky bullet at San Juan Hill brought him back home to convalesce, and finally to marry.

If my mother had any plans for my future, she never divulged them. As I have already indicated, emotion in any contingency was not a part of her make-up. Nor was she given to trafficking in words either in or out of the family. Her extreme reticence in a country where gossip is a vital factor in community life brought her respect but no friends. Even my father never knew what my mother was thinking about, and I am sure I never did. Of the older children, I was the only one to show a predisposition toward learning. A sister, two years younger than I, held my studious aspirations in great contempt. There was a famous lazy man near us named Zeb Barnes, and for two or three years she persisted in addressing me as 'Mistuh Zeb,' much to my discomfiture. Needless to say, this habit led to many domestic altercations.

A younger sister, who was nine at the time of my father's death, was sickly from birth, and I believe could neither read nor write her own name. The other children, both boys, were infants when I left home.

II

My benefactor did not do things by halves. The preparatory school I entered was old in years and traditions. No doubt the old campus clock had looked down upon many strange sights, but I doubt if it had ever seen a stranger sight than I when I arrived. In my hand I proudly carried a brand-new straw-covered suitcase, while on my back reposed an equally new ill-fitting mackinaw, topped off by an army campaign-hat which had struck me as headgear at once distinctive and useful! For two days I was the butt of all jokes. But after I had emerged victorious from a scramble destined to go down as one of the bloodiest fights in the history of the school, I was left respectfully to myself.

That first term at preparatory school stands out as the one supremely religious period of my life. Separated from friends and loved ones, with no sympathetic understanding of what was going on about me, it was only natural that I should turn to God for comfort. In Him I found that peace of spirit that passeth all understanding. During the warm spring evenings I used to walk far into the country. Darkness often found me sitting on some log in the depths of the forest or listening to the drone of insects in some deserted graveyard. At night especially, when men betook themselves to artificially lighted houses, leaving the great outdoors free from intrusion, I felt a glorious something throbbing within me which I knew was the presence of the Creator. Thus the first term passed. It is, alas, an unfortunate circumstance that so much of our lives is occupied with changing interests. By the opening of the fall term I had learned enough about this 'world beyond' to know that the surest way to get along was to bow to the

wishes of the multitude. Coincident with my arrival there had been a great hullabaloo about a game called football. I went out, practised faithfully, and made the team. From then on a change gradually came over me. I was one of the 'gang.' In time I came to like it.

The remainder of my prep-school career was little different from that of the rich men's sons with whom I associated daily. I had plenty of spending-money, therefore I bought expensive tailored clothes. I learned the accepted haircuts, the latest fads in neckwear, and the art of talking glibly about nothing. To the faculty I gave serious consideration only at examination time. They were scorned as nonentities, who could not make a living in the business world. Strangely enough I never questioned this judgment. Friends of the 'Glad to see you back' variety I had in abundance, but not one friend like Mr. Roberts, with whom I could commune soul to soul and be sure of a sympathetic response. An idea of how much I had changed — progressed, perhaps — may be gained from the fact that I was president of my graduating class. And I really felt the serious responsibility of my position!

My social training at preparatory school was a distinct advantage to me later at college. There an exclusive fraternity welcomed me as a brother. Again I made many friendships of the lighter sort. I am not boasting when I say that I believe I had as large a speaking acquaintance among the faculty and students as any man in the University. The way to 'get things,' I was informed by a well-meaning senior brother soon after my initiation, was to make myself known. The things he referred to had to do with pins, badges, keys, and emblems of every conceivable shape and design. It was

generally conceded in my set that the man who could display the most hardware at graduation was the man whose college career had been the most successful. I collected fifteen of these souvenirs during four years, a very creditable record, and managed to occupy a quarter-page in the class book, but so far these advantages have not aided me in 'getting the things' of life.

In my junior year I grew a small moustache, not without thinking how ridiculous I should appear in my own home, and attended a few college dances. These I enjoyed only as a spectator. Somehow, amid the blare of the saxophones, the thumpety-thump of the drums, and the utter abandonment of the dancers to the rhythm of their own bodies, I heard the beat of savage tom-toms and I pondered upon the thing we call Civilization.

If I had any special intellectual bent in college it was in the direction of philosophy. Religion, I found, was freely discussed both in and out of the classroom. Early in my first term I heard a freshman refer to the New Testament, which I had always revered as inspired by God, as the work of a few 'crackbrain reformers.' Imagine my surprise when the instructor, instead of reprimanding the student for the unpardonable sin of blasphemy, actually complimented him upon his choice of language! Later I discovered that Christ was not the Son of God sent down to redeem a sinful world, but the originator of a new philosophy of living; that even Heaven and Hell were fanciful myths, since the soul, in all probability, was not immortal! Indeed, it might well be doubted if such a thing as the soul existed!

Consider the effect of these opinions upon a simple and untutored mountain-lad whose business in college was to prepare himself to do more good in the

world, and you have my predicament. Early in my prep-school days I had begun to eradicate all traces of my origin. My habits, speech, manner of talking, and appearance had been carefully moulded to the popular form. My task, as I saw it, had been and still was to submerge the individual within me and be a Roman in Rome. I may have relied too much on the old adage. Not only did I do as others did, but I began to think as others thought. And my intellect, in this case, while apparently broad enough to absorb the fallacies of the Scriptural text, was not big enough to encompass that 'larger vision' of things which, I am told, characterizes a well-balanced mind.

In this quandary I lost all sense of religious and moral values. Good and bad I began to believe were determined by what one could or could not 'get away with.' A few excerpts from Nietzsche contributed largely to this growing conviction. Possibly I should have become a confirmed believer in the theory of the superman had I remained in the academic atmosphere. But the time arrived, all too soon for me, when I was adjudged competent to pass as a graduate of the institution. Then I found myself in the unpleasant situation of either disappointing the one person in the world to whom I owed everything or playing the hypocrite.

I tried to do the manly thing. I told Mr. Roberts how I felt; that, while I owed him so much, I could not consistently continue my studies at the Seminary. Instead of berating me for my lack of faith, as I half hoped he would, I found him as sympathetic as ever. God is such an all-wise Being, he told me, that His purposes are not easily fathomed. Perhaps I was passing through a period of doubt in order that my faith might ultimately be strengthened.

The simple faith of this good man, which had so profoundly influenced my early youth, again touched me. In his presence, somehow, doubts seemed to slink away like sickly, crawling things. He was one of those rare persons who convinced without saying mere words. The singular purity of his life and the mystical inspiration that radiated from him were more powerful than all the sermons in the world. I mention this because I had about made up my mind, when I had confessed my shortcomings, to enter business, as nearly all my classmates were doing. If Mr. Roberts had uttered one word of censure, or attempted, ever so little, to point out how ungrateful I was, the chances are that I should be in some broker's office to-day. Instead, I listened respectfully, and a little shamefacedly, to the few words he said on the subject, and found myself in the end agreeing with him that I ought to settle down among my own people for a year before making a final decision. The village school needed a teacher. No doubt I could have the position.

That was the last time I ever saw Mr. Roberts. Three days later he was crossing the 'mountain' to visit one of his Sunday Schools when something happened. His horse appeared riderless at George Courtney's barn. They found him sitting against the trunk of a tree far up the mountainside. The doctor said it was heart disease.

III

I took the school. In fact, I am now teaching it. Promptly at nine each morning I ring a large hand-bell to inform the community that school is about to begin. The pupils file in and seat themselves in their assigned places, the small ones at the front near my desk, the large ones at the rear near the door. When I feel that everyone

has been sufficiently notified, I leave off ringing, place the bell on the top of my desk, and seat myself facing my pupils. School has begun.

From nine until four, with a recess of one hour at noon, I am busily engaged in the task of education. Those persons who argue that the business man is the most overworked individual in America should take a course in mountain school-teaching. Twenty-seven pupils, ranging from four to twenty-two years of age, and necessitating a total of thirty-two recitations a day, are in themselves sufficient cause for alertness. Add to that the ever-present consciousness that a careless moment may be fatal — running out teachers has long been a favorite outdoor sport in this community — and you can readily see that teaching in the mountains is less a matter of instruction than of discipline. Nevertheless the human element enters here as in every other place. Already I can observe a much less defiant attitude on the part of my protégés. They can be handled, smoothly and skillfully, if they are given to understand from the beginning that a single uncalled-for action or comment will inevitably lead to instantaneous and complete annihilation! Such a statement may sound hopelessly out of date in this enlightened age of the world's history but, knowing this country as I do, I am convinced that no other procedure would be practicable.

The community life is as unlike that of my college town as is possible on the same continent. Pitching horseshoes, playing checkers, coon-hunting, and occasional fighting are the forms of relaxation most frequently indulged in. This state of affairs, brought about by the isolation of the mountain regions, is, I believe, upon the verge of collapse through the influence of the radio. A progressive citizen has ordered

a set and I understand others are to follow. Who knows? The Southern mountaineer with his mediæval ideas of blood and honor may be already a thing of the past.

With me the eternal process of change is at work. Every day I find myself slipping more and more into the ways of those about me. The tell-tale stride of the mountaineer, that jerky, swinging step acquired by long contact with steep places, is beginning to show in my gait. Even my voice, so carefully trained to another manner at college, is assuming the characteristic Southern drawl. Nor can I bring myself to wish overmuch that it were otherwise. My mother, in spite of her seeming indifference, is genuinely glad to have me at home. My brothers and sisters, although changed beyond recognition, — my older sister is married and lives near by, — still maintain this unperishable quality — they are *my* brothers and sisters. How poignantly the words of the most familiar of songs come back to me now: —

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

Contact with the outside world is, naturally, limited. My only means of communication with it are occasional letters from scattered classmates, two periodicals, and my college newspaper. At times when reading these I feel the surge of ambition within me. My place, it seems then, is out there where men are doing things; and, as it was in my boyhood days, I see myself a gray-haired man of action, a power among men, fighting, crushing, conquering. Whether or not these moments of vision will eventually goad me to new

fields of endeavor I cannot say. The truth is, I have no more definite idea of what I want to do in life than the man whose face is engraved upon the moon.

For a time after the death of Mr. Roberts I thought I was beginning to have a glimpse of that 'larger vision.' Religion, I decided, was instinctive. The place to study it was not in the halls of learning but at home. I attended a revival meeting. The preacher, a rawboned mountaineer, completely crushed his hearers under an avalanche of oratory unknown to the more cultured sections of our country. At the end of two weeks there was a great 'spiritual uplift.' Hardened sinners who had led unholy lives since the last revival meeting were brought into the fold. There was great rejoicing among the few faithful, and the preacher departed to picture his visions of glory and eternal damnation elsewhere. With what result? To be absolutely fair I cannot perceive that the inspired apostle left a more permanent mark than two weeks of clever entertainment. In another two weeks the community was ready for another revival.

Is Christianity an impossible religion? Does it really affect our dealings with our fellow men? Or is it a little-understood convenient something that satisfies our natural or acquired cravings for belief in something better than this life affords? Is it not possible that men like Mr. Roberts are endowed with more pronounced cravings than most of us?

These are thoughts which occur to me and I am loath to answer. Verily, a little learning is a dangerous thing.

THE REAL DIVISIONS IN MODERN CHRISTIANITY

BY KIRSOPP LAKE

I

THE immediate results of any great intellectual revolution are inevitably controversy on secondary points, and movements which prove ultimately to have had little importance. This is obviously true of the intellectual revolution that has so profoundly affected all branches of Protestantism. But some of the permanent results of fifty years of rapid change are now making themselves visible and indicate the forces determining the form that religion will assume to-morrow.

In the first place it is obvious that the old denominational lines have lost all intellectual meaning. In many cases the controversies which called the existing churches into being have been forgotten, and their sectarian existence depends on little differences of ritual or twists of phraseology to which importance is attached though the reason which produced them has been forgotten. This is especially true in America; I think that in the course of conversation I could almost always tell the difference between Unitarians, Universalists, Congregationalists, Methodists, Baptists, or members of the Protestant Episcopal Church—I should do so merely by listening for ‘blessed words’ that I have learned to recognize. A question, for instance, on the doctrine of the Trinity will be answered in one way by a Trinitarian, in another by a Unitarian, but only rarely will either be able to give an intelligent statement of its real meaning

or of its actual formulation by the theologians of the past. Some of the answers would have partially satisfied Sabellius, and in others Paul of Samosata would have thought that he recognized a familiar echo; but Athanasius would undoubtedly have excommunicated all of them. A modern teacher of history sometimes wishes that he could do the same, but he generally has to content himself with turning to some easier question.

One of the immediate results is a movement toward reunion. This is partly due to economic reasons. When two denominations have forgotten why they ever separated, and neither can afford to pay a living wage to a minister, they often remember how good it is for brethren to dwell together in unity, and effect a merger.

But it is a mistake to suppose that this is the chief reason. There is a more creditable desire in the minds of almost all Protestant leaders, who understand that the cause common to them all is injured by every unnecessary division. Some of those who stand highest in the Anglican communions even dream of a reunion between themselves and the Catholic Church. Unfortunately the terms on which reunion is possible are quite well known, and can hardly be changed. These terms are the acceptance of the Catholic polity and the Catholic theology. If the Anglicans were willing to accept both, the Roman authorities would almost certainly look

with sympathy on the suggestion of dealing with Anglican customs and observances as liberally as they deal with those of the Uniate Churches. But unfortunately, though there are some who, like myself, admire the general theory of the Catholic polity, and many others who accept almost all the Catholic theology, few accept both.

To the Protestant, adherence to truth means a willingness to learn, to confess ignorance and error, to accept new facts, and to follow the light; to the Catholic it means the acceptance of the unchangeable opinion of the Church speaking with the voice of God. Between these there can be no compromise and no peace. Those who can accept the Catholic position seem to have but little reason for refraining from joining the Church of Rome except that they are unwilling to submit to the methods of Roman administration. I wish that there were signs that Protestants were recognizing the inferiority of their polity, and Catholics the impossibility of their theology, but I see none. At one time I thought that the Modernist movement in the Catholic Church would mark the beginning of a new and better reformation, which would render possible the union of churches on a Catholic or supranational basis. But that hope seems vain, and though few Modernists have become Protestant — why should they? — most of them have ceased to be Catholics. Or is this, too, illusion, and has Modernism been suppressed but not destroyed?

II

Reunion on a smaller scale, that is to say between Protestant denominations, has in some ways brighter prospects. In America, especially, some of the largest Protestant churches are being brought together by such movements as the Federation of the Churches of

Christ, which is rapidly becoming more important than any single denomination, bringing about exchanges of pulpits and even of membership, and undertaking joint enterprises of far-reaching importance. Immense good has already been done by this movement, which is still in its infancy. It is confronted by three dangers of which its leaders are well aware.

In the first place, in the desire to avoid controversial detail it may sacrifice intellectual sufficiency. Ministers of all denominations are in danger of losing their position as intellectual leaders, and the desire of a younger generation for information and discussion often forces it to look elsewhere for the satisfaction of its legitimate intellectual needs.

In the second place, it may confuse religion with a conventional and cheerful 'good-behaviorism.' To the onlooker it seems that this danger is serious. Too much emphasis is put on social activity; ministers are required to be popular speakers and 'good mixers'; pleasant social evenings prove more advantageous to church membership than the severer exercises of the past; and all theological questions are kept in the background.

Finally, there is the terrible danger of political exploitation and the creation of a 'Christian bloc,' whose votes will be obtained by politicians willing to pass laws to enforce summarily good conduct and right opinion on all matters. Such a bloc is apt to forget that even when the conduct in question is really desirable it is so only if it be the choice of free men thinking for themselves, and it is significant that in some States of the Union laws have already been passed against the sale of cigarettes and the teaching of evolution.

These are serious evils; but they are well known to church leaders and will doubtless be met by them.

Over against this 'Federating' movement, which is in the main a 'concentration on the centre,' is the evolution of three types of thought that are producing cross-sections throughout Protestantism, so that men often stand in closer intellectual sympathy with those of the same type in other churches than they do with others in their own communion.

The most energetic and, I suspect, the largest group, but least well educated, is the Fundamentalist, which has indeed forgotten much of the thought of the past, but has learned nothing from that of the present. It represents an unwavering attachment to the great traditional doctrines of Christianity. The name 'Fundamentalist' was, I believe, first given to this group some years ago when it adopted the 'quadrilateral of belief' — the Infallible Inspiration of Scripture, the Deity of Jesus Christ, the Efficacy of the Blood Atonement, and the Second Coming of the Lord. The sudden prominence of this movement is a reaction against the intellectual chaos which has often been allowed to serve as a substitute for liberal theology. But it is a mistake, often made by educated persons who happen to have but little knowledge of historical theology, to suppose that Fundamentalism is a new and strange form of thought. It is nothing of the kind: it is the partial and uneducated survival of a theology which was once universally held by all Christians. How many were there, for instance, in Christian churches in the eighteenth century who doubted the infallible inspiration of all Scripture? Very few. No, the Fundamentalist may be wrong; I think that he is. But it is we who have departed from the tradition, not he, and anyone who tries to argue with a Fundamentalist on the basis of authority will be worsted. The Bible, interpreted as Revelation,

and the *corpus theologicum* of the Church are on the Fundamentalist side.

At the same time Fundamentalism is not the complete or the intelligent survival of the old theology. The keen metaphysics of the doctrine concerning God and the insight into human nature of the doctrines of sin and of grace are no longer present. The Fundamentalists have zeal, but it is certainly not according to knowledge and it is rarely tempered by any understanding of the value of mysticism. Their party is recruited from the 'Bible Schools,' which offer a cheaper education for those wishing to be ministers than can be found in universities or in the theological schools that take only college graduates. Men are taught in these schools a very precise theology, are given some admirable practical instruction in the art of speaking, and are inspired with great enthusiasm, partly for the gospel which they preach themselves and partly against the theories which they believe to represent modern science. They are supported by men who know the words of Scripture better than the teaching of science, insist — quite rightly — that the Bible means what it says, and hold that if the Bible be, as they believe, the revealed word of God, nothing contrary to it can be true or ought to be taught. They are endeavoring to prevent any teaching from being given in public schools or colleges, whether on geology or biology, which conflicts with the Biblical account. The matter is being made a political issue; so many votes can always be secured for the Bible and so few for Science that in some places no political candidate could be elected who does not hold the 'Biblical' views, and no teacher in a public institution can retain his position if he even uses the word 'evolution.'

There has been evident in America some surprise at the sudden rise of

Fundamentalism in the last five years. But no one who has lived in Holland can be surprised. The story of Fundamentalism in America is repeating almost exactly the history of the 'Anti-revolutionary' Party in Holland. In both countries the underlying cause is general but imperfect education and democratic government. Until 1870 the Dutch Reformed Church was becoming more and more 'modern' — that is, 'liberal' — in theology. After that date a more democratic method of church government was introduced by the Liberal Party, and the spread of general education produced a generation which could read, was confident in its own knowledge, was easily swayed by attacks on scientific thought and deeply stirred by appeals for the preservation of the faith. The newly enfranchised Calvinists formed a political alliance with the Catholics, and to-day almost all the great churches in the cities are in the hands of 'Fundamentalists,' who for more than twenty years, with only short intervals, have shared with the Catholics the government of the land. What happened in Holland with rapidity, because of its smallness, may quite well happen, though more slowly, in larger countries.

III

At the other end of the scale from the Fundamentalists is a much smaller group, which is not organized and has no name, but which I propose to refer to as the Experimentalists.

Many of them belong to no church at all. Some of them have been turned out of orthodox churches, or have left them in despair, others have never belonged to any church at all. Their position is far harder to describe than that of the Fundamentalists, for they do not specially wish to formulate it into clear-cut phraseology. In general

they adopt the position, familiar to the scientist, that experiment is the basis of knowledge. Formerly there was a time when theory came first and experiment was used almost exclusively to corroborate it. The clever savant was he who could best explain facts in terms of a given theory. So in religion there was a definite theory, the theology of the Christian Church, and religion — the observed facts of experience or experiment — had to be explained in accordance with it. A man was not counted a Christian or religious because he had made the experiment, but because he accepted the theory.

The Experimentalist feels that this is an utterly false and antiquated attitude. Its parallel would be to claim that a man was a chemist because he accepted the molecular hypothesis, not because he had made experiments and drawn conclusions, either by his own action or by the recorded action of others, from these and similar experiments.

The Experimentalist holds that there are two great experiments in life that are the basis of religion. The first is positive or active; it is made when a man is conscious that there is a purpose in life of which he is only a part, but with which he can coöperate if he choose, *and he does choose*. It is the subordination of the individual self-seeking will to the great purpose of which he discovers some part by this experiment, though it stretches away far beyond his ken.

The act of choice must be emphasized. The Experimentalist deserves his name, not because he holds the view that there is a purpose in life, — that is theory, — but because, believing that there is this purpose, he chooses to make the experiment of becoming its servant.

Is there any difference in quality between the Experimentalist who does

this and the primitive Christian who consecrated himself to the Kingdom of God? None. The attitude of mind is the same as that which said 'Thy will, not mine, be done.' The difference is that the Experimentalist, especially if he is outside the churches, wishes to state his experiment, and the theory which underlies it, in his own language. After he has done so, he is able to recognize the value and the beauty of the language of the past, even though he cannot make that language his own, for the theory of the past is not the same as his own. If the Fundamentalist is allowed to maintain his position, that membership in the Church means the acceptance of a definite theory, the Experimentalist will stay outside or go outside the Church.

The second experiment comes when the first seems to be beyond his strength. It is negative or passive, or appears so in comparison with the first. It is made when a man is conscious that there is a source of life which imparts help to him when he is weak, comfort when he is in sorrow, and purification when he has sinned. He turns to it when the first experiment seems on the point of breaking down, not because it is a failure, but because of the human weakness of the experimenter. Each of these experiments can be made in many different ways; no one way is *the* way, and no conclusion can be valid which ignores the results obtained by any one of these ways.

In the Western world the natural laboratories for religion are the Christian churches. They should be open to anyone who can make use of the opportunities they provide, not merely to those who are willing to sign in advance the conclusions of former experimenters and to record their results only in formulæ used centuries ago. Religion requires men who will make the

experiments and record them faithfully and intelligibly, not those who repeat other people's formulæ and force their results to agree with them. Experimentalists claim the right to continue in the churches, and feel that the claim of the Fundamentalist to exclude them is based on a radically wrong conception which has survived from an earlier age. The churches are not societies for the preservation of ancient opinions, but for the furtherance of living religion. In point of fact the historian knows that opinion has never remained stationary in the churches any more than in any other society; but men have thought that it was fixed, have resisted conscious change as wicked, and have made such change, as it were, surreptitiously. They have deceived themselves into thinking that the ancient beliefs meant something that was often, indeed, true, but had never been contemplated in the past, and was not seldom directly opposed to the original intention of those who formulated them.

The answer of the Fundamentalists to the Experimentalists is simple: there *is* a body of opinion that is true, revealed to man from God; no experiment ought to affect it and, if it seems to do so, it must be wrong. It is right and proper to make experiments, in the sense of making religion a practical living affair, but if they seem to point to any conclusion which contradicts the Bible they are wrong. The Bible is the test of truth, and Revelation is not the same thing as Discovery.

Between the Experimentalist and the Fundamentalist there can be no compromise. The same church cannot permanently be a religious home for both. At the present moment the Fundamentalists seem to be winning in the churches. Unfortunately the Experimentalist frequently helps them by leaving the church in which he has

been brought up and making his religion a private affair. I see no reason for believing that there is less religion to-day among educated people than formerly, but I think that fewer and fewer feel at home in any church. They do not argue, but merely drop out of all ecclesiastical affiliations, and by so doing help greatly the cause of Fundamentalism.

Nevertheless, in all or almost all churches there is a large party which holds a mediating position. I shall call it, for reasons which will appear, the Institutionalists. In the first place, it endeavors to reduce to a minimum the amount of 'opinion' which must be accepted; in books belonging to this school this is sometimes called 'dropping unessentials,' and the unessentials prove to be as a rule those things which the writer has come to doubt. In the second place, it endeavors to use the old language to express new meanings, feeling that though it be dangerous to put new wine into old bottles it is at least always advantageous to keep the old labels. In many ways this school has a long and distinguished history. Often illogical, and well adapted to human needs, it changes its ground from day to day, yielding now a little to the Fundamentalist and now to the Experimentalist, but always remembering the practical necessities of the churches regarded as 'going concerns.'

It would be hopeless to find any theological unity in this party, which — like the Fundamentalists and the Experimentalists — is to be found in every denomination; its real interest is not in thought, but in the institution as such. In it are to be found the men who feel that the Church subserves the existing order. Its dominance is a necessity at the present moment, and it is constantly recruited by Fundamentalists who have recoiled from some detail of their position, or by Experi-

mentalists who have ceased experiment and feel the need of intellectual and spiritual repose. Its members usually endeavor to compensate for a concession in one direction by obstinate emphasis in another. One man will admit to doubt as to the Resurrection of Flesh, but will insist on the Virgin Birth; another will be ready to admit that the Athanasian Creed is doubtful, but will insist on the episcopal ordination.

IV

Each of these three parties has its special strength and weakness.

The Fundamentalist has a tendency to remain willfully ignorant of modern thought. His worst fault is that he has no doubts. Knowing little history and less science, he often is filled with intellectual pride and spiritual arrogance; in his arguments gross caricatures and unmeasured abuse take the place of reason and logic. To him it seems fair to say that evolution means the belief that we are descended from monkeys, and to ascribe an alleged increase in crime to the teaching of scientific theories. But, leaving out a few ecclesiastical politicians, he is sincere and honest, and has a refreshing conviction that the questions which he discusses are important. At his best he is an enthusiast; at his worst, an ignoramus — or, if I may coin a convenient word, an 'ignoremus.'

The Experimentalist, on the other hand, is not so often ignorant, and the more he knows the less likely he is to be confident of his opinions. He sometimes overlooks the importance of the past; is impatient of an ancient theology that he does not understand; forgets that his own experiments are not the only ones which can be made; and does not perceive that if we are to grow in knowledge as well as in grace the need of stating the results of experiments is

as great as the necessity of undertaking them. At his worst he is a sentimentalist, slack in conduct and inaccurate in thought; at his best he is a prophet.

The Institutionalists' danger is intellectual dishonesty. In order to preserve the institution, he is constantly tempted to palter with the facts, to be misty in thought and ambiguous in language. He sometimes cries 'Peace, peace,' when there is no peace; he has been known to sacrifice ability and insight, which are difficult to manage, in favor of a safe mediocrity that is quiet in harness; but without him the churches would disintegrate into contentious schism. At his worst he is an ecclesiastical huckster, and he is unlikely to be a prophet, though he often builds stately tombs to the prophets of the past, endeavors to perpetuate their teaching, and venerates their memory; but at his best he is a statesman who understands the minds of men, and a priest who has looked deep into their souls.

Such seem to be the three parties which divide Protestantism to-day, and those who have studied history are aware how uncertain is the immediate issue to the contest. Truth may be with the scientists, not with those who hold to a belief in an infallible Revelation in the Bible, and if so it will win ultimately; but its victory may be delayed for generations. If the choice be presented to the mass of the people, whether they will have Religion without Science or Science without Religion, some will choose one way, some another. Both will be wrong; and between them they will kill educated Christianity. The question is whether the educated men and women who are still within the Church and also understand

something of science can work out, before it be too late, a theology which will provide satisfactory intellectual expression for the religious experience of the next generation. If they can they will reform Christianity, but whether they can do so depends partly on our all being willing to live together, and on having ecclesiastical leaders wise enough to prevent any party from driving out the others.

There cannot be, and ought not to be, any compromise in principle. But there can be toleration in practice. If the equilibrium between them can be preserved so that no one of them be prematurely suppressed, the evolution of religion will best proceed; for permanent advance depends on not leaving out any of the integral parts of society. The Experimentalist could make progress much faster if he took the advice showered on him by the Fundamentalists and cut himself loose from all affiliation with the existing churches. I think that, so far as he is concerned, he would be better off. But if he has — as I have — any real affection for the institutions of his fathers he will steadily postpone following this advice so long as he can. He will stay where he is, in whatever church it may be, and by his frank and sometimes painful criticism help the Institutionalists, who as a rule are far more capable of seeing what is expedient or necessary for the moment and are less troubled by questions of verbal accuracy. He will not receive an official vote of thanks for his pains; but in private the Institutionalists will admit that he could never have resisted Fundamentalist pressure had not the flagrant and outspoken heresy of the Experimentalist made his own position appear conservative by contrast.

SHADOW-MADNESS

BY MARGARET POND

THEY say her house is shadow-haunted now,
Who while she lived loved shadows more than life.
She sought them everywhere. A saffron bough
Of autumn leaves was lovelier to her
If imaged upward from a pool of rain —
Reflections lie so softly with no stir
On wind-neglected water!

In her room

She tempted shadows with smooth surfaces,
Loving the way the shapes of common things
Bent into strangeness. Even orchard bloom
Was only sweet when on her wall the moon
Painted the silver image.

Every day

She polished carefully each knife and spoon
To see them shine; rubbed rainbows once again
Into each glass; then finished washing up
By blowing bubbles through her finger-tips.
The curving image of each star-gold cup
Hung soap-imprisoned for bewitching her.

She married one in whom she seemed to see
Her love reflected. She had thought to show
The magic of her shadow-world to him,
But he was bound fast to reality.

He liked a thing for its essential form,
 Not the distorted image that it cast;
 And so she slipped away from him at last.
 He held her body but her thoughts became
 Fleeting as images of blowing leaves
 Wind-blurred on water. He was not to blame
 Who could not grasp intangibility,
 For she had been created shadow-mad
 And vanished, like a shadow with the flame.

DELICATE CEDAR

BY J. T. BOUMPHREY

I

HE sat quietly, wedging himself against the shallow ledge behind; his feet, the narrowness of the boat apart, pressed the light crosspiece; his knees showed above the low gunwale. Gripping the sides he stretched the tiller lines taut to the rudder.

He held his body poised — he seemed almost a part of the boat.

The men facing him, glancing at that slight, collected figure, unconsciously steadied.

He felt again the thrill of the 'lift' in the boat — the eight blades gripped the water; the slender shell seemed to rise clear, swing swiftly through the air, then launch herself smoothly, to run cleanly while the men swung toward him. Clear-eyed, browned faces, wide shoulders, firm limbs — a stirring

harmony of grace and strength, and the lilt of the boat as they swept her along.

His eyes grew bright and he swallowed hard as he sensed the true beauty of it all.

'E-e-easy.'

His voice was husky as he gave the word — the oars flicked the surface as they slid gently to rest.

'Well rowed — you're well together and she's steady as a church.' Just encouragement now to quiet their nerves — the weeks of sarcasm and abuse were past.

He smiled at them; but Harry Brooks, — nearest him in the boat, as in life, — seeing the strain in his eyes, gripped his oar hard and closed his lips more firmly.

Sitting so quietly while they rested, memories crowded upon him.

Old days at Oxford — old crews he'd steered, and the suffocating excitement of close finishes. He thought of his father, an old 'Blue,' struggling to conceal disappointment when he himself, the only son, had turned out too light to row. Hoping to please him he had joined the old college boat-club. How well he remembered the first time he went down there, rather disinterested, and then his father's name had strangely affected him — small gold letters on those unpretentious panels of the past. What a select company they were, what years of hard work and clean living they represented! — theirs the highest place in all that wide field of fitness and fair play. Impulsively he had turned to Harry — captain that year — and given his name for trial as coxswain. With Harry's quick glance toward the panels, and his own quiet 'My father,' had begun one of those rare friendships lasting steadily through the years.

Leaving college, they had availed themselves of a privilege open only to 'Old Blues,' and joined Leander — the pink hatband and tie being badges of fame and guaranties of deference. But there was little chance to row — Leander, with its pick of both great universities, was too strong for competition and of too good sportsmanship to walk away with races and cups.

And then had come this race, the most important event in the history of English rowing. He'd read of it months before, little thinking he was to be drawn into it. The sleepy old seaport town was holding an International Exhibition and the King had presented a gold cup, to

be rowed for in open competition by crews from any part of the world.

Several weeks ago the papers had begun to announce the various arrivals and to criticize their form. The Oxford and Cambridge eights were early in training on the course; Eton, Harrow, other great public schools entered; crack provincial clubs; a crew from Canada, one from Australia, and, for the first time in British waters, a German crew, wearing the colors of the Berlin Rowing Club — the Leander of Germany.

He remembered how interested he had been in the Germans — he'd heard so much of their style and often wondered how it would compare with the English. Well, the test was at hand — he and Harry must arrange to go down for the few days' racing; the Regatta would be the event of years. . . .

The sound of cheering came from round the bend, and the band playing the German National Anthem. Their opponents were passing the enclosure. How generously the crowd applauded!

'All right, let's get on a bit.' Distinctly he gave the words that started them: —

'Half-forward.

'Are you ready?

'Paddle!'

Half a stroke without a slide, a short quick stroke, and then, reaching fully out, they took up the old steady swing.

'Take it easy; listen for the click together. That's it — no hurry now.'

He thought of that evening when Harry had come in from the Club, a letter in his hand and the old familiar light in his eye. 'Jim, they want us to go afloat once more. Marlowe and Ravenscroft have written to the Committee about these chaps from Berlin — it appears their form is

practically perfect, and the fellows on the spot seem to think it's almost a sure thing that they'll be too good for any of the boats down there now. They say the only hope of keeping the cup in England is for us to get together a picked crowd and have a try to stop them. Extr'o'din'ry decent of the Committee — they've asked me to stroke.'

Marlowe, he had known, was coaching Cambridge, and Ravenscroft, Eton — both Leander men. Certainly they should know what they were talking about.

And then Harry, unable to conceal his eagerness, had flung Jim's own share at him. 'I told 'em that I'd stroke only on condition you coxed; and I pointed out the short time remaining for us to train and get together — barely six weeks. They realize that, but they say it's the only chance to save the cup.'

'Look ahead there! Look ahead!' He shouted his warning at a boatful of people coming out from the bank. 'Blast these boats!' he thought. 'Why can't they keep 'em off the course!'

And the past six weeks, the old life again — the hard work and keen zest of physical fitness, for he always went into strict training with the crew. His own old scull brought down, he rowed hard between the morning and evening practice. He experienced once more the glow of perfect health. The hard exercise in the open, that feeling at night of pleasant relaxation without fatigue, the long hours of deep sleep, and the sparkling freshness of the early mornings. And the joy of the old companionship, the men, pick of the past five years — Harry, perhaps the finest stroke of modern times, with his great length and stirring rhythm, setting now a

slightly slower pace than of old — the weight of the men behind him compelled that; Bow and Seven from their old Oxford boat, and every man picked for experience, for strength, and above all for his ability to stay. No crew could hope, in that short time, to equal the German precision and perfect coördination of effort. The Committee had wisely decided that superior stamina was the only chance.

II

They rounded the bend just above the enclosure and he looked down the course ahead, stretching away into the distance, edged by strings of closely moored yachts and innumerable tightly clustering boats. The enclosure and the banks farther down and across the river were densely packed with countless thousands.

The cheers came at them in a great wave, sending a shiver down his spine. And then, purposely, he made ready to commit a flagrant breach of the unwritten rules of rowing. Steering close in under the enclosure wall, near the Judge's box, he came abreast of two very particular chairs — and deliberately turned his head.

His father and Irene —

His father sitting, hat in hand, with the gentle confiding smile Jim knew and loved so well — and there was time to see the proud affection and the trust.

And Irene — the soft gray eyes were shining, the sweet mouth was slightly parted as though a little breathless; a small hand clasped his father's.

For a moment he forgot the cheers and the crowds and the tense excited gayety of the scene about him — he was far off in a world of love and trust, a quiet land of peace and great content where the sunbeams of kindness and

truth played steadily alike upon life's smooth lawns and stony lanes. There was melody in his heart and mist in his eyes.

A slight lurch recalled him guiltily, but in the low-voiced 'All right, Jim,' as Harry's head swung close, he read forgiveness and understanding.

Smoothly they slid past the waving, cheering throngs — ease and beauty of form, rhythm, power, unselfishness, and the delicate boat gliding swiftly through the still water. Breaths caught and eyes grew moist watching those clean powerful young forms moving so gracefully together.

'E-e-easy.'

Jim remembered that a request — to Englishmen a command — had reached them as they left their boathouse: they were to pause on their way down at a graceful old-world yacht moored off the enclosure.

'Stroke and Seven, hold her up.'

Quickly the blades turned to back-water, and as they drew neatly to rest alongside he heard Harry's hurried whisper: 'Jim, take off your cap.'

They lay mirrored in the yacht's glossy side; the brasses gleamed speckless under snowy awnings; and suddenly a hush seemed to fall while a simple English gentleman, with white-topped yachting cap and neatly trimmed beard, spoke quiet words of encouragement and praise. And in that moment it came to them that through him Englishmen everywhere were speaking — trusting them to do their best.

Jim could feel the tremble through the boat.

The quiet voice ceased.

With cap crushed against the gunwale, his words rang clear: —

'Half-forward.

'Are you ready?

'Paddle!'

And as the breeze struck cool on his hot face he caught the strains of 'Rule

Britannia' before the cheers burst over them.

Once clear of the long, densely packed enclosure and away from the gayly decked yachts and swarming boats, he rested them again.

No one spoke.

His thoughts turned back to the evenings he and Harry had strolled under the trees watching the Berlin crew at practice. And what a crew they had seemed — they might all have been joined together by steel connecting rods, so perfect was their uniformity. Tall men they were, with long backs and arms that reached far out — though perhaps a little under weight. Their style differed from the English in one all-important particular — they finished their stroke with bodies laid far back in the boat; and although, it might be argued, this gave them the advantage of a longer stroke, on the other hand the recovery cost great effort and, if they could be closely pressed over a long course, might well sway the balance. Perfect as they appeared and a joy to watch, could Leander outstay them?

Harry was telling him something: 'There's the old Powder Quay abreast of us. Remember, Jim — unless we're level with them here we'll have to spurt and chance something breaking.'

'I know, Harry — but we'll have them by then.' He glanced toward the bank, where an old gray-stone powder-house jutted into the river — it was the last landmark in their plan for the race, and they'd pass it just before reaching the enclosure for the final stretch.

They paddled on down the course, now being cleared for the great struggle. Ahead was the tall flagstaff on the south bank — about the halfway mark.

A half-submerged log drifted past.

His heart pounded as he thought of the risks — just such a log in their course (with eight men swinging in front he had small chance of seeing it), or a broken oar, or a slide that jammed — He jerked his thoughts from the consequences and ‘easied’ them again.

‘Do you fellows know that Ben sat up with the boat all night? He told me that when we brought her in yesterday he went over every bolt and stretcher and slide, and he was afraid to leave her since.’ They leaned down, pulling and testing straps and stretchers, and Jim thought again of their old boatman’s final advice: ‘Misther Harry and Misther Jim, sir, for God’s sake mind the start and don’t let them “dozen” at all. In all me thirty years with the Club I never had such a time to keep straps an’ stretchers in a boat. Keep it long and steady and strong from the start, Misther Harry, and remember that the lads behind you can row all day. You’re the most powerful crew I ever see and I’ve seen a few in me time. Maybe you’re not so pretty as them foreigners, an’ they nearly lying on their backs in the boat, but you’ve got the guts, and good luck and God bless you!’

Marlowe and Ravenscroft had been right, as the preliminary heats in the last few days had proved. Berlin and themselves, in opposite halves of the draw, had not been extended; they had accounted for their opponents without turning a hair. In fact, in their own heat against Harrow, Six had broken his stretcher in a dozen, but the seven men had easily outdistanced their opponents with bow-side pulling against the rudder and Six doing little more than mark time. But this mishap had served to emphasize their fear of what might happen in the spurts.

Harry turned round to face the men back of him. ‘Listen, boys, just a word before we get down to the start where

the Berlin chaps and the starter’s launch and all the rest of them are. We’ve gone over it together often enough, but I want to tell you just once more what I’m going to do. Start steady; don’t jerk and jump at it. If you do, something’ll carry away. They’ll go ahead of us a bit at once; I know that — we can’t help it. I’ve watched them carefully, and they can row thirty-eight — I rather think they can do forty when they’re fresh. We can’t — we’re too heavy; and so they’ll get the start of us, but I doubt if they can row thirty-eight for long. We’ll start steady — now for the Lord’s sake think of that word and in all the excitement don’t forget and plunge. We’ll start steady, and then I’ll strike about thirty-four and we’ve got to make every single stroke tell — hard and firm with all you know — and we’ve got to hold that for the whole course. I’ve got a watch on my stretcher and I’ll count our strokes, and Jim’s is tied to his shoe — he’ll count Berlin’s. We can tell how we hold them at the different rates and if we have to dozen in the end — well, we’ll dozen and chance something cracking. But now mind the start, and then plug every stroke in as though it were the last. There’s the Castle ahead now — that’s our quarter-distance mark; the Germans seem to be waiting for us, so let’s get on down.’

The river widened out. They drew still farther from the crowds and the noise, and Jim felt the steadier swing as their nerves quieted after the ordeal of the enclosure.

They paddled past the German crew, resting under the old Castle wall, and then the stake boats at the start were plainly visible.

Looking astern, Harry spoke: ‘The Germans are coming on, Jim. “Easy” us so we can take a last look at them.’

The Berlin crew made a pretty picture as they paddled easily along — the

straight slender backs with the black-and-white hoops swaying in a perfect line, in uniformity almost unbelievable.

'Oh! Well rowed, sirs! Well rowed!' broke from Harry. 'Come on, you chaps, give 'em a clap!' and the German coxswain looked over, smiling, and raised his cap. But that finish — so far back with the difficult, laborious recovery; to the English eye surely a mistake.

Another spell of steady paddling brought them level with the stake boats.

'Paddle, Bow and Three; hold her up, Stroke and Six.' Slowly the fragile sixty feet of delicate cedar swung round, pointing her keen stem up the long course. 'Easy, Stroke and Six; paddle on, Bow and Two.' Gradually he drew her level with the line, then backed until the man in the stake boat could grasp their rudder, holding them in position.

Below the Castle the river widened again and the stake boats were moored in midstream. The starter's launch hovered astern and the press boat lay inshore.

The Berlin crew was turning.

The breeze was going down with the sun; the air felt warm and heavy — it seemed hard to breathe. The tide was full in and slack, the surface smooth as a mountain lake on a still day.

Up beyond the finish lay the old town. Jim could distinguish the masts of the ships moored along the quays, and the graceful towers of the cathedral stood darkly against the western sky. On the northern bank the densely wooded hillside rose sharply, studded here and there with fine old houses. He could see the corner of the roof and the terrace of Ardmore, where Irene was staying. On the opposite shore an unbroken line of beeches and chestnuts bordered the river path from the Castle to the enclosure; and shining dully the course stretched far ahead — a narrowing lane of polished gun-metal.

III

Partly because the river at the start was broad, but also perhaps because the crowds were tensely still, straining to catch the start, a silence seemed to shut them in. He could hear the German slides, the guttural orders of their coxswain, and the talk in the starter's launch. The men were peeling off sweaters and mufflers, cramming them under their feet. The muscles in Seven's thigh were vibrating.

He saw the gray pinched faces, the excited eyes, that expression of endurance strained almost to the breaking-point. Hell! he wished they'd start them. The Germans seemed to be in position — he saw the starter's launch coming up between them. His throat was dry; he had a feeling in the pit of his stomach like that you experience if you stand in the bow of a steamer when she dips into the trough of a sea. He moistened his lips. 'Remember — don't jerk the start. Just before the gun goes think of the word "steady."' "

Her head was falling off a little.

'Paddle a stroke, Bow.

'E-e-easy.'

She was straight again.

The starter spoke through his megaphone: 'Gentlemen.' Good heavens, how slowly he talked! And they knew what he was going to say, anyway. 'Gentlemen — in case of a false start I shall fire two shots in rapid succession, and thereupon both crews will cease rowing and return to the stake boats for a fresh start.'

Now she was falling off the other way.

'Paddle a stroke, Two.'

Jim was watching his line.

'E-e-easy.'

Again the starter: 'You both appear to be straight now. I shall say "Are you ready?" once, and if I receive no reply I shall fire the gun.'

Another heart-holding pause. It seemed as if a tight, hot band was clamped about his forehead; again he could feel the tremble through the boat. She was straight on her course now; why the hell did n't he start them? What —

'Are you ready?'

The crash of the beginning — a jerk like a car started in high gear, as the boat leaped forward — creaking and groaning of straps and stretchers. For an instant he sat in a confused world of bending oars and breathless strain; and then, gathering way, they lifted her off together — the cruel tension was over. Ah! the relief to be rowing — he almost laughed. Harry was once more setting his splendid powerful swinging stroke and the men behind were with him — the grayness left the faces. He looked into steady determined eyes alight with confidence as they felt their power and realized that they were well together. He called the time and marked the rhythm — there was grim purpose in their slashing drive.

And then, glancing toward the other boat, he barely concealed a start — he'd known the Germans would spring into the lead at once, but he was hardly prepared for the lead they were establishing. Already he'd lost sight of their cox's side-face. In the first minute they'd shot their rudder to Leander's bow.

'Count strokes,' jerked Harry as he swung forward.

Glancing at his watch, Jim counted Berlin's strokes — they rowed twenty in half a minute.

Harry looked up from his stretcher. 'Thirty-four — how many are they doing?'

'Forty.'

The German boat drew farther ahead. There was a length of clear water between them and they were passing the Castle — he could feel the wash strike

the shell. Leander rowed in the broken water of the boat ahead, but their watermanship was too clever to be flurried. Automatically they feathered higher; and if the beginning grew less firm, yet they were finely together and lifting her grandly.

But the Berlin crew still drew away.

'Shall I quicken?' Harry had lost the sound and feel of the other boat. 'How far are they?'

Jim saw in Harry's face the mystified startled expression that accompanies the unexpected and alarming — like the swimmer, believing he can stand, when suddenly he realizes he is beyond his depth.

And then, just as clearly, he read relief and confidence, and on the instant he knew that responsibility was no longer divided. Harry settled wholeheartedly to his stroke and rhythm, the decisions left entirely in Jim's hands.

He peered ahead. 'Length and a half — maybe a bit more. No, Harry, don't quicken yet; hold it to thirty-four. I'm going to count again.'

Desperate doubt pressed upon him. Berlin was two clear lengths ahead — a terrible lead. Should he tell Harry to dozen and risk an accident? Suppose the Germans held that lead to the Powder Quay, could they possibly catch them then?

There was a ringing in his ears, and a tingling, prickling sensation in his hands and feet. He seemed enveloped in sound — the swish and click of the slides, the creak of leather, and the hiss of the blades as they dug foaming circles in the water. He forced a smile for the men to see if they glanced at him. 'Well rowed, well rowed!' he shouted. 'Keep it hard — every stroke.' Then, glancing again at his watch, he counted the German strokes — they'd dropped to thirty-six, but they were close upon the flagstaff, the halfway mark.

Two lengths apart they swept up the narrowing river, and the dull confused racket from the banks began to beat upon them. A man in a car, using a huge megaphone, forced his voice across: 'Leander, for God's sake come on! Swing out and put your hearts into it! Come on, Leander!' There was a note of apprehension in the cries.

A sinking feeling assailed him; his breath caught; should he dozen now? Ought he to have dozened before? And then he studied the men; they were fresh as when they started and rowing superbly — the steady, spirited swing forward, the unhesitating beginning, the great lifting pull through, and the magnificent finish with bodies only just beyond the perpendicular — all one splendid movement. Then he looked carefully ahead at the Germans. They were no farther away — Leander was at last beginning to hold them. Desperately his resolve was taken. He realized that the critical moment had come and he'd stick to the plan they'd made, for a few minutes more anyway.

But the race was half over — landmarks fell astern as the boats rushed up the course. Every half-minute — every twenty strokes — cruelly shortened their time to cut down the lead. He was one great ache of anxiety; it seemed to him that their chance was slipping swiftly away and, even as the thoughts churned in his head, the Powder Quay loomed clearer.

God! if only he could be rowing; but to sit there still in the midst of it all, with his whole soul crying for effort, and more effort — in the agony of his sensations he longed to close his eyes, to shut it all away. The crisis was upon them.

He counted again. 'Thirty-six, Harry, and we're holding them now — going to count again.'

If there was no change after this count he must call for a dozen without

a second's delay — they'd have to chance everything else.

Still thirty-six; he looked up and — yes, there was no doubt about it — the German cox was closer to him! Leander, still holding the powerful slashing thirty-four, was gaining at last! A swelling roar from the banks confirmed him — they were creeping up, gradually but surely cutting off the feet that separated the boats.

'Well rowed, well rowed!' he shouted with all his might. 'We've gained a length! We're almost on them! Stick it, stick it! Oh! Well done.' They caught the unmistakable note of relief, and unconsciously the strokes drove harder. He could feel his heart pounding. Their bow was overlapping, and now he was close enough to see the men in the Berlin boat — Stroke's face was drawn and strained and his mouth was open. Jim heard their cox counting, calling a dozen. Again he counted — thirty-eight. A fine plucky spurt. Berlin drew ahead perceptibly; but as the effort ceased Leander commenced to edge up. The distance lessened and lessened, and now the bow men in the Leander boat were conscious of the German stern; out of the corners of their eyes they could see the white shower of spray above the rudder, and the water was no longer broken. Experienced oars that they were, they at once took advantage of the smooth surface; they feathered lower, the beginning grew firmer. Now Jim could see the German faces clearly. He saw the worried, agonized expressions, the paleness of dismay, and then he realized that their perfection of style was gone — Stroke's head jerked loosely, Seven was swinging out of line, and Four's back was hooped. They were beginning to splash and the boat rolled between the strokes. He longed to stand up and shout the good news into the splendidly composed faces before him.

Then the German cox called on his men for what Jim knew might well be the deciding spurt, and they responded grandly with everything they had. Gathering themselves together by a superb effort, they regained their form — they quickened incredibly again and for eight or ten strokes they struck close to forty. It was inspiring, and for a space Jim held his breath; but although Harry did n't quicken, Leander was conscious of the German effort. They could hear the German cox counting and instinctively they replied. They gripped the water and tugged the stroke through. Their jaws were shut, and Jim felt something inexorable in their determination not to let the other boat get away again.

The peak of the spurt moved Berlin slowly forward, and then with straining eagerness Jim saw that Leander was holding them. The boats hung together. The Germans were striking thirty-seven or thirty-eight to Leander's thirty-four, but could n't quite break away. Then the Berlin stroke once more put forth a mighty gasping effort; but Leander stuck steadily alongside, and Jim realized that although the German rate was quicker their stroke was getting shorter. The men, recovering with a cruel effort, were diving forward after their hands; they were too exhausted to reach far out. Their steadiness and uniformity were gone — their form was cracking. The boat was rolling, and their greatest effort was surely over.

Steadily, relentlessly, the Leander boat forged alongside; the men had a power and grip now not to be denied. A great swelling roar crashed upon them — the crowd had realized what was happening. The suspense had been terrific, and pent-up feelings sought release.

The two boats drove toward the raging turmoil of the enclosure. Jim yelled

his joy and relief; but the men knew. The Germans were almost broad alongside now, and with every stroke each man in the Leander boat was conscious that they were creeping past. The Germans tried another spurt, but this time Leander stuck to them solidly. Harry, at thirty-four, was now holding Berlin's thirty-eight and smiling broadly into Jim's eyes.

Side by side they shot past the Powder Quay, and then Leander moved smoothly and powerfully foot by foot into the lead. They retained their steady rate of striking, but whether through the contagion of the moment, or the sight of the Germans dropping away, Jim was conscious of an even mightier lift in the boat, and the Berlin crew slid astern.

He looked at the men ahead of him and his eyes smarted — every face wore a smile. With life and balance in their swing their pace was steadily increasing. Old Ben was right; apparently they could row thirty-four all day.

The shattering uproar of the enclosure broke over them — a seething mass of overwrought humanity. The Germans were a length, two lengths, astern; and, taking Leander's wash, were rolling and splashing, all too plainly done. Leander was sweeping toward the line. The race was over, and then — a frightful thing happened.

A boat with holiday-makers had somehow drifted loose from the swarm under the bank, and her occupants, in their flustered endeavors to get clear, had managed to lay her squarely across Leander's course.

Jim felt his heart turn over. Great heavens! Which side should he try to pass? If he tried to steer between them and the enclosure they might make for the same bank, and if he swung for the other shore they were quite as likely to head that way too.

The choice, once made, would be

final; there would be no time to reconsider. Even were the boat to remain stationary it was doubtful whether he had time to steer clear, for a racing eight is almost as slow to turn as an ocean liner, and in the intervening distance he could swing only slightly off his course.

With nerve-shattering suddenness he was jerked from glowing relief to grueling anxiety, and he had only an instant to decide.

Were they to be smashed practically on the finishing-line with the German crew rowed out and lengths astern?

IV

'Oh, look! The King is speaking to them.'

Irene's fingers tightened. 'And did you see Jim turn his head as they passed? I saw the boat roll. He should n't have done that — really.'

Jim's father smiled gently down into the sweet face at his shoulder. 'Who could blame him, Irene?'

He handed her the powerful field-glasses and she focused them on the yacht. 'I wonder what he's saying? He's speaking so quietly and they look so pleased and happy.' And then, as the pink-tipped blades began to swing and sweep down the enclosure, they found themselves cheering with the rest, full-hearted, rich cheers — their King, their Crew, their England.

Irene's eyes were very moist.

She looked down the old river — the densely massed throngs could n't hide its peaceful, mellow beauty; yet there were more people there that day than had ever watched a boat-race. The long enclosure was packed solid. How thankful she felt that Jim had been able to get chairs in the front row. The soft coloring of summer dresses, the gay hatbands and blazers, the deep cool green of the trees and lawn — how

clean, how fresh, how colorful the setting for a sport that seemed almost worthy!

Time dragged as they paddled to the start. Everyone was on edge. The rowing men around them were all anxious — she could hear snatches of the conversation: —

'Yes, yes, of course they're far the finest material, but they have n't had time to perfect their form together. Those German fellows now are the most perfect . . .'

'If only they don't break anything. They're such powerful chaps, I'm afraid something'll crack.'

'Berlin can row six strokes faster — that'll give 'em the best of the start. The question is, can Leander catch them?'

Behind her a huge man with a Leander hatband was talking to himself as he gazed down the course through his glasses.

A girl near by sat rolling and rolling a tiny handkerchief.

A few seats away a man kept trying to dry the palms of his hands.

It seemed a long wait.

And then all around she began to hear the short nervous exclamations. Men had their glasses focused; they spoke from behind raised elbows, half to themselves.

'Leander's turning — they're almost at the stake boat.'

'There's Berlin getting into position now.'

'The starter's launch is between them.'

In the enclosure and away down the river there was a silence. The crowds seemed suddenly set, their attention riveted on the start, nerves tightly drawn. If, perhaps, a girl laughed aloud, it was almost as if she'd laughed in church. The tenseness made you almost hold your breath — you could feel your heart beating all over you.

A puff of blue smoke, a splash of oars, and a murmur like a huge sigh as thousands voiced, 'They're off!'

Irene stood on her chair, her hand on Jim's father's shoulder. The gray head and the fair one were close together.

'Germany's leading!' 'Germany's leading!' came from every side. The boats grew clearer every moment and there was strained uneasiness in the voices.

Irene felt hot, then she shivered. She was finding it harder and harder to stand still. She strained to judge the distance between the boats.

'Berlin looks to me to be too far ahead for comfort; nearly two lengths, I think.' She caught the hollow uneasiness in Jim's father's voice — and the same note sounded all about her.

The crews were abreast of the flag-staff now. It was easy to follow their position by the pandemonium on the bank as they passed.

'My God! Germany wins! Germany wins! They're leading by lengths clear!' She heard the hoarse flat tones on every hand; her white teeth gripped her lip. And behind her the big man, with voice almost gone and staring eyes, kept repeating one word: 'Leander! Leander! Leander!'

'Irene,' — Jim's father was looking through his glasses, — 'I notice that Berlin seems to be splashing a bit, and I think Leander is gaining a little — the race is n't over yet.' Her heart bounded, and then suddenly from all sides corroboration came: 'Leander is gaining!' 'Leander!' 'Come on, Leander!'

They were approaching the Powder Quay now and everyone could see the details of the struggle.

The enclosure seethed — spectators shouted their thoughts.

'Oh! Look at Berlin dozen! Well rowed, by Gad.'

'Why does n't Leander dozen? They are hitting the same rate all through. If they'd only dozen they'd leave 'em standing.'

'Leander's pulling up fast. Look at the way they're reaching out to it — and old Harry's swing! Oh! well rowed, well rowed — they're cleaner than the Germans now.'

And then came Berlin's mighty effort. The crowd saw their stroke pull them together, they saw the men brace and recover their form, they saw the pace quicken incredibly — it was a breathless, speechless moment. They saw the German boat commence to pull away and hearts stood still; and then — and then — somehow Leander, lengthening out and driving terrifically, stopped the gain. They hung fast on the German quarter. Under their eyes the crowd saw the big moment of the race; suddenly they realized that every man in the Leander boat had gathered all his body and soul into one overpowering determination to stick to the Germans and to rip every stroke through harder and yet harder.

And gradually Leander began ever so slowly to gain, and in that moment of supreme effort the crowd in the enclosure, in its aching desire to push the boat to the front, went with them. All down the lines men and women were swaying, and they swayed in time with Harry's stroke; hands were clenched and muscles were braced; they tried to get the Leander boat ahead as a man will try to get his long putt into the hole by squirming behind it on the green.

And then Leander drew level — started to pass.

'Leander!' 'Leander!' People were jumping up and down, pushing against each other. They were laughing, crying, shouting.

'Leander leads!' 'Leander wins!'

And now Leander cleanly, beautifully swung away into the lead.

The suffocating, pounding, breathless relief!

'Leander!' 'Leander!' 'Leander!' The whole scene melted and fused into one mighty intoxicating roar. They were tearing down the enclosure a length ahead and gaining at every stroke; and then — oh my God, that boat!

V

Jim faced his ultimate trial calmly. The unhappy boatload were struggling to get off the course, and quickly his decision was taken: he would steer straight for them; then whichever way they went he'd have a chance to clear. Leander streaked toward them at frightful speed, for the men were moving now as if inspired and their pace was terrific. Great heavens! Could he get past? The boat was turned now and edging back toward the enclosure, and Jim saw that he could swing the shell herself clear on the outside; but would the oars escape?

He strained ahead judging the distance. No, they'd be on it too soon. He had a flash of broken oars, of men knocked backward — and then inspiration came. Coolly he formed his plan. But how make the men hear him? He could n't even make Harry hear in such a storm of sound; and for the success of his throw every man must hear. And then the Fates favored him. When the crowd caught sight of the boat, and suddenly realized that disaster after all seemed imminent, an appalled hush fell over them.

Instantly Jim seized his one God-given opportunity. Putting every vital spark that was in him into his voice he yelled to the men: —

'Boat ahead! Can clear it if you lie

back on stroke as we pass! I'll raise my arm at beginning of stroke, stay back as far as you can at finish! When I lower arm come forward!

'Now be ready!'

He was judging his distance.

'E-e-easy!' and his arm went up.

They had heard him.

Every man lay back on his slide, the handle of his oar pressed to his chest and the blade sloped inward toward the shell's side.

He held his breath.

A click — Bow's oar just grazed the boat as they shot past.

Down came Jim's arm. 'Forward!' he shouted, and together the men recovered. They recaptured the rhythm — you would have thought they had rehearsed the manoeuvre. A dozen strokes and they crossed the line, three clear lengths ahead of the laboring German crew.

A raging tempest broke over the river. Sirens of steamers and motor-boats joined the deafening clamor of the cars ashore; a hundred thousand frenzied people cheered until it seemed as if they had not cheered before — and in the midst of it all eight quiet happy men sat seemingly unmoved.

As soon as Jim could make them understand he started them, and once again they picked up their splendid swinging thirty-four. Then all at once the crowd were on their feet and hats were off, for the strains of the band had reached them. Gradually the thousands took it up: 'Send him victorious, happy and glorious,' and then in one mighty, stirring wave — 'God Save Our King.'

On the bridge of the yacht the slight bearded figure stood calmly, and in the enclosure, near the two very particular chairs, the fair head nestled close beside the gray.

PLANTS AND PLANT PESTS

BY CHARLES L. MARLATT

I

THE need for the enforcement of measures to protect the United States from new plant-pests is generally admitted; but when such measures come to be applied, irrespective of their scope or character, — radical or otherwise, — there is bound to be criticism and objection from at least a certain percentage of the persons unfavorably affected. This is true of any law or regulation, however meritorious, which brings new restrictions on privileges formerly enjoyed, and is well exemplified in a few of the quarantines, promulgated under the Federal Plant Quarantine Act of 1912, which restrict importations of plants and plant products to prevent the entry of pests. Such criticism has been especially active in relation to Plant Quarantine No. 37 by persons who would like to see it either abolished or so amended that in large measure the old-time free importation of foreign nursery-stock and other plants might be resumed. In general this criticism has been characterized by a failure to appreciate that such freedom of entry of plants must necessarily bring a return of all the old risks of entry of pests.

The agricultural, horticultural, and nursery interests of the country as a whole appreciate the need for the quarantine and understand and approve its provisions limiting plant-importations, and it would hardly be worth while to give attention to the misrepresentations referred to except

that they have been widely circulated and have been accepted by many persons as correctly describing the quarantine.

Such persons have been led to believe with respect to this quarantine: —

1. That its alleged protective purpose — that is, to exclude plant pests — is a subterfuge, the real object being trade-protection.

2. That it is now a practical embargo on entry of plants and will ultimately place a permanent check on the development of American horticulture.

3. That the restrictions are not justified by the dangers of new pests, and that any risks which actually exist can be adequately safeguarded by inspection and certification in countries of origin.

4. That it was dictated and is being autocratically administered by a few men and that it oversteps the quarantine powers authorized in the Plant Quarantine Act.

5. That it was promulgated without warning and that a few insiders were thus able to get an advantage.

6. That it is very likely to lead to retaliation on the part of other countries.

In view of this situation, it is desirable that such persons and the general public should be given an opportunity to understand better the conditions

which necessitated Quarantine 37 and its protective provisions, which extend to every phase of agriculture, horticulture, and forestry.

After all that has been published on the subject of imported plant-pests and in view of the personal and often sad experiences which most of our people have had with such enemies, it would seem to be unnecessary to discuss at any length the records of such importations or the losses which have resulted therefrom to our fruit and farm crops and to our forests. Briefly, upward of a hundred important pests of this kind have been introduced and many hundreds of lesser importance, and these now reduce crop-yields by more than a billion dollars a year!

Any examination of the records of entry of such old-world pests will indicate that imported nursery-stock and other plants and seeds brought fully ninety per cent of these, and most of the others came with plant products — straw cereals, and so forth, and fresh fruits and vegetables. The following typical examples will indicate the means of entry of some of the worst of these pests.

The soil accidentally associated with an importation of iris brought the Japanese beetle, an insect of no special importance in Japan, but which in New Jersey and Pennsylvania has demonstrated a capacity for injury and facility of spread which indicates that it is going to be with us one of the most serious of orchard, garden, and meadow pests. There is no possibility of eradicating it and it will undoubtedly, in spite of all repressive efforts, within a few years overrun much of the United States.

The importations of the Japanese flowering cherry about 1910, during a period of enthusiasm for this very beautiful tree, introduced the Oriental fruit-worm, now firmly established in

half a dozen Eastern states, and beginning to get foothold widely in the South and westward to Missouri and Texas. These trees could easily have been produced here under the safer horticultural procedure now permitted under the quarantine, and millions of future loss avoided. No effective means of controlling this pest have so far been determined, and it is bound to place a very serious check on the production particularly of peaches and other stone-fruits, but also the apple, pear, and so forth.

One of the most spectacular scourges which has come to us from the Orient is the chestnut blight, brought in with chestnut trees from Japan or China, possibly in an effort to complete a collection of the chestnuts of the world by one of our Eastern botanical gardens. In a report of one of these gardens, in which its collection of world types of different kinds of trees is described, it is noted that the chestnuts are now represented only by the Japanese chestnuts of China and Japan, and that the American chestnuts have all been destroyed by the chestnut blight!

The San José scale was brought in with a small importation of the flowering peach from North China, and, inasmuch as it is occasionally represented that the introduction of this scale has been of real benefit to American horticulture, it may be pointed out that on account of it there is an actual cost in spraying commercial orchards every year of between \$15,000,000 and \$20,000,000, and that in spite of this treatment there is still occasionally large injury. There are also, on account of the scale, embargoes or near embargoes against our apples and other deciduous fruits by certain European countries. Another very important loss commonly overlooked is that this scale has practically eliminated the old-time home orchards in country, village, and

suburban districts, the products of which formerly totaled large in the fruit-consumption of the United States. The labor and difficulty of the frequent treatments required to safeguard the crop have practically led to the disappearance of such noncommercial plantings connected with millions of homes.

A very unnecessary importation some fifteen years ago from Holland of a native American tree, the blue spruce of our Rocky Mountains, established the gypsy moth widely in New Jersey and Pennsylvania. The effort to eradicate this pest in these states over the last four or five years has been very thoroughgoing and may prove in the end successful, but it has been at a tremendous cost both to the Federal Government and to these states.

The pine blister-rust which now threatens our white-pine forests, both of the eastern United States and of the great mountain regions of the Northwest, was introduced through importations of seedlings of the American white pine propagated in Germany. Generations to come will be computing the saving to America if we had been wise enough to have grown these seedlings ourselves, as we are now doing!

The citrus canker, one of the most threatening diseases of citrus fruits, was introduced with importations of the Japanese trifoliate orange, a plant which was already abundantly available in this country for multiplication by simple and easy nursery-methods. The effort to eradicate this pest has probably cost the Federal Government and the Gulf States, notably Florida, including losses of individuals, fully \$20,000,000 in funds expended in control work and in the value of orchards and nurseries burned to the ground.

Except for the gypsy moth, all these

pests and diseases, and many others which could be cited, were unknown prior to their entry, and most of them, from the nature of their concealment or method of attack, might still have been introduced unwittingly under any system of inspection or certification; and this is especially true of plant diseases. The pine blister-rust, for example, may be in the sap and tissues of the plant for several years before it develops into an exterior visible stage.

To illustrate the rapidity with which such plant enemies were coming into the United States, it may be noted that during the period of four years (1909-1912) which it took, on account of opposition, to secure a Federal law to put some check upon these dangers, the following pests of major importance secured entry and became established, namely: Oriental fruit-worm, Japanese beetle, citrus canker, potato wart, European corn-borer, camphor scale, and the gypsy moth in New Jersey.

II

Quarantine 37 has but one purpose, namely, to reduce to the utmost the risk of introducing dangerous plant-pests with plant-importations. This purpose is the basis of all the regulations restricting entry of foreign plants. Quarantine 37 has no tariff object whatsoever. It was not devised to protect plant-growers from foreign competition. The absence of any thought of such protection, on the part either of this Department, of State officials, or of others advocating the quarantine, is indicated by the fact that the first and strongest wave of opposition to it was from commercial plant-propagators, — nurserymen and florists, — interests which are now almost equally unanimous in its support.

That Plant Quarantine 37 is in no

true sense an embargo should be apparent from any unbiased examination of the continuing provisions under it for the entry of any necessary plants. Perhaps the most reasonable criticism of the quarantine is embodied in the belief that it should be possible adequately to exclude such crop hazards as insect pests and plant diseases by provision for inspection and certification of plants by competent experts in the country of origin. In point of fact, such means of safeguarding entry was the first thought of the Department following the promulgation of the Plant Quarantine Act of 1912, and as rapidly as possible the principal countries — some thirty-two eventually — concerned in any important way in the exportation of plants to the United States were induced to provide by legislation for such inspection and certification. A practical test of this method was continued for the first seven years of the enforcement of the Plant Quarantine Act, during which period unlimited importation of plants was permitted and the effort was made to prevent the entry of new pests by relying as safeguards on foreign inspection and certification and such additional reinspection at destination in this country as could be carried out by state inspectors — and such state coöperation was specifically provided for in the Act.

Of the principal countries exporting plants to the United States, probably Holland and France developed as good an inspection service as any, if not the best. These countries certainly gave the subject their most serious thought and effort, and the status as to freedom from insects and diseases of their exports of plants probably represents the best work that can be expected under the plan of foreign inspection and certification. Notwithstanding these

efforts, however, a great many injurious insects and plant diseases were found on stock imported from these countries between August 20, 1912, and June 1, 1919, the effective date of Quarantine 37. During this period of seven years no less than 148 different kinds of injurious insects were collected on nursery stock imported from Holland, and 245 different kinds of insects on similar stock from France. Some of these were detected in over one thousand different shipments of plants and many of them were detected hundreds of times. While a large percentage of these were insect pests which had already become established in the United States, many others had not become so established and carried new and very serious elements of danger to our horticulture and agriculture; and some, like the gypsy moth and the brown-tailed moth, had only limited distribution in the United States. There was also noted a very large variation in the yearly efficiency of this foreign inspection service. In certain years, for example, fruit stocks, rose stocks, and other plants, in spite of this service, came in repeatedly and often heavily infested with such pests as the gypsy moth, the brown-tailed moth, and other pests of importance in Europe, not yet established anywhere in the United States.

If space permitted, many interesting illustrations could be given of the pests that have been thus intercepted and of the risk from others which are not capable of exclusion by inspection — insects, for example, hidden in the interior of the stems and roots of plants, and plant diseases which may not develop to a visible stage for months or even years after the plants are imported. No inspection either in country of origin or at destination in this country, for example, would have excluded the Oriental fruit-worm or

the chestnut blight or the citrus canker, and inspection gives very little protection against unknown or unanticipated enemies, which represent an important element from countries that have been little explored from the standpoint of plant enemies, such as all transpacific countries.

Not only was the foreign inspection totally inadequate, but it developed also that the reinspection at destination in this country could by no means be depended upon to complete the safeguards against entry of pests. A few states were equipped with adequate authority and forces to examine imported stock at destination. Other states, however, were not so equipped, and the volume and wide distribution of the material led to a great deal of it going uninspected or receiving such superficial examination as to give no real protection.

The inadequacy of the inspection and certification method of safeguarding the entry of foreign plants was plainly indicated in this seven-year trial, and the conclusion was forced that the only possible means of effectively lessening the introduction of new plant-enemies is in a policy of exclusion of all plants not absolutely essential to the horticultural and forestry needs of the United States. Carrying out this policy, Quarantine 37 restricts the entry of most nursery stock and other ornamentals to certain purposes which are believed to be necessary to the development of American horticulture. Unlimited entry is permitted of certain classes of plants, and provision is made for the entry of any other plant whatsoever for which a reasonable need can be shown, either for introduction of new varieties or for propagating stock not available in the United States, or for any experimental, educational, or scientific purpose. Briefly, these provisions are as follows: —

1. Under Regulation 2 of the quarantine unlimited entry is possible, without permit or other restriction, of field, vegetable, and flower seeds, and of plant products imported for medicinal, food, or manufacturing purposes.

2. Regulation 3 provides for the unlimited entry, under permit and with provision for inspection, and, if necessary, disinfection, of certain important classes of plants and plant products which cannot at present be adequately produced in the United States.

3. Regulation 14 makes provision for the entry, under special permit, of any plant or seed not included under Regulations 2, 3, and 15 for the purpose of keeping the country supplied with new varieties and necessary propagating stock, or for any necessary experimental, educational, or scientific purpose.

4. Regulation 15 recognizes the intimate trade-relations between the United States and Canada and Mexico and provides, under permit and necessary safeguards, for the importation of plants the entry of which from other foreign countries is restricted.

5. The only exceptions to the entry of plants thus provided for are those involved under specific quarantines: as, for example, the prohibition of entry of five-leafed pines, *Ribes* and *Grossularia* from certain countries, on account of the white-pine blister-rust, and generally of citrus, bamboo, banana plants, and so forth, on account of specific diseases and pests; but any of these prohibited plants may be imported, under permit and adequate safeguards, through the U. S. Department of Agriculture, for any necessary experimental, scientific, or introduction purpose.

These provisions for entry are a continuing feature of the quarantine. There is no basis whatever for the assertion which is frequently made that Plant Quarantine 37 contemplates 'a complete exclusion of foreign horticultural material.' The Department has no wish or intention, now or at any future time, to make it impossible to provide for the entry, under proper safeguards, of any plant whatsoever for which a real need can be shown. Furthermore, that in the actual administration of the quarantine such provisions have been adequate and have been fully taken advantage of will be apparent from any examination of the records of importations thereunder. It may be of interest to summarize briefly such importations made during the five-year period of the quarantine (1919-1924). Not including the importations made subsequent to July 1, last, some 65,000,000 of the restricted or so-called 'embargoed' plants have been authorized entry into the United States, and upward of 40,000,000 of these have been imported and are now the basis for some 2000 different enterprises in 44 of the 48 states for the propagation of ornamentals and other plants formerly imported. The bearing of all this home production on the purpose of Quarantine 37 is that it lessens the necessity for plant-importations and correspondingly reduces the risk of bringing in new pests.

As indicating the ample provision for the entry of any necessary new or unavailable variety of plants, it may be noted that these 65,000,000 plants whose entry was authorized during this period include more than 17,000 different species and varieties of plants, numbering nearly 2000 different roses, nearly 1000 different gladioli, some 1700 different dahlias, and upward of 1200 different peonies. Certainly the

assimilation of 2000 different roses, for example, does not look like a complete exclusion of new or unavailable horticultural material!

Such entries have been authorized, not only for commercial propagation, but to meet the needs of botanic gardens, arboretums, experiment stations, and other similar public institutions, and of any person who is widely or nationally known as maintaining a collection of real merit and open to the public, or is engaged in work of public benefit with the plants concerned. The conditioning of entry on a public-service basis is believed to be necessary. Otherwise we should have little restriction on number and volume of plant-importations and correspondingly little protection against the entry of new pests.

The Department of Agriculture thoroughly appreciates and sympathizes with the perfectly natural desire of plant-lovers to import for their personal use and the adornment of their estates or gardens any new or old variety which they may wish to secure, and would be only too glad to meet the wishes of such persons if it were not realized that this action would practically nullify the quarantine. Persons with a keen interest in plants are found in numbers in every town and hamlet in the United States, and to permit any or all of them to import plants in such condition that they could grow them would mean not only that the plants would have to come, in many cases, in earth, — involving dangers of plant-pest introductions which cannot be safeguarded by inspection or treatment, — but that it would be absolutely impossible for this Department to handle the tens of thousands of small importations which would result, or to follow them up to destinations throughout the country with any subsequent safeguards. There would

rarely be any public service of real value in connection with such importations, such as making the new plants generally available or utilizing them for breeding or other work. Some essential service of this sort should be the basis for the entry of the various classes of plants which are not open to unlimited importation. The mere personal gratification of the thousands of individuals who might wish to make their own importations would be small justification for the risk of carriage of new pests to every part of the United States.

Under the plan, therefore, of Quarantine 37, it becomes necessary for those persons who are neither commercial propagators of plants, collectors of serious merit, nor engaged in research of distinct public benefit, — in other words, the ordinary garden-lover, — to secure the restricted plants from home sources, and the Department has endeavored, through the means enumerated, to make them available under methods which involve the least risk to the horticulture and agriculture of the country.

III

It is not necessary to discuss at length the classes of bulbs and other plants which are open to unlimited entry. These include all field, vegetable, and flower seeds, eighty or ninety per cent of the bulbs hitherto imported, fruit and rose stocks, and all seeds of fruit and forest trees and ornamental plants and shrubs. As an example of such unrestricted entry, the importation of bulbs last year (1924) represents the largest importation into the United States of this class of plants ever made, amounting to very nearly 260,000,000 bulbs! In connection with the retail of these bulbs it is worthy of note that there is going on all the

time a form of misrepresentation which cannot be overtaken and which reaches the very home life of most of our people — that is, it is a common practice for local dealers to defend the prices which they are asking for imported bulbs by advising their patrons that the prices are necessitated by the restrictions on entry under Quarantine 37, whereas the very possession of the imported bulbs for sale is possible only because there are no restrictions on their entry!

The termination of the free commercial entry of narcissus bulbs with the end of 1925 will arouse a widespread public interest. It seems desirable, therefore, to give a statement of the reasons which led the Department over two years ago to authorize such prohibition at the end of a three-year term — the postponement of action being to enable such readjustments as were possible and necessary, both with respect to production in this country and on the part of foreign growers and exporters.

Of all bulbs which are entering this country, the narcissus bulbs have proved to be the most frequent and abundant carriers of serious pests — pests which not only are destructive to bulb-cultures, but are even more damaging to important field-crops. The more important of these pests are two bulb-flies and an eelworm or nematode. These conditions still obtain or, if anything, have increased in the meantime.

The two bulb-flies, particularly the smaller one, are found in practically every shipment of narcissi from Holland, in some instances infesting as much as twelve per cent of the bulbs; and individual bulbs may contain from fifty to seventy-five maggots! In Europe this bulb-fly is a serious enemy not only of bulbs but also of the onion, and has occasionally destroyed entire

crops of that vegetable. This pest has now gained some foothold in the United States, chiefly in connection with bulb-production, and has spread in at least one instance to onion fields.

Perhaps the most dangerous of all bulb pests is the European eelworm, *Tylenchus dipsaci*. It very commonly infests the following field-crops in Europe: clover, lucerne, rye, oats, onions, and potatoes, as well as bulbs. In South Africa this eelworm, introduced from Europe, is now generally found with alfalfa cultures, and limits the life of the crop so as not to exceed four or five years. In the United States it has already gained some foothold in the Northwest in the states of Washington, Oregon, California, Idaho, and Colorado. Its introduction has apparently been through the agency of the planting of imported bulbs, and it has spread from such plantings to the clover fields and is in places already causing such injury as to threaten the further successful growth of this important forage-crop. In California the Pathologist of the Department of Agriculture, Mr. D. G. Milbrath, recently stated with respect to bulb-production in that state that if this eelworm is not checked the bulb industry will be ruined. Mr. Milbrath also stated that if infested bulbs are not permitted to come into California this nematode can still be eradicated in that state.

On the subject of the probability of home production of these bulbs to meet American needs, the Department is advised that very substantial progress has been made and that the outlook for the successful meeting of such needs within a few years seems favorable. Furthermore, after 1925 there will still be afforded under the quarantine ample opportunity for the importation of narcissus and other seed bulbs for planting-stock and the introduction

of new varieties. Such material can be disinfected and safeguarded by the hot-water treatment. Unfortunately this treatment, we are assured by the Dutch authorities, cannot be applied to the forcing-bulbs, which are the ordinary article of import, without seriously reducing the flowering.

The effort is being made in some quarters to indicate that the United States may expect retaliation on the part of other countries on account of these restrictions. In contrast, it is alleged or is left to be inferred that foreign countries permit our plants and fruits to enter freely. The facts are that the leading countries of Continental Europe began prohibition of American plants in connection with the *Phylloxera* some half-century ago, and some twenty-five years later such prohibitions were made practically complete on account of the San José scale. For the most part these were real embargoes and not the regulation, restriction, and safeguarding of entry which the United States in general enforces under its plant quarantines. Such embargoes were issued by Holland, France, Germany, Austria, and Switzerland. Other countries — Belgium, Italy, Spain, Turkey, and Russia — promulgated restrictions of lesser degree. Even Great Britain, Norway, and Sweden embargoed certain plants. Furthermore, our fruits and certain of our fruit products entered some of these countries — if they entered at all — under very burdensome restrictions. There were also restrictions from many countries against American potatoes. Most of these embargoes and restrictions still obtain and no one has questioned the right and desirability of thus protecting Europe's cultures. The United States was the laggard in such protective action and is paying the cost in upward of \$1,000,000,000 annual loss from imported pests.

A recent effort to revive the retaliation bugaboo is based on the action of Great Britain in embargoing American potatoes. Instead of accepting the announced reason given by the British authorities, — risk of entry of the Colorado potato-beetle, — it is alleged that this action may be interpreted as strictly retaliatory. In point of fact, this action of Great Britain against the United States is a continuation of a series of quarantines, the first of which was issued over two years ago against France on account of the invasion of a region about the city of Bordeaux by this beetle, and the fact that potatoes from that district were likely to be imported into Great Britain. The action against the United States, coming two years later, is accounted for in the explanation issued by the British authorities that the short crop in England for the last season (1924) had stimulated importations from the United States and that such importations would involve a risk of the introduction of the Colorado beetle. The only thing illogical about this action was its failure to include Canada, where this beetle has long been established, but this failure has been corrected by the recent promulgation of a similar quarantine against Canada. It fails to appear why, of these three successive quarantines on account of the Colorado potato-beetle, the one against the United States should be interpreted as retaliatory! We seem to be in fairly numerous and good company!

IV

With respect to the responsibility for the promulgation of Quarantine 37 and other plant quarantines, it should be understood that the Federal Horticultural Board, provided for specifically in the Act, is merely advisory to the Secretary of Agriculture. Under

the terms of the Act this Board must be appointed by the Secretary of Agriculture from the three bureaus of the Department (Plant Industry, Forestry, and Entomology) having direct relation to the farm and forest resources of the nation from the standpoint both of production and of protection from losses due to insect pests or plant diseases; therefore, in its advisory function to the Secretary of Agriculture, it represents these three important bureaus. As now constituted, the membership of this Board involves two persons from the Bureau of Entomology, two from the Bureau of Plant Industry, and one from the Forest Service. It would seem to require no argument that a plant-quarantine Board for the administration of a plant-quarantine Act, having for its purpose the prevention of entry of diseases and insect pests of plants, should be technically expert on the subject of such plant enemies. To safeguard further the promulgation of plant quarantines, the recommendations of this Board are based on public hearings, specifically provided for in the Act, and follow conferences with the Department specialists. Finally, before any proposed quarantine is promulgated it is reviewed and approved as to subject matter and need by the solicitors and the Director of Regulatory Work of the Department and by the Secretary of Agriculture. Such actions represent, therefore, the judgment of the Department as a whole.

It is well to review the events which led up to the institution of the quarantine. The unsatisfactory results obtained under the system of foreign inspection and certification led to demands, which had been increasing from year to year, from state agricultural and horticultural officials and from state and regional agricultural and horticultural societies and allied

bodies, for better protection from the stream of foreign plant-enemies constantly coming in with imported plants. Before taking action, however, the Board gave ample notice and opportunity for the consideration of every phase of the subject in a series of public hearings and conferences which followed a period of a year's discussion and conferences with state officials, nursery inspectors, and so forth, and with the plant experts within the Department of Agriculture.

The first public hearing was held May 28, 1918, following a fully informing notice issued two months earlier, and published generally in horticultural and other trade papers. This hearing had a large attendance by interested persons, and resulted in an almost unanimous demand for restrictions if anything more drastic than those later decided upon. Following this hearing the subject was still further investigated by this Department over a period of three months. Quarantine 37, with Regulations, was then drafted substantially along the lines in which it was afterward promulgated, and in this form was sent for consideration and criticism to state officials, societies, and others represented at the hearing of May 28, and also to horticultural trade journals, with an invitation for a second conference or hearing to be held October 18, 1918. Only minor modifications of the quarantine resulted from this second conference, and the quarantine was promulgated November 18, 1918, but was not made effective until some six months later, namely, June 1, 1919. There was, therefore, between the original notice of hearing and the actual promulgation of the quarantine a period of nearly eight months of publicity, hearing, and conference, and the quarantine, as noted, did not become effective until some six months

later — in other words, a total period of fourteen months, during which the matter was fully before all interested persons.

The charge that is sometimes made that the quarantine was promulgated without warning and that a few insiders were able to make importations in advance of this promulgation is entirely baseless. Any importation made by any nurseryman prior to the effective date of the quarantine was merely a matter of the exercise of judgment and was based on no information that was not available to all.

What appears to be the public attitude toward Quarantine 37?

Endorsement and criticism have come unsolicited to the Department, largely in reaction to a widespread campaign of misrepresentation and propaganda against the quarantine at the beginning of the term of the late Mr. Wallace as Secretary of Agriculture. Such comment included endorsement by duly constituted officials of thirty-eight states with none in opposition, by fourteen national and regional agricultural and horticultural associations, by thirty-six similar state and local associations, and by hundreds of nurserymen, florists, and others.

The wave of propaganda referred to led Secretary Wallace to call a nationwide conference for the general discussion and appraisal of this quarantine. The conference, held in Washington in May 1922, and presided over by the Secretary, brought together a large representation of all interests affected, and also delegates and representatives from the principal countries exporting plants to the United States. To enable him to form a better judgment of the merits of the quarantine, the Secretary made a personal selection of a special committee to sit in the conference and report to him its judgment with respect to this quarantine. This committee was

composed of the late Professor J. C. Whitten, Horticulturist of the University of California, Dr. A. F. Woods, President of the University of Maryland, and Mr. M. R. Cashman, President of the American Association of Nurserymen.

In general, the outcome of the conference was a substantial endorsement of Quarantine 37, including the report of the Secretary's special committee. Perhaps the most important results of the conference were a much better understanding of the need of safeguarding the country against the introduction of destructive plant-pests and diseases, and the dispelling of many of the prejudices and mistaken ideas that had existed concerning this quarantine.

As a later appraisal of the necessity for adequate protection from entry of new plant and animal pests, it may be recalled that this subject was given considerable attention by the President's Agricultural Conference of last winter. The following paragraph from the report of the Conference to the President, of February 2, 1925, introduces a discussion of the subject: —

Security of American agriculture from the invasion of foreign diseases and pests, and the protection of agriculture against the transmission of diseases and pests already established in certain sections of the country, are of the highest importance. There is increasing danger which calls for increasing vigilance in policing all possible disease-carriers imported into the country or transmitted within it.

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The discussion points out that 'the outbreaks of such diseases and pests are not local matters, but may at any moment become national calamities,' and that 'there are continuing threats of grave plant-pests of devastating character.'

After discussing the lack of facilities and urging more adequate appropriations for control work, the Conference suggests that the President should urge upon the Secretary of Agriculture the recognition of the necessity of greater effort 'to properly police the vast agricultural resources of the country . . . against the type of destruction which from time to time already has taken hold in various parts of the country, and which will threaten the agricultural resources of the country in increasing degree in future years.'

In conclusion, one can only urge that the immediate personal interest be subordinated to the broader view of what is best for the country as a whole. It would certainly seem to be unthinkable that the farm, garden, orchard, and forestry interests of the United States or that any true plant-lover should want to return substantially to the old system with all its attendant risks. Our plants are worthy of the same protection which we are endeavoring to give to our humans and to our domesticated animals, and that is the sole purpose of the quarantines restricting and safeguarding the entry of plants and plant products.

CONFESSIONS OF AN AUTOMOBILIST

BY WILLIAM ASHDOWN

I

I AM a small-town banker, and I am expected to act the part, living well, dressing well, and patronizing all our local affairs, as a banker should.

As a dispenser of credit, I have many opportunities to study human nature and to observe how men get ahead and how they fall behind. I believe my bank has handled more automobile propositions than any bank of its size in the country. We have made a specialty of loans on automobiles and have watched the agencies as they have grown from nothing to substantial business-concerns. In this connection we have acquired a large amount of experience, suffered no losses, and learned not a little of the weaknesses of human nature as reflected in the automobile.

I am not a 'tightwad.' I am careful and I am thrifty — at least I was until I became a motorist. I am not a good spender. I have always worked for my money and I part with it only for value received. I have always saved part of my earnings, from habit rather than from necessity. I have never earned 'big money,' but I have always had enough. I have never celebrated a stroke of good fortune more riotously than by buying a new suit of clothes and a necktie. But several years ago, when I was getting into my stride, I was told by my friends that I had arrived; and I wanted to believe them. Perhaps the moment had come to paraphrase General Pershing and tell the

world 'Ashdown's here!' How could I tell it more effectively than by the purchase of a car?

At that time the automobile had not yet become a popular fad. The street-car was still the common method of local conveyance and the railroad still the common medium of long-distance transportation. There were no finance companies especially equipped to handle time-payments on cars. The banks were highly skeptical of the automobile as a credit-risk, and the man who borrowed in order to buy a car was looked upon as dangerous. Even the humble Ford had to be sold, instead of selling itself as it now does. The dealers were inexperienced and without adequate resources. A car was considered distinctly a luxury, not, as at present, a rudimentary necessity.

After a severe battle with my thrifty conscience, I persuaded myself that I could afford a car. Absolutely ignorant of cars and car values, I finally decided upon a modest secondhand machine, of a make that was neither standard nor popular. The price represented about one tenth of my yearly income, and I had never before spent half so much on a luxury. Theretofore my greatest single extravagance had been a bicycle, which, while bearing at the time about the same relation in cost to my earnings, carried with it no upkeep or heavy depreciation, no social obligations or incidental expenditures; its first cost was its last.

It is a rigid rule with me not to buy what I cannot pay for, and whenever I drive a new car out of the salesroom it has no lien upon it; but it was not without trepidation that I drew my check in payment for that first automobile. Being a 'used' car, there were many trifles about this one that needed attention, and several accessories that added to the appearance. I was particular about appearances, wanted as much for my money as possible, and the first cost was decidedly not the last. I had carefully estimated the probable charge of maintenance and upkeep. Gas and oil would average so much a week and the garage in our simple community only five dollars a month. I could afford that tax upon my income without distress. My conscience was clear — or, rather, it was becoming hardened.

I had not gone half a mile on my initial trip when a tire blew out, and with it went also some of my preconceived ideas about automobile expenses. Not having a mechanical turn of mind, and being wholly without a working-knowledge of a car, I had to fall back upon my garage-man every time anything went wrong, and that was very often. But having bought the car I had to use it, whatever the effect upon my bank account.

Then, too, I was a green driver. Skidding had not become a popular sport; car-insurance was in its infancy, and rates were high; but by the time I had turned around twice on the avenue and landed on the sidewalk, none the worse for the double turn, I had learned the danger of wet pavements and the value of protection. As a sensible precaution I purchased a set of chains. But I put them on wrong one wet morning and the significance of this was about one hundred dollars; for while the wheels were revolving at the legal rate of speed per hour one of those

chains came off, wound itself around the rear axle, and tore out the housing.

At first I carefully set down all expenses connected with my car. I was curious to see if my budget was working out, but the figures mounted up so fast that I dared not look the facts in the face and so closed my books. Ignorance is bliss and bliss is expensive.

Having a quick method of locomotion, it was easy to run out into the country of a Sunday for dinner, or of an evening for a drive and a 'bite.' Then, too, my friends expected me to do the honors, as chauffeur and host, and this added to the mounting costs. But I had started something that I could not stop gracefully or consistently. My thrift habits were steadily giving way to spendthrift habits.

After eight years of experience I find that the psychological processes of car-owners are much alike. First you want a car; then you conclude to buy it. Once bought, you must keep it running, for cars are useless standing in a garage. Therefore you spend and keep on spending, be the consequences what they may. You have only one alternative — to sell out; and this pride forbids.

II

My first experience with a car taught me these truths: A used car is a risky investment unless its history and previous ownership be fully known. Some cars are given the best of care, others are grossly abused. Usually the best has been taken out of the machine and the new owner faces the problem of keeping a worn article in condition. A cheap new car is a better hazard than an expensive used one. Unless the owner is handy with tools, and something of a mechanic, he will be a frequent visitor to the repair shop, and this is always expensive. No matter

how carefully the upkeep and incidental costs may be estimated, they will always exceed the theoretical figures. And if, in the effort to economize, the owner dispenses with insurance, he jeopardizes his principal every time he takes his car out of the garage.

The result upon the individual is to break down his sense of values. Whether he will or no, he must spend money at every turn. Having succumbed to the lure of the car, he is quite helpless thereafter. If a new device will make his automobile run smoother or look better, he attaches that device. If a new polish will make it shine brighter, he buys that polish. If a new idea will give more mileage, or remove carbon, he adopts that new idea. These little costs quickly mount up and in many instances represent the margin of safety between income and outgo. The overplus in the pay-envelope, instead of going into the bank as a reserve-fund, goes into automobile expense. Many families live on the brink of danger all the time. They are car-poor. Saving is impossible. The joy of security in the future is sacrificed for the pleasure of the moment. And with the pleasure of the moment is mingled the constant anxiety entailed by living beyond one's means.

Here is an example that came under my observation. A bank clerk, earning about one hundred and fifty dollars a month, married, and bought a house with a trifling amount down and the balance in monthly payments. A baby came. He then argued himself into believing that the wife and baby 'needed the air,' although they live in the country. He found a secondhand car for \$125. It cost him only twenty-five dollars down and he gave notes for the balance. But no sooner was the car delivered than he realized that he had made a mistake. He acted energetically, sold the car at a profit, and then

bought a new one, paying all he had received for the old car on the new, but still owing on the notes. As a matter of fact he approached me for a loan of twenty-five dollars to pay down on the old car. I refused, but somehow he raised the money. Then he had three debts to meet: one on the house, one on the old car, and one on the new. Besides, he had borrowed from a friend in order to buy the house.

Practically every cent of this man's income is pledged before he receives it. Whereas he was fairly comfortable before he got the car, now he is constantly running behind. What he pays on the house is lost on the car. What he might have saved, he must spend. As his anxieties increased, he became so irritable that he lost his job. The air is costing him dear.

The old car had taught me some expensive lessons, but I decided that I needed a better car. A new one, I argued, would not require any repairs for a long time. Although the spending of one tenth of my yearly income on the old car was a severe shock to my conscience, I found no difficulty in consenting to spend a quarter's salary on a new one. I had surrendered completely to the automobile. I did not look the part in the old car; I hoped to in the new. I felt cheap, driving a cheap car; I should feel like a millionaire in a new and expensive one. My friends would be glad to know that I had succeeded and my enemies would have to admit that their appraisal of me had been wrong. I would show them both that I not only had arrived, but was traveling fast.

Therefore it was with much pride and satisfaction, mingled with a few misgivings, that I drove away from the county fair in a brand-new shiny show-car.

It looked like a banker's car; soon it began to act like one. And, that

there might be no doubt in anybody's mind as to whose car it was, I had my initials put on it the next day.

I was not a careful driver, and lessons in driving this car were expensive. I learned: (a) that if you put on the brakes and throw out the clutch, on an icy pavement, even though you are protected by skidless chains and non-skid tires, you are likely to turn round; cost of this lesson — eighty dollars; (b) that if a trolley-car is coming up the street and you are going at right angles to it, the trolley-car may not stop for you and you may stop for it; cost of this lesson — thirty dollars; (c) that if the law says you must not go faster than twenty miles an hour and you go thirty, it may cost you, as it did me, twenty-five dollars; (d) that batteries need water frequently and the crank case needs oil occasionally — fifty dollars; (e) that if you cut in ahead of a Ford, and a laundry truck is in front, you won't hurt the truck, but you may hurt your car if you cannot stop instantly — twenty dollars; (f) that if you do not look where you are going on a dark street and an 'El' pillar is in your way, you will probably hit the pillar; cost of this — ten dollars; (g) that if you do not signal the car behind you, it may hit you and ask you to pay the damage — twenty-five dollars. Truly, the first cost of this car was not the last.

Some of these catastrophes were covered by insurance and others were not; but altogether the bills of charges were climbing. And if to this were added the operating-costs, my car was an expensive luxury. Nevertheless, my social position was established; I was regarded as a leading citizen. I made no apologies to my fellow men, but I made many to my bank-account. And when I was told I was driving a 'snappy-looking car,' I agreed, nonchalantly, that I was.

III

Time was when the leading men of the community vied with one another as owners of houses. The mansions of an earlier day, with their mansard roofs and spacious outbuildings, are mute evidence of the race for prestige years ago. A man expressed himself and his tastes through his home and its surroundings. If he owned a span of horses and a few carriages and hired a coachman, his entire investment was not half that often covered by one car to-day. The upkeep was small and could be figured with reasonable certainty. The coachman got board and lodging and perhaps two dollars a day; now a chauffeur gets five dollars a day and meals wherever he happens to be.

The paramount ambition of the average man a few years ago was to own a home and have a bank-account. The ambition of the same man to-day is to own a car. While the desire for home-ownership is still strong, I believe people are giving less thought to the home and more to the car as an indicator of social position. The house stands still; only a chosen few can see the inside. But the car goes about; everybody sees it, and many observers know what it cost.

Given the choice of a fine home without a car and a modest one with a car, the latter will win. Real-estate men testify that the first question asked by the prospective buyer is about the garage. The house without a garage is a slow seller. While the country makes an appeal of its own, it has an added lure if it can be enjoyed through the medium of the car, and many a man has moved from city to country in order to get away from the high cost of maintaining an automobile in the city. The whole scheme of domestic life centres about the motor-car.

Dangerous rivalries among friends

and in families are created by the motor. If one member of a family makes a bit of money he must advertise it to the rest of the family and to the world by the purchase of a car. Or, if his social scale seems a bit below that of the rest of the family, he seeks to lift himself higher through the medium of a car. The result is a costly rivalry that brings the whole group into debt.

Among business men the same tendency may be found. If a good year has brought substantial profits, they are not laid aside in a sinking-fund for the lean years, but spent on a car. A short time ago we loaned a merchant money to expand his business. He increased his overhead considerably and was taking some risk in the venture. He had paid less than half on his note when suddenly one day he appeared in a new sedan. We know where his profits are going and we shall watch that man hereafter.

Lately I was called on the telephone by a credit company in New York, and was asked about the credit of a certain merchant. I inquired their reason for the question, and they told me that he was buying a seven-passenger car costing about \$1800. I had followed this man's career with some care. His account was frequently overdrawn. He was putting a lot of bad credits on his books. I knew he was barely making both ends meet. I advised against the credit; and when he came to me a few hours afterward and asked for a loan of \$250, I surmised the purpose and inquired about his car. He admitted that he was buying it. I asked him if he did not think a less expensive car would answer his purpose just as well. He took offense at this, and said that he had a big family and they too needed the air, and at any rate it was none of my business. I refused the loan. On my way to luncheon the next day I saw him driving his car. How he got it I do

not know. I do know, however, that if he had bought a cheaper machine he would not have matched his rival. He must look prosperous even if he is n't.

Not only is the car a symbol of the social and business status of the owner, but its loss is a calamity. I have never known a man to give up an automobile once owned, except to buy a better one. The experience of the finance companies is that only an insignificant percentage of the cars financed by them are ever repossessed. In other words, the car stays sold, no matter what hardships may attend its keeping. It takes courage of no mean order to confess to the world that you have had a motor and have lost it. Therefore the car is the last sacrifice to be offered on the altar of reverses. I know a man who did not have the price of his next month's commutation ticket and yet he kept his automobile.

There is a class of individuals who look upon the car, not only as a necessity in their life, but as a smoke-screen to hide their real position. As long as they drive a motor, they feel that their creditors will be satisfied to wait. To buy a new one is evidence that they are still able to carry on. A case in point is that of a New York business man who was on the verge of bankruptcy. For six months he had taken nothing from his business. He saw the inevitable end. He had a car that was almost new. I was called up one day by a bank and asked if this man was good for a thousand-dollar loan. I asked the purpose of the loan and they told me it was the balance on a new car. I knew his condition and told them frankly of it. Being refused this credit, he went to another dealer and finally succeeded, with but little cash, in trading in the old car for a new one. Inside of a few weeks the receiver took charge of his business.

A certain merchant whom I know made money during the war. He built a pretentious house. He bought a car. The readjustment period hit him very hard. For two or three years he has been living beyond his means. He has borrowed all that the banks would lend and then has paid them off by placing a second mortgage on his home. To the casual observer no change has come into this man's life. His wife drives to the same functions in the same car and they live in the same home, which is gradually being undermined by the false standard of living. Some day it must go under the hammer.

The most pathetic case that ever came under my observation was that of a Wall Street broker. He had the happy faculty of picking the winners, and made from fifty to a hundred thousand a year. He was generous. He lived well. One day his wife came to me and said they were in trouble and needed ten thousand dollars. Could I place a mortgage on the home? I inspected the place — the show place of the community. It had expensive furniture, sunken gardens, fountains, a refrigerating plant, servants. In the garage stood a special model of an expensive car. Beside it stood two other cars, both favorites with the well-to-do. I placed the mortgage. A few months afterward she came again and said everything had been swept away; even the cars had gone to the creditors. Her husband was in a sanitarium, a broken, nervous wreck. Could I make the mortgage twenty thousand? I made another inspection, and in the stall where the three stately cars had once stood was a Ford with a flat tire — mute evidence of the downfall of the family. Perhaps the cars had nothing to do with the calamity, and yet they typify the extravagance that once obtained, and that resulted in poverty too heartbreaking to understand.

IV

The ambition to own an automobile does not confine itself to the upper classes and those with substantial incomes, but reaches down into the 'white-collar workers' — the clerks and salaried men on limited incomes. In my own bank fifty per cent of the force own cars and drive to work in them. I do not believe the middle classes are getting ahead as they once were. What formerly went into the bank now goes into the motor-car. The thought in the minds of many workers is not how much they can save, but how long it will be before they can have a motor. I had occasion not long ago to check up a number of automobiles on the time-payment plan with a New York company. We found that the owners were carpenters, masons, bricklayers, and so on, living in inaccessible suburban places, who used their cars — all new ones — to go to and from their work. Perhaps their investment is justified by the high wages they now earn, but time was when the humble bicycle or the trolley-car was good enough for them. Walking to-day is a lost art. Even my laundress comes to work in a taxi and goes home by the same route. No doubt I pay the bill. To go to the village shopping on foot is now a social error, even though the distance be but a few blocks.

We have heard much about the saturation point in the automobile industry — the time when the public will be 'fed up' on cars and will not buy the output of the factories. No man knows when this time will come, but I am of the opinion that it is drawing near, for the class of buyers that is now purchasing cars is in the lower strata of business life. Go through the outskirts of any city and look at the number of cars left exposed out-of-doors in the tenement yards.

True, many automobiles are now sold to those who can afford them, but the competition is so keen and the driving force behind the dealers is so insistent that many who would not ordinarily buy are persuaded that they should do so. I use our own town as typical of many others. During a period of about four weeks I saw the following sales made: (a) a \$1500 touring car to a small tailor, who had no place to keep it, had nothing to pay down on it, — except an old Ford in exchange, — and who could not in the course of two years pay a note of seventy-five dollars at his bank; (b) a similar car to the policeman on the post, who went in debt for half his monthly salary for a year in order to pay for it; (c) a sedan selling for about \$2000 to a restaurant keeper who had just gone into business for himself. He had saved \$1000, purchased a place for \$5000, borrowed \$2500 from the bank, and gave notes for the balance in order to take possession. After the first season, with a hard winter before him, this man deliberately — or through the efforts of a good salesman — plunged into debt for \$1200. The result is that all he earns must be applied to his debts, and he now has no margin of safety at all. Before, he was sure of his ground and free from anxiety. Now, he must not only work, but he must also worry.

Some will blame the dealers for sharp selling-practices; others will blame the

finance companies for accepting any risk that is offered; still others will blame the buyer for being an easy mark. But, whatever the reason, the result is the same — debt, debt, debt, for a costly article that depreciates very rapidly and has an insatiable appetite for money. To be sure, the money goes out in small lots, but the toll is large if it be reckoned for a year, and this the average man has not the courage to face; or, facing it, he has not the courage to quit. He must keep his car.

The avalanche of automobile-owners is not a good omen. It signifies that the people are living either up to their means or beyond them; that the old margin of safety no longer obtains; that the expense account must constantly increase. The race to outdo the other fellow is a mad race indeed. The ease with which a car can be purchased on the time-payment plan is all too easy a road to ruin. The habit of thrift can never be acquired through so wasteful a medium as an automobile. Instead, the habit of spending must be acquired, for with the constant demand for fuel, oil, and repairs, together with the heavy depreciation, the automobile stands unique as the most extravagant piece of machinery ever devised for the pleasure of man.

But —

I still drive one myself. I must keep up with the procession, even though it has taken four cars to do so.

MISUNDERSTOOD

BY ERNEST WEEKLEY

JUST as scientific discoveries are sometimes flukes, or rather examples of what Horace Walpole called 'serendipity,' — that is, the faculty for finding one thing when looking for another, — so language has often been enriched by misunderstandings. There are few more convenient phrases than 'psychological moment.' It expresses 'nick of time' with something added, and there is no other way of conveying its exact sense. Yet, according to the *Oxford Dictionary*, it originally 'passed nonsensically into English journalese.' The Prussian *Kreuz Zeitung*, discussing (December 16, 1870) the projected bombardment of Paris, used *das psychologische Moment* — that is, 'momentum' or determining factor — to express the probable effect of the bombardment on the morale of the Parisians. French writers, at that time generally very unfamiliar with German, understood it as though the German journalist had written *der psychologische Moment* — that is, 'moment of time.' Sarcey, in his *Siège de Paris* (1871), rendered it by *moment psychologique*, which is explained by the *Dictionnaire Général* as '*le moment où l'âme est dans l'attente de quelque chose qui doit s'accomplir.*' Sarcey's book was at once translated into English and so our language was enriched by a phrase which we should now be sorry to relinquish.

This is a case of isolated misunderstanding; but there are many words to which a rather uneducated communal usage has given a new meaning. The English Chancellor of the Exchequer is

reported as having said, on October 20, 1924, 'Mr. MacDonald has descended to a level which no Prime Minister of this country had demeaned himself by touching before.' 'To demean oneself' is simply to behave oneself, from Old French *se demener*, which has very much the same sense as *se conduire*. It will be obvious that 'conduct' and 'demeanor' are fairly germane concepts. But, by association with the English adjective 'mean,' the verb 'demean' has taken, in vulgar parlance, the idea of lowering oneself. I need hardly say that I use 'vulgar' in its etymological sense, for Mr. Churchill is here in the company of Richardson, Thackeray, and Hawthorne. The mental process involved is what is called folk-etymology, an instinct which finally leads to such rustic perversions as 'Polly Andrews' for 'polyanthus' and the Essex peasant's 'varico vein' as the logical singular of 'varicose veins.'

Excursions into a language with which the speaker or writer is unfamiliar are apt to lead to much more disastrous results. Not everyone who writes down *beau idéal* is aware that *beau* is the noun and *idéal* the adjective. *Cui bono* is commonly used as equivalent to 'to what purpose?' But for Lucius Cassius, to whom Cicero attributes the saying, it was an unfailing test of the real motive of an action. *Cui bono fuisset?* — Who would have profited by it? One of the noisiest of British eugenists, hymning in the *London Observer* of October 24, 1924, the joys of Prohibition, regretted the

impossibility of giving *in petto* a proper description of its working. The Italian *in petto*, 'in the breast,' — that is, secretly, tacitly, — expresses just the opposite of the writer's intention. With the widespread conviction that *in petto* means 'concisely,' one may compare the repeated use by a popular novelist of the word 'cavalcade,' — that is, mounted procession, — for two pedestrians pushing a barrel-organ. Chaucer and other Middle English writers often use the Old French title 'dan,' the masculine of 'dame,' speaking, for instance, of 'Dan Cupid' and of 'Dan Russell the fox.' That Spenser should apply the same title to 'Dan Chaucer, well of English undefyled,' is right and natural, but the distinguished author who, on the strength of this, wrote of 'good old Daniel Chaucer' really went a little too far. The allusion above to Prohibition reminds me of the temperance orator who, with a vague recollection of the word 'misogynist,' proclaimed himself to be 'an uncompromising beerogynist.' More logical was the little French girl who, having heard her mother use the words *pauvre estropié* of a man with a wooden leg, cried, seeing a one-armed man, '*Maman, voilà un pauvre estromain.*'

Our Shakespearean reminiscences are not always free from misunderstanding. I am not alluding to chronic misquotation, for the psychology of language seems to require that only by becoming a misquotation can a quotation obtain real currency. Most of us say: 'The Devil can quote Scripture for his purpose,' 'A young man married is a young man marred,' 'A beggarly array of empty benches,' 'Screw your courage to the sticking-point,' and so forth, with the confident feeling that we are quoting Shakespeare's own words. But that is another story; for here we are dealing with the misunderstood and not with the misquoted. No Shakespearean

phrase is more often misused than 'foregone conclusion,' descriptive of a result that can be predicted with absolute certainty, whereas Othello meant by it a disaster that has already occurred. Bellenden, in his translation of Hector Boece's *Scotorum Historia*, writes: 'Macbeth and Banquho met by ye gait thre women clothit in elrage and uncouth weid. They wer jugit be the pepill to be weird sisters'; and two centuries earlier Chaucer told of the 'wirdes that we clepen destinee.' We still use 'weird' in its proper sense in the phrase 'to dree one's weird' — that is, to endure one's fate. Bellenden's 'weird sisters' were borrowed by Shakespeare, and the regular collocation of the words resulted in the birth of an adjective 'weird,' taken to mean grisly, fantastic, and so forth. Similarly from 'gamecock,' cock of the game (that is, cockfighting), has been evolved the sporting-adjective 'game,' plucky, intrepid, used especially in the phrase 'to die game.'

The modern misuse of some expressions is due less to misapprehension than to the innate vulgarity of mankind. 'Patience on a monument,' from Viola's pretty speech in *Twelfth Night*, suggests to the modern mind only a look of bored resignation, while 'single blessedness,' used by Shakespeare of the holiness of celibate life, helps to express our half-ironical, half-complacent conception of the bachelor's care-free existence. So, also, the 'aching void' which we owe to Cowper's 'Walking with God' is commonly applied to that feeling which warns us that the next meal is overdue, and 'latter end,' once poetically associated with man's destiny in old age and eternity, has become almost exclusively anatomical.

Nautical metaphor has many pitfalls for the landlubber. Cheese-paring economy is sometimes described as 'spoiling the ship for a ha'porth of tar.'

But Captain John Smith, the amazing John Smith of Virginia, speaks with derision of those who would rather 'lose ten sheepe than be at the charge of a halfe penny worth of tarre.' In many English dialects 'sheep' is regularly pronounced 'ship,' and the Ship Street of our country towns represents an earlier Sheep Street, leading generally to the sheep-market. Tar is a very ancient medicine for some diseases of sheep. When the preliminary difficulties of a problem are cleared away, we say, 'Now all is plain sailing.' But the sailor speaks of 'plane-sailing,' and, though 'plain' and 'plane' are really the same word, the allusion is not to simplicity, but to navigation by a plane chart—that is, one drawn on the theoretical assumption that the earth's surface is plane and not spherical. During the World War, the type of man who in France had the name *jusqu'aboutiste* was sometimes in England called a 'bitter-ender,' as being determined to see things through 'to the bitter end.' If we again consult Captain John Smith, we find that the 'bitter' is the 'turn of a cable about the bitts,' and that to pay out cable or rope 'to the bitter end' is to let it run out till none remains inboard. Mistaken association with the adjective 'bitter' has given a stern sort of vigor to the metaphorical application of the phrase.

Most people know that 'forlorn hope' was originally a military name for a desperate storming party (the *enfants perdus* of French), and that it is borrowed from Old Dutch *verloren hoop*; 'lost heap'; also that 'to curry favor' is a meaningless corruption of a much earlier 'to curry Favel,' the latter word being the Old French *Fauvel*, the name of a fallow horse in a mediæval allegory, *der fahle Hengst* of German legend. But I doubt whether there are many who realize the fantastic change of form and meaning that has given us the

expression 'to take heart of grace.' This elaboration of the simpler 'to take heart' is one of those grotesque and clumsy word-plays in which the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries delighted. A 'hart of grease' was a hart in prime condition, with the proper depth of fat upon his ribs. 'Heart' and 'hart' were originally spelled alike, a fact which perhaps helped to perpetuate this singularly pointless complex.

The Revised Version of the English Bible, published in 1884, shows that some of the most picturesque expressions in the language rest upon mistranslations. There can hardly be a phrase more full of awful boding than 'the valley of the shadow of death,' one of the many jewels which the Authorized Version inherited from Coverdale. It is true that the Revised Version preserves this reading, but the marginal note gives the alternative, and probably more correct, 'valley of deep darkness.' The early vernacular translations were based on the Vulgate and the Septuagint, both of which often misinterpret the Hebrew pointing. Thus *ferrum pertransiit animam ejus* was poetically rendered in the Prayer Book version of the Psalms 'the iron entered into his soul.' This is also the reading of the Great Bible (1539), while the Authorized Version and the Revised Version have the more prosaic 'he was laid in (chains of) iron,' which represents the Hebrew original, instead of the erroneous Vulgate. 'Scapegoat' was coined by Tyndale as a translation of the *caper emissarius* of the Vulgate. The Revised Version replaces this by the proper name 'Azazel,' with the alternative rendering 'dismissal.' When one thinks of the absolute impossibility of expressing in any other way the idea contained in the picturesque 'scapegoat,' one is thankful that early textual interpretation of the Hebrew Scriptures was sometimes uncertain.

THE HANDMAIDS OF MEDICINE

BY LAWRENCE H. BAKER

I

AT the foot of the Acropolis in Athens is a small cave into which seeps a tiny spring. The traveler who visits it notices first the water, — for water is always worth notice in Athens, — then a little altar, next a slender candle or two, their meagre flames struggling with the close atmosphere. His eyes become accustomed to the dimness, and he sees, fastened here, there, and everywhere upon the walls, little metal plates impressed with the outlines of an arm, a leg, a human torso, or an infant in swaddling clothes — plates of tin, aluminum, nickel, or silver, according to the wealth of the ones who hung them.

This cave was once the holy of holies in the sanctuary of Asclepius, god of healing. Ruined memorials of his shrine still stand about the threshold; belief in the miraculous healing powers of his cave and spring still thrives, without a trace of ruin, in the hearts of the people near by. To obtain relief from their illnesses, or those of kindred and friends, they bring to the cave likenesses or symbols of the parts affected, go through the correct ritual, and wait for the cure.

A new divinity may have displaced Asclepius; a new therapy may have displaced the old one of incubation, — sleeping in the rotunda of the shrine, — a therapy of such potency, as attested by inscriptions erected in gratitude, that it could restore to soundness a painter who fell from his scaffold and was given up by leeches of his time, or

a silver goblet mashed in a scuffle between rival butlers. It is interesting to observe, however, that here, as well as in many places elsewhere, a strong bond between the material and the spiritual is felt to exist in the mystery of healing, the water and the locality of the cave providing the material elements, the faith of the natives the spiritual.

Early in his search for a means of coping with discomfort, man imagined a close relation between religion and disease. Literature of centuries past and observation of peoples living to-day in a state comparable to the childhood of the race both indicate that man of times gone by considered disease a visitation of beings more powerful than himself. But just as the child eventually comes to the point where he realizes that the broom he straddles is a horse only by virtue of his own flight of fancy and that the stick he flourishes is a sword for the same reason, so man had to reach a stage where his mind separated what is substantial from what is his own attribute and interpretation of that substantial thing.

Out of the intermingling of the imaginary with the physical, man developed the concept of a natural world as opposed to the fanciful. Rivers with treacherous currents, for instance, came to be dissociated from the idea of a baneful demon presiding over them, and to have their dangers explained on more material bases. Whispering

nymphs were discarded as reasons for the sighing of the forests, and rustling of leaves and topmost boughs of trees under the blast of the wind were substituted for them. And with the separation of fact from fancy is connected the development of modern medicine. The early beginnings, however, are not to be despised; for out of medicine's original connection with religion grew a knowledge of the therapeutics of fasting and catharsis, even though ages passed before these were looked upon as anything other than spiritual devices. Out of that connection, also, arose that vast and complicated structure of magic lore, which, if one considers its symbolic drawings and tattooings, its weird concoctions of potions and philtres, its amulets, charms, and talismans, might be regarded as the mother of the sciences and the arts.

But modern sympathetic study of magic is revealing that its practitioners relied not so much as is imagined upon the supernatural. Behind the prescriptions calling for the use of 'fillet of a fenny snake . . . eye of newt and toe of frog, wool of bat and tongue of dog, adder's fork and blind-worm's sting, lizard's leg,' root of hemlock, and gall of goat, has been found a substantial natural justification, even though Macbeth's witches may not have known its existence. Experimentation with snake poison, for instance, especially that of rattlers, has shown that it is useful in combating epilepsy. From the skin of a tropical toad the pharmacologist has extracted bufagin, a powerful heart-stimulant similar to digitalin; and centuries ago Chinese magic-doctors employed toad-skin in cardiac difficulties. Now the student of gland therapy finds the administering of bile — gall of sheep or calf, to-day — a highly effective procedure in dealing with faulty bowel-elimination that has become chronic.

II

The development of magic marks a step forward in the development of medicine. How much of the advance was conscious and how much unconscious, contributed by human love of the mystifying, no one can say. As yet, however, the evolution is far from complete. Microscopic organisms, the 'germs' of common talk, have been substituted in the popular mind for the worms and snakes of primitive medicine. The theory that many pathological states are due to abnormal internal secretions has been substituted for the old doctrine of the 'humors.' And one might, with little stretch of the imagination, find for the psychic aspects of the early relation between religion and disease a modern counterpart in the Freudian use of the unconscious — a use which has permitted the adoption of the principle of determinism in the mental sphere and has put investigation in that sphere more nearly on a plane with investigation in the physical sciences.

Medicine, chemistry, physics, biology, and psychology — these are the ends, at least the visible, modern ends of the thought started when the first Job was visited with boils or trodden upon by a mastodon. The nature of the catastrophe is immaterial. Medicine is the patriarch of the group, but a patriarch who has only recently come to mobilize the entire forces of his family in the age-old feud with disease.

Although in ancient Egypt, in the land of Chemi, where priests experimented with simple substances for the making of curative concoctions, there was a close union between chemistry and medicine, these two sciences became separated for many centuries. The chemist, as illustrated in the pioneer work of Agricola on metallurgy, turned his knowledge largely to the

production of wealth in the industries. This defection has resulted in much suffering which closer coöperation between physician and chemist might have spared humanity. For instance, the thirteenth century saw the discovery of ether. Not until 1846 did physicians recognize its value as an anæsthetic; for over five hundred years was the race denied the benefits of this queller of pain. Magnesium sulphate was known to chemists in 1694; two hundred years elapsed before the knowledge came that it would relieve lockjaw, burns, and strychnine poisoning. Twenty-three years passed between the chemist's discovery of amyl nitrite and the physician's discovery that it relieves the tortures of angina pectoris.

To-day the pharmacologist presiding over a well-supplied laboratory in an institution of research represents perhaps the best blend of physician and chemist. The maximum of success in the alleviation of suffering is, however, to be attained only when the pharmacologist serves as the medium between chemist and physician: when all three work in recognized interrelationship.

One modern department of medicine stands out prominently for the coöperation it has produced between chemist and physician. That is the department of gland therapy or endocrinology. Not only has development in this field emphasized the early relation between the chemist and the leech, — alchemist the former must have been in those days, — but it has also directed thought to the primitive connection of these two with the priest. When, by means of the administering of thyroid extract, a cretin — a person whose development has been arrested so far as to make him an imbecile — is transformed into a person approaching normal form and intellect, popular imagination, at least, is justified in seeing a

similarity between this miracle and the ancient one of casting out devils.

But the miracles of to-day are more complex than those of days gone by. Every human body is now conceived to be a chemical laboratory, in which the most complicated transformations are continually taking place. Every man, even in the midst of health, is a walking drug-store, the pharmacologists maintain; and the impairment or inadequacy of his drug-supply may result in diseases such as gout, diabetes, goitre, giantism, and insanity. Even invading disease germs accomplish their fell work in many cases through chemical agencies, their toxins being potent drugs that act upon the heart, respiratory nerve-centres, or some other vital apparatus. Sometimes also, failing of specific action, they gradually poison the whole system.

The approach to endocrine therapy has been devious and dark. Long periods were devoted by the anatomist to outlining the glands and noting their positions. Painstaking efforts were made to determine the spheres in which the various glands were active. And then the anatomist and the pharmacologist secured secretions, the powers of which were anything but precisely defined. In this work of isolation and definition, the success of Professor Abel of Johns Hopkins, whose investigations led to the isolation of adrenalin, the pure principle of the adrenal glands, is a signal one. Perhaps another isolation is not far ahead, for the same scientist has recently obtained a tartrate extracted from the pituitary gland. When experiments show that this extract must be diluted 18,750,000,-000 times for actual use — one ounce thereof would turn into pituitary extract all the water in a one-foot pipe running from New York to San Francisco — one is amazed at the potency of these internal drugs. Wonderful as

the results here seem, one is told that they are but the beginning, and that there is much need of the chemist's aid for future success.

To the development of the germ theory, fundamentally a biological one, medicine is heavily indebted. Without Pasteur, Koch, Behring, Flexner, and many others, medicine could not have acquired many of its modern approaches to exactness. Both bacteriologist and pathologist, however, have now reached a point where they must turn to chemistry for the solution of their most important problems. The antitoxins which are injected into human bodies are at best but crude mixtures, laden with undesirable and to some extent harmful ingredients. These most powerful weapons for combating invading germs are chemical substances of specific curative power, but of unknown composition.

The theory behind the use of antitoxins involves introducing into the human system a weakened or dead virus that is calculated to hasten development of immunity and sometimes, as in the case of meningitis, to neutralize the toxin caused by the germ of the disease. To secure an antitoxin for meningitis, for instance, dead bacteria of that disease are injected into a horse previously watched and studied to determine its healthfulness. At intervals of eight days, for a period of four months to a year, doses are repeated, until the horse can withstand large injections, not of dead but of living bacteria. From the blood of this horse is then obtained the serum which is sent out to physicians for use.

The antitoxins, it may readily be seen, are significant examples of human ingenuity in employing animals as living chemical factories; but there is no way of checking up on the output of these factories. Chemical methods applied to the isolation of the pure prin-

ciples of antitoxins would enable medicine to make a great advance. Such an application might give the practitioner the power to combat an infection by swift, exact, and sufficiently potent doses, whereas now he acts often with hesitation and misgivings.

In addition to the assistance needed by medicine to perfect recognized remedies, there are projected medicaments, ghosts of drugs, as it were, which the chemist is asked to help to turn into real substance. For example, it is known to-day that a modification of quinine gives promise as a specific for pneumonia. It destroys the pneumococcus germ in glass vessels; it is used successfully in external pneumococcus infections, as of the eye; but it is still too poisonous to be used in sufficient strength in the blood to combat the multitudes of invading germs in pneumonia itself. As inspiration for investigation into this quinine product stands the work done on cocaine. Although a valuable local anæsthetic, cocaine was often found to be poisonous. Chemical study revealed that it was a complex compound, some parts of which produced a beneficial anæsthetic, whereas others were definitely poisonous. Part of the poisonous material is closely related to the deadly principle of the hemlock, famous as the poison which Socrates was made to drink, and still another part is akin to nicotine.

With this knowledge of cocaine established, the chemist was in a position to improve on nature and invent a number of local anæsthetics with the virtues of cocaine and without its poisons. Some of these superior anæsthetics are procaine (introduced under the name of novocaine), beta-eucaine, apothesine, and, more recent, benzyl alcohol. Now even major operations for appendicitis, hernia, and uterine troubles are being performed under

local anæsthesia; and it is expected that general anæsthesia, with its grave fundamental danger of poisoning the whole system with ether, chloroform, or laughing-gas, will eventually be reserved for unusually painful or unusually prolonged operations.

Then too there are the brilliant advances in the studies of colloids which have been thought capable of application to the problems of the body. In nerve and cell, muscle and organ, many of the questions are felt to be largely those of colloidal chemistry. The vital fact about colloids is that, instead of dissolving in water, as salt or sugar does, they form suspensions. Milk is a common illustration of such a suspension of fat globules and cheesy components in water, together with some salt and sugar. The chemist who has specialized in the colloids may find a wide field in the human body, where all the tissues are grist for his mill.

The economic aspects of the coöperation of the physician and the chemist are not to be overlooked. A recent committee of the American Chemical Society has estimated that the annual drug bill of the nation is \$500,000,000, of which amount \$300,000,000 is spent for so-called patent medicines. Thirty years ago, the report of this committee says, 2699 drug items were reported to be upon the market, whereas to-day they are held to number 45,000. The increase is beyond all proportion to scientific research. The elimination of ineffective drugs cannot but carry with it better health-investment and less exploitation for those who pay this \$500,000,000.

III

If one accepts the definition of chemistry as 'the fundamental science of the transformation of matter,' and that of physics as 'the fundamental

science of the transformation of energy or power to work,' one finds in these sciences the outline of life itself. For all life, from the lowest to the highest forms, is a complex transformation of matter and energy. A link between the two sciences is furnished by the physical chemist, whose work in tackling life problems has to do, among other things, with the laws of speed in chemical action and with the relation of these laws to the body. Upon the time factor as it affects the interdependent actions of the body, the rate of the heartbeat, respiration, assimilation of food, and elimination, life is heavily dependent. Digestion within a normal time, for instance, produces bodily well-being. Digestion in time which is prolonged results in fermentation, gas pains, nausea, and all the symptoms of indigestion. The study of the large number of enzymes — accelerators or catalyzers, among which pepsin is the most powerful — offers the physical chemist almost unlimited opportunity for discoveries.

But there is need of pure physics as well. The phenomena of transfusion and capillarity and some other sections of physics, notably those pertaining to sight and hearing, have long been recognized as important to the study of medicine. The extraordinary development of physics in the last quarter of a century, of which the X-rays and radioactive transformations and discoveries arising from these are only a small part, has placed physics in a fundamental position as regards sciences in general. The work of Professor Bragg, of the University of Manchester, for instance, in employing X-rays for the analysis of the atomic structure of crystals, invites one to contemplate the time when the mysteries of the living cell, so far as concerns structure, will no longer be mysteries. Inertia and elasticity, diffusion of gases, solution of gases,

partial pressures, osmosis, adsorption, thermodynamics, electricity, and magnetism — all these and many more present physical problems in medicine.

To be more specific as to points of contact between the two, one may show the aid of physics in the adaptation of electrical methods to the determination of hydrogen ion concentration. The electrical action-current of muscles, until recently considered only of academic and theoretic interest, has within a decade come to be of great value in measuring the action current of the heart. The string galvanometer, developed by neither physicist nor engineer but by Professor Einthoven, a physician of Leyden, has made possible the application of this theory. And the string galvanometer, in turn, demonstrates the value of an adequate knowledge of physics and mathematics on the part of the biologist. Perhaps the physicist may be able to contribute a portion of the solution needed for the modern problem of heart diseases — diseases which Dr. Emery R. Hayhurst, of the Ohio State University, points to as the cause of 22,000 deaths annually in people under forty-five years of age. And Dr. Hayhurst's figures are based solely upon a study of people engaged in industrial pursuits.

In medicine's pursuit of a cure for rickets the physicist has been of signal help. By means of Roentgen photographs the peculiar conditions of the bones of the head and of the ribs were revealed in cases of rickets in children. Howland, at Johns Hopkins, by direct analysis showed the characteristic beaded condition of the bones to be due to a deficiency of lime or of phosphate in the blood.

Huldschinsky effected cures by exposure of patients to the radiation from a quartz lamp with mercury vapor as the radiant, especially strong in ultra-violet rays. Hess attained cures by

using ordinary sunlight. McCollum and Park at Johns Hopkins, working on rats, caused rickets through a deficiency of calcium or phosphorus in their diet and cured it definitely with sunlight. Then it was demonstrated that the portion of the solar spectrum really effective here was only the ultra-violet in the neighborhood of 300 millimicrons — rather, all below 320.

Pfund, working in the Hopkins physics laboratory at Johns Hopkins, on a problem connected with the darkening of certain paint-pigments when exposed to sunlight, discovered a device for measuring the intensity and dosage of the ultra-violet radiation to be used in curing rickets. It consists of an exposure-meter, in which a fresh area of paint-pigment known as lithopone is rapidly darkened by the rays from about 320 down, until it matches a standard tint.

Then oil began to thicken the pathology plot just as it has done recently to the political; but this time it was cod-liver oil, not petroleum. For it was found that the feeding of cod-liver oil produced the same good results in rickets as did the ultra-violet rays.

A further step was made at the University of Wisconsin, where it was discovered that certain ordinary foods, subjected to radiation before feeding, produced the same effect as the cod-liver oil. Kugelmass, formerly at Johns Hopkins but now at Yale, shows that cod-liver oil, when it oxidizes, emits ultra-violet rays, and that it is probably the effect of these rays upon the calcium or phosphorus salts in the intestinal tract that renders them available for absorption into the blood-stream, whereas without such excitation they are not in condition for assimilation.

Probably it is not a very wide guess, in view of the foregoing, that from the medical standpoint light is comparable to coal tar, and is a crude product,

capable of infinite refinement and adaptation.

There are, however, a host of discomforts caused neither by germs nor by faulty internal action, but by external irritants to which men are exposed, especially in given occupations. How the physicist may help in combating these is illustrated by Dr. Pfund's 'gold screens.'

It had long been known that men working before furnaces developed cataract. Extreme cases of exposure were found to produce even bursting of the eyeballs. Investigation revealed that the infra-red and the ultra-violet rays in the glare of the furnace were responsible. Evidently some device was needed which would eliminate these rays, but at the same time transmit to the eye sufficient light for seeing. The 'gold screens' have entirely filled the need. They consist of yellowish glass, upon which is placed a coating of gold. As gold leaf is not apt to be sufficiently uniform in thickness to use before the eye, the gold was distilled upon the glass in a high vacuum. The method of distillation also produced a much thinner coating than gold leaf could have provided. The infra-red rays were reflected by the gold, so that the glass did not become hot; the glass absorbed the ultra-violet rays; and the eyes were spared. Tests at the Bureau of Standards have shown that goggles made with 'gold screens' have eliminated 99 per cent of the total radiation from a furnace at a temperature of 2000 degrees centigrade.

IV

Miraculous as the advance has been in physics in the last quarter of a century, that advance has been paralleled in the other sciences. The cell theory in biology has opened an avenue of study that ends in infinity; and who

knows but what 1950 will see a theory of atomic structure so perfected as to be of great service to the medical man in the contemplation of complex life-problems.

For the solution of these problems the biologist too is indispensable. Study of the chemical materials and physical laws of life cannot progress without life itself. The biologist must always furnish the needed verification or check for the other scientists, for his material can be relied upon to provide the biological test, the age-old method of trying it out on the dog. The chemistry of man is incapable of dealing with the infinitely small amounts of material that the chemistry of life employs; and Nägeli's *oligodynamische Wirkung* — discovered in *spirogyra*'s susceptibility to a solution of copper no stronger than that formed in water left in the faucet overnight — opens a field beyond test tube and microscope.

And in this field of the infinitely small, at the present time attention is being directed most intently to the so-called filtrable viruses. It is a known fact that certain organisms — one may use the term 'organism' here for want of better, although there are doubts in scientific circles as to its appropriateness — are so tiny as to pass through filtering devices. This is quite unlike the bacteria and microbes of modern acquaintance, which remain behind in the filters when strained from the liquids in which they live.

An outstanding disease held due to a filtrable virus is the leaf mosaic of tobacco. If some of the juices of an infected tobacco-plant were extracted and placed in a tube for culture of bacteria, if the culture were given adequate time to mature and then strained off, the filter would show, as usual, a number of varieties of bacteria, some perhaps deadly, but most of them innocuous. A portion of the clear liquid which

passed through the filter might be examined in the microscope, but the examination would reveal no contents — even under the ultramagnifying system the human eye has so far seen nothing but clear liquid here. No chemical test has been able to produce staining, reaction, or change to indicate the presence of other than clear liquid. Yet an inoculation of a healthy tobacco-plant with this liquid will produce leaf mosaic in that plant. The spread of the mosaic in the host is interpreted by science as indicative of the power of reproduction in this something beyond the range of human vision — rather, scientific vision. Only as they act in connection with living tissue can the filtrable viruses be studied; hence they are uniquely the problem of the biologist.

The successes with yellow fever and malaria — biological successes — are milestones already passed. If one accepts the theory that every highly organized living thing is but a mass of coöperating cells, and with it the theory long recognized in form but never so strongly in fact as in the present day, that each cell is inherently different from its neighbors in some minute particulars, then the key to the solution of many of life's mysteries is to be found in the lower forms of life. An example of how laws observed pretty well down the scale of life may be extended to man is involved in Dr. Raymond Pearl's theories on human population. In his laboratory, Dr. Pearl constituted a number of small universes consisting of test tubes filled with air and food. Within these universes he placed fruit flies as inhabitants, fruit flies being selected because their span of life is comparatively short, a cycle from egg to egg being completed within twelve days. Fly population rose rapidly at first. As the universes grew old, however, the progress became less and less marked. A curve could be plotted,

however, to show the first rapid development, the climactic point, and the order of dwindling growth; and this curve, studied with the help of vital statistics kept by various nations of the world, has been a factor in Dr. Pearl's observations on human population. Not the least significant of these is his theory that the world as a whole has already passed the period designated by the first part of his curve, wherein economic production and growth in population rise in a proportion not calling for anxious contemplation.

V

The ultimate cause of many afflictions, however, is to be found neither in external irritant nor in organic invasion. Primitive man gave promise of his future mental development when he recognized a psychic element in disease. That the substitution of analysis for intuition has caused the scientist to assume toward this psychic element an attitude different from primitive man's is not to be observed to the latter's discredit.

Among the countless things assigned to the war is the strengthened tendency among physicians to admit as purely psychic the causes of many mental diseases. It can scarcely be said that the doctrines of Freud are generally accepted, but these doctrines are no longer subjected to the neglect or reprobation they received before the war. Morbid processes which Freud attributed to faults in the operation of the sex-instinct the war has produced in its awakening of suppressed tendencies of the fundamental instinct of self-preservation. Warring Europe furnished one of the most amply supplied laboratories the physician and psychologist have ever seen for the study of powerful instincts; and the war neuroses have indicated that sex is not the *sine qua non*

of psychoanalysis. With this indication reached, many are ready to accept parts of Freud's doctrine and at least to suspend judgment upon what they formerly condemned. It is now pretty generally admitted that functional nervous and mental disorders depend essentially upon disturbances of the instinctive and emotional states of mind. Out of this admission may develop — has developed in many cases — a drugless, knifeless healing, based purely upon the remorseless probing of the patient's past for emotion wounds and emotion foreign-bodies, the treating of which will reestablish sound health.

The big opportunity for psychic medicine, however, lies in its following the line of action adopted by the rest of the science and devoting itself to prevention as well as cure. Modern knowledge of dietetics, for example, is far from exact, but it is of tremendous value in treating or avoiding disorders. Should psychic medicine approach exactness no more closely than does

dietetics, and should it evolve something more definite than conjectural rules for the keeping of an active, healthy mind, much of the work of bodily medicine would be lightened.

With chemistry, physics, biology, and psychology advancing as they are, and coöperating with medicine as desired, medicine must inevitably itself approach the plane of the exact sciences. But it can approach only as a variable approaches its limits. Owing to the vast variety of aspects presented in the human problem, — for each person may be thought of as offering a new variation of some medical law, — perhaps medicine can never be anything but empirical. But herein lies the greatest hope for its advance. 'Empirical' relates to experience gained by test and trial. That which tests and tries may evolve many things. The medicine of 1950 may make that of to-day seem crude, even recklessly dangerous; and the medicine of 2000 A.D. may look back with indulgence on that of 1950.

'HOO-HOO-HOO!'

BY WILLIAM PRESTON BEAZELL

I WAS on my way to my train, without even seconds to spare. He was going nowhere, and had the whole long night before him. I might have plunged on past him, but he stopped squarely in my path and looked over his shoulder at me with so quizzical, so challenging an air that it was my plans, not his, that were changed. And why not? What are trains or even the editorial demands of a morning newspaper when a screech owl bars one's way within

sight of the beacon of the Metropolitan Tower?

In the dusk of that April evening he looked like a parody of the Irishman of tradition. The tufts above his ears took the form of a battered, tilted hat. The long, folded wings made a shabby claw-hammer coat. Some trick of light — or of fancy — tucked a black-thorn stick beneath one arm. But most of all it was his posture, so erect, so sure, so ready for confab or conflict.

I knew there was a twinkle in his eye, and close behind the twinkle the light of battle.

He looked at me over his shoulder, then looked away and walked ahead. It was not quite a strut, but something very close to it. He was not quite seven inches tall, and I was not quite six feet, but he had stopped me in my tracks. He paused again, and looked at me over his other shoulder. Victory was still his, and he walked ahead, his chest thrust out a bit farther. Far down the Greenway I could hear my train rumble into the station. In the house behind me Bryn, the terrier, was starting his after-dinner riot with an ancient shoe. They were sounds that no longer belonged in my world.

The little owl halted again and looked back. Never, by the way, did he look over the same shoulder twice in succession; perhaps there is a rule against it. This time he stood for so long that my eyes began to ache with the strain of peering through the gloom, and I moved closer. This seemed to be the very thing to do, for with another leisurely glance at me — over his right shoulder — my companion strutted on a little way, to pause and look and lure me as before.

It might have gone on indefinitely. After fifty yards and twenty minutes of it, though, the call of the office began to sound above the appeal of my strange adventure. I slipped across the street and started again for the station. My last clear view showed the little owl still in the middle of the sidewalk; still with his preposterous likeness to a Fair Day Irishman. I thought — at least I hoped — he watched my going with regret.

But I changed my notion later on. What he did say to himself was, much more probably: 'Faith, there's a stupid one! Gawking along behind me as if he thought I wanted the company

of the likes o' him, when all I did want was to get him away from where he was!'

For in the wreck of an apple tree just above the house there was a new-made nest — as we soon had reason to know. I began to suspect something of the sort when I returned at midnight. The long shadows among the trees were echoing with the little owl's eerie cry, the velvet beat of his wings coming between the uplifts of his voice. He was very busy, indeed, and I stood for a time at the door reflecting upon the finer choice of a name for his kind the Southern darkies have brought to the North — the shivering owl. There is something of irritation in 'screech' owl; an unlovely name for an unlovely thing. But 'shivering' owl — there is imagination, description that falls just short of onomatopœia. It is a very picture of a name, of the dead hours of the night when his shattering cry wakes one to terror of the known and the unknown alike.

The next night brought proof of the sovereignty that had been established over what, by virtue of improvement and the payment of taxes, we had presumed to regard as *our* property.

Before the house stands an apple tree that has by dint of a deal of amateur surgery been wheedled into a luxuriance out of all keeping with its years. On a knoll above, reaching out their boughs to the apple tree in an almost completed arch, stand two pear trees that have persisted nearly as long beyond their generation. Somewhat late for dinner, that next night, Isabel hurried past these sentry towers. The apple tree was just behind her when, from the cover of its still unfolding leaves, came the raging owl.

Straight at her face he flew and, as she cried out in her fright, wheeled and drove at her again. He gnashed the mandibles of his bill at her — they

must have been all of half an inch in length! — gnashed them so heartily it could have been heard yards away. He banked and turned, he zoomed and pancaked; the tips of his wings flicked her hat; only her crossed arms saved her face as she cowered, not in the least ashamed of doing it, before his attack. At last she made the shelter of the doorway, and from the pear trees came a jeering, savage 'Hoo-hoo-hoo!'

Summer came on. Night by night the little owl was to be heard on his rounds, sometimes raising his echoing cry in the woods of the park beyond the turnpike, but more often staying close by the homestead in the stump of the apple tree. Apparently the demands upon him were as great as they were insistent. Certainly his temper did not improve. His 'shivering' began to be punctuated with his harsh other call — an 'ak-k-k-k' that had both petulance and disgust in it. He seemed to be registering a vow that, although he had got himself into the mess of raising a family and would go through with it, never again would he let himself become involved. He seemed, indeed, a modern instance of the Confederate soldier of whom Roosevelt loved to tell, after he had been shot at Milwaukee, the soldier whose hardships and humiliations wrenched from him the oath, 'If ever I love another country, *damn me!*'

We never saw Materfamilias during this period. She may have been occupied with some ornithological equivalent of making or mending; she may have been a feminist, determined upon the payment by her mate of a Portian pound of the vexations of the household. His bad temper strongly suggested some such exasperation. In any event, it was he alone we saw, and heard.

The full moon came. We watched from the porch one night as it rose

over the trees in the park, and suddenly were aware that a great event in the owl family was toward. *He* flashed into view, wheeling and turning so swiftly, so beautifully, it was hard to follow him. *She* followed, less spectacularly perhaps, but as busily. For ten minutes they darted here and there in the growing radiance. Superficially there was no purpose in this sudden, mad activity.

Finally we began to see, instead of merely to watch. However wide the circle, however swift the flight, it was always in definite relation to the apple tree. We shifted our gaze from the aerobatics to the tree itself, and presently there took form in the uncertain light two wee owls, shoulder to shoulder on a branch just outside the hole that hid the nest.

One's hand would have covered them both. Their solemn little faces seemed all eyes; their unpreened coats seemed something in which they had been bundled up, not anything that did, or was meant to, fit them. Round and round about them their parents whirled, and round and round their eyes followed them until one could fancy that their little mouths gaped in amazement and admiration.

But it was not a spectacle that was being staged, whatever the youngsters — or we — may have thought. Suddenly the father ended one magnificent circle at the top of its swing and, like an arrow, drove straight at the wee things on the branch. They rocked in the wash of his wings as he veered just enough to avoid actually striking them, and if, as they shrank from the terrifying attack, they did not gasp, we did!

Off into the shadows the father passed, and quite as swiftly, quite as brutally, the mother drove at the two on the branch. But she passed between them and the trunk, so that as they shrank from her it was outward. The

whole matter was plain by now — home ties were being, not broken, but ruthlessly torn asunder. The splendid possibilities of flight had been demonstrated; the youngsters were forthwith to undertake it on their own. Fascinating as it was to watch, it still had its active element of cruelty. It was like dropping a baby into the water to teach it to swim; even more it recalled the Mexican tradition of the hardness of life in Tamaulipas — 'They throw the newborn babes against the wall; if they can cling to the 'dobe, they take them down and let them live; if they can't, they let them die where they fall.'

And yet there was a fitness in it. The owl is a bird of prey, and *Schrecklichkeit* cannot, perhaps, begin too early. 'Brutal is as brutal does' may be the guiding maxim of their philosophy.

The whole affair took another half-hour. The father's second attack came from the rear, with the added terror of surprise. Like the mother, he too came between the youngsters and the trunk. That continued, indeed, to be the strategy of the parental campaign. At briefer and briefer intervals the attacks came, and with each agonized flinching from the menacing wings the youngsters found themselves nearer the end of their branch. Oddly, they kept as closely shoulder to shoulder as they had been when first we picked them out of the shadows. Each moved as the other did, and precisely the same distance.

It was not until the very end that there came a break in the silence that had been not the least surprising aspect of the incident. No sound at all came from the youngsters, but eventually the father had recourse to his 'ak-k-k-k,' and soon the mother took it up, always as they drove toward the fledglings, and at no other time.

Plainly it seemed annoyance that the children clung so tenaciously to their perch.

The last drive was by both parents together; what they had failed to achieve turn and turn about they meant, obviously, to compel by concert. And they did. One to the right, one to the left, each screaming, they launched themselves at their young.

The next instant the branch stood stark and untenanted against the moon. Down toward the tangled grass below came the despairing beating of little wings; up toward the lower branches of a pear tree, nearest neighbor of the apple stump, the beating came, still more frantic; overhead came the even, velvet beat of older wings. And then silence again.

So far as we had any way of knowing, no other lesson was ever given — or needed. Before the moon had passed we saw four owls flitting noiselessly among the trees, and only by size was it possible to tell which were old and which were young. Then evenings and nights fell still; the saga of the apple stump might have been closed.

But there was one more book in it. June was passing when Isabel came home one evening as the sun was setting and its long, golden light streamed across the slope at whose crest the apple stump stands. As she had not in days, she turned toward the stump and saw, neatly in the centre of the entrance to the nest hollow, Father taking his morning ease.

His breast was as red-gold as the sun itself as he blinked in fat content with all the world. Gone was the diplomat who had lured me away from his home; gone the warrior who had put Isabel to rout; gone the harassed, unwilling breadwinner; gone the ruthless taskmaster; come was the slippered, idle old man.

THE SPUR OF THE MOMENT

BY EDWARD CARRINGTON VENABLE

It was the Levisons' first dinner in the little house they had taken at Neuilly. Though Mrs. Levison, as usual, called it 'the little house we have just taken at Neuilly,' it was not little for Neuilly. In fact it comfortably held the dinner party of eight people and, besides, Céleste the maid, an ancient Flemish sideboard of rare design, and a portrait of Mrs. Levison in three dimensions done in Chicago by a painter who had not 'arrived.' The wall spaces were white and bare, for it had been Mrs. Levison's purpose when leaving Chicago, where her little dinners were almost famous, to blend in Paris the best of American and French effects in interiors.

The party of eight comprised everyone the Levisons knew in Paris and the young Georgian poet whom they had not met. Mrs. Victor Mactier brought the poet. But for him Mrs. Levison would have postponed the first of her little dinners until what she called their 'little circle' was larger. The poet, however, was so rarely in Paris, and was so exactly the kind of person Mrs. Levison liked to give dinners for, that she had decided to begin at once.

He was the Honorable Hugh Chisholm, M.P., third son of Baron Chisholm of Steffield Hall, Lincolnshire, former lieutenant R.F.A. — a bitter pacifist and partisan of the Second (not the Third) International. His last book had attracted great attention and had been published simultaneously in England and Chicago. It consisted of three long poems and a quatrain. The

first was a realistic interpretation of the early morning walk from house to office of a prominent Methodist in a city supposed to be Birmingham, and his sudden death on the threshold of that office, caused by an old and necessarily concealed disease. The title of the poem was the name of the disease. The second poem was inspired by a Japanese print and was the longest of the three, with its title in Japanese script. The third described an incident of the Battle of Arras as afterward discussed at a London dinner party by two cabinet ministers and a bishop, and was called 'Blood and Benedictine.' The volume was completed by the quatrain, which was called 'Man.' Besides, he had had considerable success as a lecturer. On the platform he read his poems and that was all. Between readings — which he gave in a low sweet voice, which had an occasional hesitation like a stammer — he stood facing his audience in perfect silence. Sometimes a pause would last five minutes, but no sound from him ever broke it.

It was this silence which Mrs. Levison found so fascinating. It was not in any sense withdrawal — nothing of the pose of reverie. Rather it was immediate contemplation. Nevertheless at dinner it had to be broken, and following the poet's eyes, which were fixed upon the flowers, Mrs. Levison did the breaking as gently as possible.

'Aren't the magnolias kind this year?' she asked.

Mr. Chisholm turned his face slowly

toward her. 'Are they magnolias?' he replied.

Mrs. Levison nodded. 'They were sent to us from the South.'

'Do you mean Brazil?' asked the poet.

'No,' said Mrs. Levison; 'the South of France.'

'Brabragonne,' murmured the poet.

Mrs. Levison nodded.

Mrs. Victor Mactier, who sat opposite, asked quietly: 'How much a name is, really, is n't it?'

Mrs. Mactier was temporarily separated from her husband, a young diplomat of attaché rank, because he had been ordered to Chile. It had been a bitter disappointment to her. She had married diplomacy dreaming, she said, of Vienna, of Paris, of Madrid, and all she had got was three years of Copenhagen, and then Chile. 'Chile,' she used to repeat in telling of it, 'Chile,' until her tiny seed-pearl bracelets rattled like chattering teeth. Her happiest memory was the coronation of the Tsar of Bulgaria, where her husband was an official spectator. She was a schoolgirl friend of Mrs. Levison, and when Mrs. Levison had decided to transfer her almost famous little dinners from Chicago to Paris Mrs. Mactier had come with her, fleeing from Chile.

Getting no response from the poet, Mrs. Mactier turned her question to the poet's American publisher, an immense placid blond who sat next her. 'Is n't it, Mr. Lamar?'

'It is in my business,' replied Mr. Lamar.

'Not in mine,' added Mr. Padraic Joynes across the table. 'That is one thing I never had to spend a cent on and never will.'

The girl next to him turned in her lazy, almost insolent way to look at him. 'What is your business?' she asked.

'Paper,' replied Mr. Joynes.

'What kind?' she insisted. 'News? Wall?'

'All kinds,' said Mr. Joynes briefly.

The girl was Lucita Wormeley. She was twenty-five and perfectly beautiful. When she was taking the part of a ruined Belgian nun in a war-charity cinema a certain great producer, who happened to see the picture, offered her twenty-five, fifty thousand, some said a half-million dollars a year to sign up with him. She played exquisitely the drums, a saxophone, and an organ; it was also said she could play a piano, but she denied this. She had been at one time engaged to the Earl of Streatham, but had refused to marry him unless she could retain her own name. He was killed, unmarried, at the second battle of Ypres, and left her his gold identity-disk, which she wore constantly now as a bracelet. It tinkled musically against her plate as she turned to speak to Mr. Padraic Joynes.

'Then,' she pointed out, 'all of us have something to do with literature — except me.'

'It's my wife in our family,' replied Mr. Joynes, 'who attends to that.' He paused to glance at his wife, who was looking at the poet. 'What do you do?' he added.

To Mr. Joynes's surprise it was the poet on the other side of Miss Wormeley who answered.

'She teaches dancing,' said the poet.

'Chissy disapproves,' explained Miss Wormeley. 'You see, I teach horses. He thinks it's undignified for the horses.'

Mrs. Padraic Joynes, across the table, interrupted: 'Mr. Chisholm has explained what he feels, I think, beautifully and completely in his "Houghnhms."'

'I never read it,' said Miss Wormeley; 'but then I hardly ever read

Chissy's things. They are so damned dirty.'

In the stillness which followed, Céleste the maid completed the round of the table with the potatoes. Once the delicate clash of the identity-disk of the Seventh Earl of Streatham against Lucita Wormeley's fish plate sounded like the chime of a distant clock, accentuating the silence it so musically shivered. Céleste, withdrawing the potatoes from the left elbow of Mrs. Victor Mactier, was halfway to the pantry door. The gold clashed again with its eerie lightness, and as though with intent, like some fairy bugle preluding the entrance of Queen Mab.

And, as if in answer, from out the shadow behind the chair of Mr. Levison suddenly a voice spoke.

It was the voice of a man, distinctly, swiftly enunciating a command, and yet it was human speech of so completely different a kind from what it interrupted that it might have been a peal of thunder or the first notes of a violin. The listeners did not hear speech at all — they were conscious only of interruption. The eyes of the eight turned slowly, incredulously, but under an irresistible compulsion.

They saw in the doorway at the back of Mr. Levison's chair a young man standing. He had advanced a step beyond the threshold to a position where, in the small dining-room at the edge of the candlelight, he could have laid a hand on Levison's shoulder. He wore neat dark clothes, and had not removed a soft hat, set a trifle atilt. His arms were folded. In one hand, lying against his shoulder, he carried a pair of black-leather gauntlets with stiff cuffs. In the other, cuddled in the curve of his elbow like the head of a baby in the arms of a nurse, he held a small, blue-black automatic revolver. Slowly, as if drawn from immense distances by

that irresistible compulsion, the eyes of the eight focused upon this queer shape in the shadow, covered, armed, suave, inexplicable — a shape that was like a man and yet was the embodied ghost of all they most dreaded, the visible form of all the dim hereditary terrors which their civilization had been created to suppress.

As the table was arranged Mrs. Levison faced him exactly. At her side the poet's wistful gaze wandered across the magnolias. Lucita Wormeley had turned swiftly aside, as if to speak to her host. She looked startled, interested, and very beautiful. Levison was twisted about in his chair as if arrested at the very point of getting out of it. Mrs. Victor Mactier, the ornament of so many brilliant diplomatic functions, had grasped her throat as if to relieve some intolerable pressure there. She had, however, not worn her pearls. At her side the vast expanse of Lamar seemed covered with a rosy flush, like dawn upon snow. His mouth was open until the stiff linen of his collar bent under pressure. Beside him Mrs. Joynes, with the stiff gesture of a marionette, suddenly thrust a pair of short plump arms straight upright above her head. Her eyes alone were not turned upon the intruder, but fastened in frantic appeal upon her husband across the table, who, with a small boiled potato impaled upon a fork held rigidly before his face, slowly faded to a lifeless white.

Three times the voice spoke before there was any response from the group of eight people sitting at the table. It was the clear swift staccato speech of innumerable repetitions, like a stage juggler's or a drill sergeant's, official, rehearsed, impersonal.

It was the poet who answered first. 'I have never learned French,' said the poet.

Lucita Wormeley's eyes freed them-

selves first from the hypnotic attraction and swept around the table. 'He says,' she translated, 'to keep perfectly still.'

A convulsed sound in the throat of Mrs. Mactier, a tremor of Mrs. Joynes's upright arms, a creak of a chair under some sudden change of pressure, seemed like a shiver running through the perfect immobility of her listeners.

'Go on; go on,' a man's hoarse voice whispered from somewhere.

'He says,' Miss Wormeley continued, after a pause filled by a repetition of that clipped official speech, like a little jet of sound thrown out of the shadow toward the light, 'he says,' she continued, 'that the door is watched, the telephone cut, and that — that — there is — he has an — an associate — who is somewhere in here!'

'Where? Where?' repeated the hoarse whisper.

'He says,' she began. Then she broke off. 'Does nobody here speak French except me and the burglar?' she inquired.

Mrs. Victor Mactier dropped her hands from her throat as if to free it for speech, and then groaned and clasped it again.

'Céleste.' It was Mrs. Levison who whispered the name.

A sharp command from the shadow answered the whisper.

'He wants,' hastily resumed Miss Wormeley, 'everything!' She paused to listen intently. 'Jewels,' she began to repeat, 'money, watches, shirt-studs, cuff-links.'

As she was speaking the door behind her chair creaked slightly. That un-oiled hinge had been disagreeably audible frequently before. It was the only flaw in the service of this one of Mrs. Levison's justly almost famous little dinners. It was Céleste, who had disappeared with the potatoes, who now reappeared as smoothly and quickly as

ever, as if in the recesses of the pantry that soft whisper of her name had reached her alert ears. Alone in that company Céleste had in no way changed. The same soft-footed imperturbable serving maid who had disappeared returned, as if only to bring more potatoes. As before she carried a dish, but this dish was empty and larger and was covered with a black cloth. Swiftly and with the certainty of excellent training she presented the dish at the left elbow of Mrs. Levison.

'Madame!' suggested Céleste.

The first murmur of complaint from that dinner party arose there. It was Mrs. Levison's. It was only a whisper, but the bitterness of it might have withered the glorious magnolias to which she seemed to speak. 'Céleste!' murmured Mrs. Levison from out an immense despair.

'Madame,' answered Céleste.

With a desperate gesture Mrs. Levison tore from her green-silk breast a single pin and let it fall in the plate. Then she lifted her hand to the pearls at her throat.

'Ah! No, madame,' Céleste remonstrated.

She withdrew the plate, summoned by the voice of Mrs. Padraic Joynes. 'Here, here!' Mrs. Joynes had called. Strangely, the effect was one of grossly bad manners, as if the plate carried by Céleste held some delicacy impatiently awaited by the greed of Mrs. Joynes. Instead, almost instantly the black cloth was covered up, hidden, buried beneath a torrent of gems that poured from the heaving body of Mrs. Padraic Joynes. Diamonds, pearls, a ruby, more diamonds, an emerald, rings, pins, a bracelet, a necklace; they heaped the plate, tossed away by trembling fingers. And next upon this gleaming magnificence Mr. Lamar laid a gold watch, a leather wallet, a seal ring, an immense silver cigarette-case, and two

small pearls torn from his rigid and immaculate shirt-front; and turning he presented through a gaping aperture a pink-silk undershirt to the gaze of Mrs. Victor Mactier, the habitu  of coronations.

Across the table Miss Wormeley sat with her chin in her hands, her elbows on the cloth, her eyes on the magnificent fish-plate. At the last gesture of Mr. Lamar she smiled slightly.

'Don't,' whispered Mr. Lamar, with a heavy frown, as he turned hastily to Mrs. Victor Mactier.

With a little shrug of disgust the wife of the brilliant young diplomat now in Chile let fall from her wrists two bracelets of seed pearls. 'The real ones,' she explained over her shoulder, 'are at Cartier's. I am sorry.'

A gesture from the deferential C leste cut her short; and lingeringly and in silence she let fall one by one upon the glittering pile a handful of rings. Then she sank, hands hanging, in her seat, colorless except for her dark-red lips, which showed like an old wound in her pallid face. For the brilliant Mrs. Victor Mactier was 'through.'

Through the hands of Mr. Levison and Mr. Joynes the plate passed with scarcely a pause. Mr. Joynes, who had watched its approach with an air of indomitable resolution, placed his cupped hands over it an instant in a gesture almost of benediction. Then he thrust them out of sight beneath the table.

'Merci, m'sieu,' murmured C leste, and placed the dish at the left elbow of Miss Wormeley.

Miss Wormeley spoke swiftly three French words to C leste. She did not turn. Her chin still rested upon her clasped hands, while she gazed at the shirt-front of Mr. Lamar. Her neck and arms were bare. The great pile of rust-colored hair swept up from the curve of her neck to the top of her

exquisitely poised head without ornament of any kind. Only at her wrist hung the thin gold chain linked to a tiny oval plate, the identity disk of the Seventh Earl of Streatham, killed at the second battle of Ypres, among the guns he would not live to surrender.

'I have nothing,' Miss Wormeley repeated in French. She spoke indifferently.

The eyes of the seven diners, in amazement at the delay, fastened upon her.

'Mademoiselle,' suggested the deferential C leste in English, 'the bracelet.'

'Never!'

The single word was English and was quickly said, as it had to be, and the only gesture that accompanied it was a little tremor of her head.

C leste turned doubtfully to the strange shape standing behind her.

'Oh, Lucita!' entreated the hoarse whisper of Mrs. Levison.

The shadowy figure in the background hardly stirred, but the little dark-blue toy, nestled in his elbow like the head of a baby in the arms of a nurse, moved out toward the girl. In that room, where the bizarre was the precious, the little dark-blue tube had suddenly become the most precious. The tiny muzzle, black as a peephole into infinity, was directed toward the light, the shining silver, the big sweet magnolias. It was the point about which the whole composition resolved itself. From it all values were evolved. To its black reality all that was vulgar, bizarre, or meretricious in that room had, it seemed, paid tribute in that heaped and glittering plate. It was a sun — tiny, black — to a confused, unreal universe. And when the Force which controlled it moved, it was the Infinite, the Omnipotent, in that room which moved.

And Miss Wormeley defied it — the Infinite, the Omnipotent. That much

was clear to everyone, though the words in which she voiced the defiance were incomprehensible, for it was the point at which language — the last invented and least perfected of human communications — ceased as a barrier to comprehension. Though of all that company not one could put into words what he heard, none failed to understand exactly what he saw — Miss Wormeley defying the Omnipotent.

Her manner of doing so was ugly, short, and awkward. She lifted her hands a little and dropped them. They smacked smartly on the table top. If that gesture had to be put into words it could only be expressed in some short, awkward, ugly idiom. 'That's flat!' would most nearly give it. So, in accordance maybe with her creed and generation, the beautiful Miss Wormeley snapped her fingers at the Infinite and defied the Omnipotent with 'That's flat!' Alone among them all she had not looked at the black spot pointing out toward the light like a ray of blackness. Perhaps she did not dare to. Certainly otherwise her attitude was impeccable.

It is an attitude which is generally acclaimed by poets and disliked by those spectators upon whom part of the punishment may easily fall. The poet, who sat at the side of Miss Wormeley, did not stir. His eyes had left the magnolias and were fixed upon her; but his muse was silent, for the author of 'Man' was here both a spectator and a poet. It was from across the table, from the chair where sat Mrs. Padraic Joynes, that the response came. The face of Mrs. Joynes was distorted; her fingers, which had so recently been stretched heavenward, clutched the table until the nails tore the cloth. The most painful emotions were tearing the soul of Mrs. Joynes: terror, hate, greed, jealousy. They blended now into one shrill outcry that she could

not quite prevent from rising to a shriek.

'You,' demanded Mrs. Padraic Joynes, 'give him that!'

Miss Wormeley seemed unaware of both the distorted body and the tortured soul of Mrs. Padraic Joynes. Her fingers lay lightly and steadily on the cloth and her eyes were fixed on them as if absorbed in admiration of their grace and color. If the occasion had been less grave it might have been said that she snubbed Mrs. Joynes.

And this view was accentuated by the interposition of their hostess: 'You must, Lucita; we all have.'

But Mrs. Padraic Joynes, by nature rather indurate to snubs, was at that moment completely immune.

'You,' repeated Mrs. Joynes, 'take it off her, do you hear?'

The second command was addressed to Céleste, who, half turned toward the directing figure in the background for instruction, seemed not to hear. Entirely oblivious to everything except that authority, Céleste ignored even the urgent call of her late master, Mr. Levison, who supported Mrs. Padraic Joynes with 'Céleste, Céleste!'

For an instant the meditative gaze of the poet, fixed upon the hands of Miss Wormeley lying on the cloth, was lifted to the face of his host. Mr. Levison's voice ceased. The poet resumed his scrutiny.

'Take it off her!'

A second time Mrs. Padraic Joynes repeated her command, but now it was directed to her husband. Mrs. Joynes had risen and was leaning over the table. A finger, rather tremulous, was pointed at the face of Miss Wormeley. 'Tear it off her, do you hear?' she shrieked.

Obediently Mr. Joynes grasped Miss Wormeley's arm — not the arm which wore the bracelet, which was the right, but the arm nearest to him, the left.

Now Mr. Joynes had the hands of a very strong man rather out of condition. They were large, with short square fingers tipped with flat, square, shiny nails. Miss Wormeley's arms and the magnolias were the most beautiful things in the room. Mr. Joynes grasped her left arm with one hand and was reaching confidently for the other, for at his touch Miss Wormeley had turned incredulously to look at him. It seemed as if she were paralyzed by the sudden contact, and unable to lift out of danger her left arm, encircled by the slim gold chain.

The eyes of the poet, which had seemed enchanted by the beauty of her arms, suddenly contracted as the hands of Mr. Padraic Joynes entered the field of his vision. Like Miss Wormeley he turned incredulously to look at Mr. Joynes's face. Then, picking up the brimful glass of sauterne, he hurled wine and glass both exactly into the face of Mr. Joynes.

And as he did so he stammered, for even in his public readings Chisholm had a touch of that affliction: 'You crawl-crawl-crawling slu-slug!'

The blow, which for so small a missile had astonishing power, had two immediate and directly opposite effects. It brought Mr. Joynes to the floor and the rest of the company at the same instant to their feet. Mr. Joynes, who, owing to his efforts to reach Miss Wormeley's right arm, was at the moment of contact slightly off balance, fell forward, curiously like a man shot through the heart, so that for an instant he lay with his head on Miss Wormeley's knees. She, rising, spilled him like a lap dog on to the floor under the table. The uprising of the others had been so exactly simultaneous that the general effect was that of a party rising gayly to drink a toast — a toast, say, to the absent guest, represented by the vacant chair of Mr. Joynes,

which had remained undisturbed behind his plate.

It was a moment of tense and complete silence. They stood — the seven — staring at the empty place. In the presence of the disaster of his disappearance they stood helpless, awaiting the greater disaster of his reappearance. It was only indeed after the process of the reappearance had visibly begun that Mr. Lamar muttered hoarsely: 'Help — help him up.'

But then Mr. Joynes was up. He presented a very unkempt appearance; he was wet and choking in his collar. He looked much more like a man who had been ducked than one who had been knocked down. And in addition to his ridiculous appearance he was the victim, the helpless victim, of a delusion. His first words betrayed his condition.

'They,' he said in a choked voice, 'they have shot me'; and he sank into his chair.

Across the table Mrs. Mactier gave a short hysterical sob, instantly suppressed. Mr. Levison leaned toward him. 'No, no, no, no,' he began to repeat.

A cry interrupted the iteration. The great bulk of Mr. Lamar had emitted a sound that was by comparison a squeal. 'Look, look!' he was crying in a light falsetto. 'They've gone, they've gone!'

They had gone, Céleste and her mysterious accomplice — vanished completely. They had fled naturally and wisely; but it was a peculiarly cowardly flight, in as much as the situation from which they fled was of their making. They had chosen, from the mean motive of greed, to change an occasion equipped for the highest aspirations of the human spirit into a situation involving an entirely different equipment of that spirit; and then, having got out of it all their greed demanded, with

the exception of one bracelet, they had fled.

This was cowardly; it was even a little insulting, for the abruptness of their flight implied a suggestion of disgust — as if, say, they had turned their backs on a too salacious play.

It was Mrs. Victor Mactier who, as the astounded company rushed in tumult into the hall, next perceived the situation and had Mr. Levison violently prevented from dashing forth for the police. 'Stop him!' she commanded Mr. Lamar.

Mr. Lamar instantly and easily obeyed.

'The police,' she pointed out, 'are stupid. We must know exactly what to tell them.'

Mr. Levison, at that moment halfway down the hall on his way to his own front door and the police, was by her command encircled firmly in the arms of Mr. Lamar.

Mrs. Levison, standing on the first step of the staircase in the hall, to see better over the heads of the little group massed there, caught his wildly roving glance. For Mr. Levison was overwrought; in his perturbed consciousness it seemed that having been once assaulted and robbed by his servants he was again being assaulted and robbed by his guests. Even of his own wife he seemed to inquire: 'Are *you* in this?'

But Mrs. Levison stilled him with a

gesture. 'Just a moment,' she began, standing on the first step as on a platform. 'I think that we should first get together here and make out a statement, because, you know, there will be reporters.'

'Exactly,' agreed Mrs. Mactier. 'Are we going to give interviews, rewards, and things like that?'

'In short,' Mr. Lamar summed up in his normal voice, speaking easily over the head of Mr. Levison, upon whom he still kept a light precautionary hand, 'do we want publicity or do we not?'

The necessary silence of reflection was profound and, like that first silence now so many sad hours ago, it was broken by the strange eerie music that had like a fairy bugle preluded the beginning of the situation — the delicate tinkling chime of the identity-disk of the late Earl of Streatham.

The effect of that sound upon the company was infuriating, maddening. They turned like a mob in miniature toward its source, a young girl in white, leaning lazily over the newel post.

'Great God!' called out a heavy voice from the ranks. 'Keep that damn thing still!'

But Mrs. Levison was in control.

'I take it,' quickly proceeded her bright assured voice, the voice of a capable chairwoman shepherding her committee, 'I take it that we do not.'

SIRMIONE

BY ANNE GOODWIN WINSLOW

WHEN Lesbia lived, a lady with a home in Rome,
The streets were doubtless dusty as they are to-day;
Chariots roared in perfect torrents down the Appian Way, they say;
While we know her house was crowded, for *trecentos*, maybe more,
Were the lovers she admitted from the number at the door;
And the one who was a poet sang about it all and swore.
Lesbia illa, illa Lesbia — she was enough to make any poet want to take
Long vacations in the country, and he took his by the lake;
By the one called then Benacus; he had a villa there;
Suso in Italia bella; all the poets say how fair
Was *venusta Sirmio*, where Catullus used to go
Quamque lætus in the summer to spend a month or so.

It is fair still, all in ruins, and the tourist in his car,
Turning from the scrambling village to the sudden silver shore
Where the ilex and the olives and those empty arches are,
Is confronted by a beauty he has never met before.
Although but a hardened tourist he is troubled and he feels —
As best he can for plucking agile urchins from the wheels
Where they climb, imploring pennies, Dante's music on their tongue —
That he has been long deluded and, when all is said and sung,
Fate was kinder to Catullus than biography reveals.

Life was something more than Lesbia. She was trying, it is true; but could she do
With all her sins and suitors anything to dim the blue
Of the days and dreams that drew him here each year a month or two?
For Lesbia and her sparrow, in spite of all he said,
Were two sad birds of the city; one was old and one was dead.
Loves and graces might lament him, — *passer mortuus est*, —
But to one who reads about it now it seems all for the best.
Those were fits of Roman fever and one feels they found no place
With the ilex and the olives and the Lydian lake's embrace.
O Lydiæ lacus undæ, lying in your mountain bed
With the evening and the morning weaving splendors for your head,
You were an immortal mistress clothed in undiminished grace,
Wearing azure on your bosom and all heaven in your face. . . .

If one cultivates the classics one should surely see the spot
On the beach at Sirmione that they call Catullus' grot —
And then try to think the poet was unhappy. He was not.

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THE GHOSTS OF GOUGH SQUARE

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

I

LONDON is a marvelous place. One can turn a sharp corner or pass under an arch, and in an instant find one's self in the country. Fine old trees are growing on well-kept lawns, the birds are twittering, the noise of the city is distant and forgotten; in an instant one has passed from the turmoil of the twentieth century into the calm of the eighteenth.

Another thing. London is a city of ghosts; the people one sees are not important, they are merely shadows: the actualities are the people one can see only with the help of a little imagination; it does not require much, the settings are so perfect.

Climb Ludgate Hill, for example, and as you approach St. Paul's, swing round to your left, make a turn or two and get lost, and you will stumble upon the Dean's Garden. It's a lovely spot. There, right in the heart of London, only a stone's throw from the great cathedral of which it is a part, is a quiet old-world garden, and facing it is a row of red-brick houses beautifully tempered with age. In the largest of these houses lives the Dean, in just such rural luxury as a prince of the Church should, who is the head of an immense and costly ecclesiastical establishment, the foundations of which go deep down into history. But Dean Inge — the Gloomy Dean, as he is called — is not, as might be thought, a 'rural dean'; I am quite sure, for I asked him the question one evening

when I sat next to him at a dinner, but in answer to my rather flippant question he merely looked sadly down his nose, seemingly heavily packed with a cold, and replied, 'No.' I was tempted to inquire whether a rural dean is the same thing as a common or garden dean, but jesting with a great dignitary of the Church of England is apt to prove a serious business, and I lost the best opportunity I ever had of discovering what a 'rural dean' is; I only know that they grow them in London, and probably in out-of-the-way places.

Speaking of church dignitaries, I never make much progress with them — I never did. There is a legend in my family that at the age of four I was sent into a parlor to be blessed of a bishop, for I had ecclesiastical bringing-up. After the blessing I turned and, regarding the bishop doubtfully, remarked, 'I never liked bishops,' and then added as an afterthought, 'nor pliecemens.'

So early did I resent any form of authority, and this characteristic has lengthened and strengthened and thickened with years.

But Dean Inge is only one of the inhabitants of his house and garden: Dean Milman is just as real to me, although he died years ago. In life he wrote plays, and good ones too, rather to the scandal of the clergy, and finally when he settled down he devoted himself to the study of history rather than

to the duties of deaning — whatever they may be. I wish for his greatness' sake that I could summon the ghost of Dean Swift in this garden, but he put his money on the wrong horse, politically, and only became Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, a very different matter. There was, of course, Dean Donne, but that was several centuries ago.

The story goes that a letter was once addressed to Mr. Smith, Number 1, London, and that it was delivered at Apsley House, at Hyde Park Corner, the town residence of the Duke of Wellington: that being, in the opinion of the Post Office, the beginning of things, the Number One of London. Now, were I commissioned to deliver a letter so addressed, I think I should look round for a residence in a corner of the circle — or, more properly, the oval — surrounding St. Paul's Cathedral, and if finally I gave up looking for a corner in a circle I should ask to be directed to the Dean of St. Paul's, he certainly being Number One at this end of London. And having delivered my letter and being told, as I should be, that there was no answer, I should walk westward, loiteringly, looking for other equally charming backwaters, for one of the intoxicating joys of London is the unexpectedness of one's finds; and if I failed to stumble upon another Dean's Garden I might come upon another fine old house, also in its garden, the house of the Master of the Temple. Who the present Master is I do not know; but if the old Master were alive, Ainger, I should certainly go in and have a chat with him, for I had a pleasant correspondence years ago with him about Charles Lamb. Before E. V. Lucas came along with his learning, Canon Ainger was the accepted authority upon everything relating to the greatest of English essayists. And threading my way back

to the Strand I should certainly pause for a moment, on the other side of the Temple Church, at the grave of Oliver Goldsmith. He died in debt and was buried here, rather in a hurry one night, in order that his body might not be seized by his creditors, and the grave was not marked for some time, for the same reason. Poor Goldy! I am afraid John Filby, your tailor, from whom you had your famous bloom-colored suit, was among them. Every little court and alley in this part of London has its colony of ghosts, and wandering among them I should certainly, sooner or later, stumble upon Gough Square.

Gough Square is not too easy to find. I usually enter it by Wine Office Court — in which is located the Cheshire Cheese, that famous eating-place which became firmly identified with Dr. Johnson only after his death — because I like to pass, and frequently enter, the one quaint old tavern which remains exactly as most London taverns were a century or two ago, and because tradition says that Goldsmith lived in this court when he wrote *The Vicar of Wakefield*.

Reaching the top of this narrow channel, and turning sharply to the left, one faces the famous house, Number 17 — the house in which Dr. Johnson lived for ten years, from 1748 to 1759, during which he compiled the greater part of the Dictionary, wrote innumerable *Ramblers* and *The Vanity of Human Wishes*; from which he dispatched his smashing letter to Lord Chesterfield, and to which he returned, 'unshaken as the monument,' after the failure of his play, *Irene*. This is the house, too, in which his wife died and in which, in all likelihood, he wrote *Rasselas*. It is not an amusing fiction, but I quite agree with the judgment of Christopher North that it 'is a noble performance, in design and in execution,' and that 'never were the expenses of a

mother's funeral more gloriously defrayed by a son than the funeral of Samuel Johnson's mother by the price of *Rasselas*, written for the pious purpose of laying her head decently and honorably in the dust.' Get someone with a good voice to read to you the opening paragraph.

Thomas Carlyle, who when he died was likened to Dr. Johnson, — though this, to me, seems profanation, — was one of the first to make a pious pilgrimage to the Gough Square house, which he discovered, he says, 'not without labor and risque.' This was in 1832, and ever since that time it has been more sought and visited than any similar place in London, though when its present owner bought it some years ago it had fallen on very evil days indeed. It is no small honor to have secured and restored, and for many years maintained at his own expense, so delightfully haunted a house as 17 Gough Square: that distinction belongs to my friend Cecil Harmsworth.

In Dr. Johnson's day Gough Square was a genteel, indeed one authority says it was a fashionable, neighborhood; certainly it was the most dignified residence the Doctor ever had, and of all the many houses in which he lived it is the only one which is known and spared to us. He took it, it may be remembered, when the publishers had agreed to pay him fifteen hundred and odd pounds for compiling his Dictionary, which he thought a generous sum, and he used it as his residence and workshop. He was probably fixed in his determination to become a householder in this particular location by the convenience of being near his printer, William Strahan, who was one of the first partners in the firm of Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, which eminent firm still continues to flourish in premises not far off. The house dominates the square, which is not in itself

imposing — a small paved parallelogram not much frequented now except by members of the printing-trade who work in the neighborhood.

But let us pause for a moment, and see if we are as alone in the square as we seem to be. Is there not a shabby man walking toward the door from under a near-by arch? Yes, and it must be Robert Levett, the 'humble practitioner of physic' who lived with Johnson and whose patients were recruited from among the very poor. He married a streetwalker, it will be remembered, much to Johnson's amazement, who said, 'The marvels of that alliance make commonplace the occurrences in the *Arabian Nights*.' And the old lady with him, who moves a little uncertainly — that would be blind Mrs. Williams, another pensioner. And that courtly gentleman who enters the square from the northeast corner, who carries an ear trumpet into which talks, excitedly, a small man with never-to-be-forgotten eyes. What! you don't know who they are? That, sir, is Sir Joshua Reynolds, and with him is David Garrick; and that curious-looking man who has just entered the square by the way we came, can that be Oliver Goldsmith? No doubt of it, for Dr. Johnson is giving a party to-night and if we wait long enough we shall see probably Mr. Cave and Dr. Hawkesworth, and perhaps Lord Southwell and the Earl of Orrery. And after the Dictionary has been published and the money spent, and the Doctor is poorer than ever, — what were 1575 pounds spread over eight years and paying for the hire of six amanuenses? — came, too, to this same door one evening two scoundrelly-looking men, and arrested the Doctor for debt, so that he was obliged to send a note by his black servant, Frank, to Mr. Richardson, the author of *Clarissa*, who lived hard by, saying: —

I am obliged to entreat your assistance. I am now under arrest for five pounds eighteen shillings. Mr. Strahan from whom I should have received the necessary help in this case, is not at home and I am afraid of not finding Mr. Millar. If you will be so good as to send me this sum, I will very gratefully repay you, and add it to all former obligations.

I am, Sir,
Your most obedient
and most humble servant
SAMUEL JOHNSON

Gough Square, 16 March (1756)

What has become of that letter? How one would like to own it! How many times more than the debt itself would the letter fetch if it were put up at auction with the Johnsonians of the world bidding? If old Samuel Richardson had no other fame, he deserves to be remembered for having come to the rescue of Dr. Johnson when he was arrested for debt. Well might the Doctor have written in that house those two famous lines in *The Vanity of Human Wishes*: —

There mark what ills the scholar's life assail —
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.

II

The house in Gough Square is a substantial brick building of three stories, a basement, and an attic, and seems to date from the time of Queen Anne: it suggests comfort, if not luxury; indeed I think if I were offered a house in the 'city' to live in, and could not persuade either the Gloomy Dean or the Master of the Temple to vacate his mansion in my favor, that my next choice would be the Johnson house in Gough Square, especially if I could turn the square into a garden and transplant a few trees. At night not a sound is to be heard, for London is the quietest city in the world; occasionally a strayed reveler from the Johnson Club, who has

been dining in the attic, lets out an uproarious laugh: I know, for I have often joined in these parties, but more frequently I have entered the seemingly deserted square during my midnight rambles. Then it is that the ghosts of Gough Square walk.

Let us enter the house. Raise the knocker and wake the dead. Perhaps the Doctor will come to the door, poker in hand, ready to defend himself, as he did one night when his friends Topham Beauclerk and Bennet Langton, out on a frisk, knocked him up in the middle of the night, when, discovering who it was, he joined them and they rambled about until morning — and London mornings do not come with the sun, it will be remembered. But more likely we shall knock on that door about tea-time and the chain will be drawn, and a lady, either an old one, Mrs. Dyble, or her daughter, Mrs. Rowell, will open the door and bid you welcome. I urge you to be on your best intellectual behavior, for these ladies are not the mere parrots that one too frequently meets in old houses and museums, but excellent Johnsonians, as several members of the Johnson Club have reason to know. Perhaps if you are very nice to them, and can pass your Johnson examination creditably, they will secure Mr. Harmsworth's permission for you to give a little tea to some of your friends in one of the rooms, and will attend to the details for you, and very charmingly, too. It was Mr. Harmsworth's idea that there was to be as little as possible of the museum about this house. As he once said to me: 'In a year I could fill it full to overflowing with trash. I don't want to do that. A few prints, a few pictures, a few books, a few autographs, and as few show-cases as possible.' It is a good resolution; I hope his successors will stick to it.

But to return to the front door: as it closes, your attention will be drawn to

the curious bolt and the reason for it explained to you, and then perhaps you will be permitted to descend the winding stairs into the kitchen with its great beams and roomy fireplaces. It stretches under the entire house, and one may 'presume' a jack, a spit, or whatever gear may be required for the preparation of food on the generous scale of Dr. Johnson's hospitality.

Returning to the first floor, you will observe a small room on either side of the hall, but before entering either of them note the winding staircase which leads above and below. The substantial balustrades are quite a feature of the house; the guidebooks say they are of oak, but actually they are of pine, and have been preserved, I suppose, — for they are original and in good condition, — by countless coats of paint. Think how many and what hands have rested upon them. Think how often these stairs must have creaked with the weight of the great Doctor. Perhaps before you go to the second floor you will care to enter the 'powdering-closet' in the north room to have your wig powdered and made presentable — that's what that closet in the corner was used for; and gradually you will work your way to the attic. I never enter it without thinking of Le Gallienne's lines: 'To see a place where something was really written, a place where the fire once came down, is a good deal — or nothing at all, as one happens to be constituted.' And Carlyle was right when he said: 'Had Johnson left nothing but his Dictionary, one might have traced there a great intellect, a genuine man. There is in it a kind of architectural nobleness; it stands there like a great, solid, square-built edifice, finished symmetrically, complete. You judge that a true builder did it.'

And the Dictionary was born in this room! 'After great labor! Here the defi-

nitions were coined that have given the world so much amusement. 'Windward' and 'Leeward' and 'Tory' and 'Oats' and 'Pension' and 'Pastern,' which Johnson defined as the knee of a horse. You remember, of course, his reply to the lady who taxed him with the blunder and asked him how he came to make it: 'Ignorance, madam, pure ignorance.' What a wonderful book it is! As the little boy said, 'full of words and all of 'em different.'

Boswell did not know the Doctor at the time the Dictionary was published; we are therefore forced to fall back upon Sir John Hawkins's account of his life at this time: —

'Johnson, who before this time, together with his wife, had lived in obscurity, lodging at different houses in the courts and alleys in and about the Strand and Fleet Street, had, for the purpose of carrying on this arduous work . . . taken a handsome house in Gough Square, and fitted up a room in it with desks and other accommodations for amanuenses, who, to the number of five or six, he kept constantly under his eye. An interleaved copy of Bailey's dictionary in folio he made the repository of the several articles, and these he collected by incessant reading of the best authors in our language, in the practice whereof his method was to score with a black-lead pencil the words by him selected, and to give them over to his assistants to insert in their places. The books he used for this purpose were what he had in his own collection, a copious but a miserably ragged one, and all such as he could borrow; which latter, if ever they came back to those who lent them, were so defaced as to be scarce worth owning, and yet, some of his friends were glad to receive them and entertain them as curiosities.'

'Scarce worth owning'! . . . How amazed Sir John — 'the unclubbable Knight,' Johnson once called him —

would be if he could know that to-day any scrap of Johnson or Boswell interest is worth owning and much of it is practically priceless. Yet he only expressed the common opinion of his time.

Johnson died in a house in Bolt Court, only a few yards away, on December 13, 1784; a few months later his books — his literary property, we should now call it — were 'sold at auction by Mr. Christy in his great room in Pall Mall,' with this result: 'In all, six hundred and fifty lots were disposed of, not including one hundred and forty-six engraved portraits, of which fifty were framed and glazed, which sold in lots of four, or eight, or even ten together. . . . The sale was largely attended, many people desiring to buy a book which had once belonged to the great lexicographer. . . . The total obtained was two hundred and forty-seven pounds and a few odd shillings.' To-day the proceeds of such a sale would make a man rich. What was Johnson's phrase? He would be in the possession of wealth 'beyond the dreams of avarice.'

III

I have often fancied how I should furnish the house if I were going to live in it. Let us return to the square hall on the first floor. The little room on the right-hand side, with a door going out into a garden about the size of a pocket handkerchief, should be the drawing-room. It should be formal in character, simply but elegantly furnished in mahogany. To this end, if I were living in Dr. Johnson's time I should go to Thomas Chippendale's, his shop in St. Martin's Lane, and tell him to take his time and to do his best; otherwise I should haunt the auction-rooms where alone to-day good furniture is to be had, until I had secured the finest specimens of this famous cabinetmaker's work that were available. The fact that the

chairs would probably be uncomfortable would not disturb me, for I should not much encourage visitors who would spend much time in the drawing-room. On the walls would be all the fine mezzotints I could collect of Johnson and his circle, and I should have a few fine books in carefully glazed and locked cases.

The room across the hall would be my dining-room — a bright, cheerful room, as a dining-room should be. The powdering-closet I think I should not use for its original purpose; I should go to Mr. Chubb and tell him I wanted a good stout lock put on that closet door and I should keep it stocked with well-filled bottles. The furniture in this room should likewise be mahogany, and the chairs should be stout and comfortable, and the table, when the cloth was drawn and the walnuts and wine placed thereon, should shine like a mirror. On the wall over the fireplace should hang my Johnson portrait by Reynolds, and I should endeavor to get a portrait of Boswell, with no meaner objects in sight. The walls of a dining-room should not be too completely pictured: there should be nothing to distract one's attention from the pleasures of the table; every fish and roast should come on 'a picture' and be removed a total ruin.

The furnishing of the rooms above gave me much concern; I long considered taking a leaf out of the book of Sir John Soane, whose house, now a museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields, is not far away, but on mature consideration I found that it would n't do. He, it will be remembered, in order to get space for his pictures, put several walls on hinges in order that he might swing them out — a wall, on being drawn out, revealed another within. In like manner, I thought, by swinging the hall partitions on the second floor back against the windows I should be able to throw

the rooms together so that I might entertain large parties upon occasion. But the question arose as to what was to be done with the bookshelves — and then I remembered that large parties are not so nice as small ones, and I decided to leave the partitions as they are and use one room for my collection of first editions and the other for my reading-library. Johnsonians well remember that the Doctor has given his ideas upon the spacing of bookshelves, and I am not sure they can be improved upon; the modern collector, however, eschews big books, so far as possible, fully agreeing with the Doctor that 'a small book that can be carried to the fire and held readily in the hand is the most useful, after all.'

There is no period furniture here. Comfort only is considered; the tables are conveniently placed, the chairs are easy, the light falls over the left shoulder, the couches invite repose, the walls are covered with books — what wall-covering is as fine? Certainly not the leather of Cordova, no, nor prints, nor paintings however costly — no, nothing is so beautiful as the backs of substantially bound books ranging row upon row from floor to ceiling. I have often wondered why this is. Is it the mellow leather in its rich diversity of color and its bright or tarnished gold, or is it, perhaps, because even the back of a book calls up before the inward eye some scene which the book contains? I know no greater pleasure than to light a good cigar, throw myself in an easy-chair, and let my eyes range over a wall covered with books. I love to try to recall the names of all the books in a row, or of as many as I can. Over there is my Trollope, complete in every item. What novelist has given me greater pleasure? His characters are old friends. And there is my Sterne, and my Fielding, and Dickens, and Dumas

— and not a Russian among 'em, thank God. That entire case is devoted to Johnson and his Boswell. And all the books on that side of the room are essays, with Lamb in the place of honor; that set of small well-worn volumes is Augustine Birrell, whose essays I adored as a young man (and still do), little thinking that I should be able to call him friend as an old one; and that entire wall over there is covered with books about London, the microcosm, the world in miniature. It was a stroke of genius in Lucas to call London 'the Friendly Town.' Who would think of applying that epithet to New York, the most brutal of cities?

You want to see my bedrooms? They are furnished as bedrooms usually are, except that on the walls you will observe only portraits of women; the Doctor was a great admirer of the fair sex, and we are apt to forget that no man of his day, and it was a great day, could turn a compliment more neatly than he. The place of honor, of course, goes to Mrs. Thrale, who, as he said in one of his last letters to her, had soothed twenty years of his life — 'radically wretched.' Yonder is Fanny Burney; as Fanny, I adore her, but as Madame d'Arblay she bores me to tears. In that group are the Bluestockings, Mrs. Chapone, Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Lenox, and the rest. Mrs. Carter is my favorite: she translated Epictetus, and is said to have had, in addition to Greek and Latin, half a dozen modern languages at her fingers' ends, 'and a working knowledge of Arabic,' whatever that means. But it was not alone for her scholarship that Johnson admired her; with the penetration and lack of cant which is his distinguishing characteristic, he one day remarked, 'A man is, in general, better pleased when he has a good dinner on his plate than when his wife talks Greek: my old friend Mrs. Carter could make a pudding as well as

translate Epictetus.' I know as little of her translations as I do of her pudding, but the beauty of her face is not easily forgotten. Although she was always addressed as Mrs. Carter, she lived and died an old maid.

On that wall are the actresses — and worst — of the Doctor's acquaintances; Peg Woffington, Garrick's friend, and Kitty Clive, and Frances Abington, whose morals were doubtful, if her jellies were, as the Doctor said — and he was a judge — better than Mrs. Thrale's. That is Mrs. Siddons, whose character was without flaw, and that is Kitty Fisher, who had no character at all, but whose lovely portrait by Reynolds now smiles at us from the walls of the Wallace Collection. That vacant space I am keeping for the picture, when I can find it, of the Scotch hussy who climbed on the Doctor's knee one evening in a tavern and surprised him with a kiss. Surprised, and pleased him, too, for he said, 'Do it again, my dear, let us see who gets tired first.'

Observe my bathroom, how conveniently placed it is. It is a concession England has reluctantly agreed to make to America. Guestrooms? No, unluckily, we are in rather close quarters here, but I have taken rooms for you at Anderton's Hotel, near by, in Fleet Street, and there is excellent authority for the statement that 'there

is no private house in which people can enjoy themselves so well as in a capital tavern. . . . The more noise you make . . . the more trouble you give, the welcomer you are. . . . You will find the master courteous, and the servants obsequious to your call. . . . Sir, a tavern chair is the throne of human felicity.' Such is the hospitality I offer you.

Before you go, peep into the attic: you may see nothing in it but one old chair with three legs. It was Dr. Johnson's, and I have left it there in case the ghost of Old Sam himself should not wish to stand — upon ceremony — in his own house. I am not up in the requirements of ghosts. Hamlet's walked a good deal in cold weather, I remember; whereas Marley's not only could but did take a chair as if he were quite used to it. But this room is not deserted, as it seems — it is in fact overcrowded; be careful how you move about — you may disturb a shade.

I am dreaming, of course. Am I actually in London or in the strong room of 'Oak Knoll,' in Daylesford, Pennsylvania? No difference: when this mortal shall have put on immortality, who shall say that he may not join the choir invisible that made the world the better, and the merrier, for their presence — the ghosts of Gough Square.

STRAY NOTES OF A SOMEWHAT DOGGED TENDENCY

BY ROBERT M. GAY

PEGGY is the kind of dog of which friendly strangers on the street ask, 'What kind of dog is that?' I always reply, 'Oh, she's a kind of Irish terrier,' and then I hasten to add, 'She is n't my dog. She's my little girl's dog.'

Examining my motives for such a reply, I think that I make it because of some subtle feeling I have that a grown man ought to apologize for being out for a walk with a dog like Peggy. I am sorry to feel so about a friend, but I cannot help it. The fact is that, though we enjoy a complete mutual understanding which leads her incessantly to look up at my face to see whether I am cheerful and contented, I cannot lead Peggy on a leash without feeling foolish. Try as I will to remember her sterling character, I cannot forget that she lacks the dignity a dog out walking with a man ought to have. When I go along the street with her, I find myself oddly remembering a tiny motor-boat in which I once went sailing. I felt foolish in that boat, because it was so small that I seemed to bulge all round outside it, and the stout owner and his fat son and I looked, from the shore, like the three wise men of Gotham who went to sea in a bowl.

I often tell Peggy she has not only the appearance of a yellow dog but the manners of a flapper; and yet she does not appear chagrined. The trouble is that she does not look like anything in particular. She is not standardized at all. And she has no dignity whatever. To feel at ease on the street with a dog, one ought to have a dog of at least

moderate size and dignity, and the dog ought to be one of which people sitting on porches will say, 'That's an Airedale,' or 'That's a collie,' and not, 'What kind of dog is that?' I often tell myself that I will not go walking with Peggy any more; but she knows perfectly well how weak I am, and that if she goes to the head of the stairs and noses at her leash and whines I will go.

Now Peggy's father and mother were not only Irish terriers but conventional and standardized Irish terriers. They had heads and hair and legs and tails and other things of a certain so-to-speak predetermined shape and kind. Looking at them, one knew instantly what they were. They respected the conventions, both in appearance and in manners. I never saw them on the street, but I have no doubt that they walked along with poise and decorum, and never tried to look backward and walk forward simultaneously, with a resultant gait that can be compared only to that of a water spider; they never attempted to trot and to scratch their ears at the same time; and they never suddenly changed their minds about trotting at all, sat down, and slid a few yards along the sidewalk, before their owner became aware of their altered intentions. Peggy does all these things and several others. Besides, her head, legs, hair, and tail are no more conventional than her manners. If she only looked like what my friends call 'a regular dog'—they are fond of asking me why I don't get a regular dog—one could overlook her other

peculiarities. But she seems to take pride in looking ordinary.

Of course, I may be oversensitive; but let me give you an illustration of Peggy's plebeian tendencies. Last month we were crossing the automobile ferry that runs over the Sheepscot River between Bath and Woolwich, Maine, and our car, with Peggy sitting on the front seat, stopped alongside a limousine with an Airedale sitting on its front seat. It was a 'regular' Airedale, too: there was no doubt about that. Instantly Peggy began to hop about and shiver and yawn, with shrill feminine squeals. I suspect that she was trying to flirt with him. But did he reciprocate? He did not. After giving her one supercilious stare, he turned and gazed across the river at the hills of Woolwich and continued to gaze, sitting up with all the hauteur of a footman or a butler — and there is nothing in the world more terrifying than that. We were all humiliated, except Peggy; and we agreed among ourselves that when we were buying a dog we might have picked out one with a little more style.

Of course, she is not really ordinary. I tell my friends constantly what a remarkable dog she is, and try to narrate to them examples of the unusually brilliant things she does. But they never listen, because they are thinking up something remarkable that some dog of theirs once did. They really do not consider Peggy remarkable, anyway. They judge her by her looks and these always make them laugh. But I never listen to their stories either, any more than I listen when they tell about their remarkable children. I merely assume a fixed expression of interest or astonishment and then, the moment I get a chance, tell them about my little girl or my little dog — my little girl's little dog, I mean. I shall not tell any of Peggy's remarkable doings here, however, because the reader would be

thinking all the while that they were nothing to what he could tell about his dog.

When I go walking with Peggy — usually at night — I study her. There is a philosophical principle, for which a good deal can be said, that if one studies anything, however insignificant, — like Peggy, for instance, — if one studies this thing long enough and follows out to their conclusions all the thoughts suggested, one will end by knowing everything, not only about that thing, but about everything. I have never had time to apply the theory exhaustively, though perhaps sometime, when I am on a summer vacation, I shall; but I have experimented with it in a modest way and have found it very amusing. Now it is one thing and now another I use for the purpose, and just at this time it is Peggy. She is my 'flower in the crannied wall,' so to speak.

My studies do not take the laborious and pedestrian form known as experimental or laboratory psychology. My little girl and I did once experiment on Peggy for perhaps ten minutes, but she is not a good laboratory subject and I am naturally indolent. She has not the calm and poise that such a subject should have if one is to obtain the best results. Our experiment was a form of intelligence test, for I wished to satisfy myself whether what looked like intelligence in Peggy was really intelligence or only vivacity. I have often wondered the same thing about human beings. To this end, then, we laid two pieces of cake, a small one and a large one, on the floor, in order to determine whether, if she were permitted to choose freely between them, she would always choose the larger. Now such a test, to be significant, must be properly controlled, and Peggy refused to be controlled. We felt that scientific procedure required that the two objects should be placed at the same distance

from the subject, since otherwise the closer proximity of one or the other piece to her would vitiate the experiment. But we had to give it up, because the subject took too great an interest in the objects and managed to gulp them indiscriminately before we could be quite certain whether she was using her brain at all. We became exhausted before she did, and I have since confined my studies to empirical observations.

As Peggy trots or gambols before, behind, or all round me, while we are taking our walks, — usually, as I have said, at night, — I ask myself questions about her and then look about in my mind for any stray items of information on the subject or any original ideas that may hitherto have lain there unnoticed. Last night, for example, I asked myself, ‘Has she a soul?’ This question, though interesting, is a hard one, because to answer it one would have first to decide what a soul is, and then to determine whether Peggy carries anything like that about with her. I have decided that she certainly carries something about, but whether it fulfills the specifications of the theologians is another matter entirely.

The first time I ever saw Peggy — that is, when I went to buy her — I knelt on the ground and held out my hands, and she jumped into them and, planting her forepaws on my chest, looked steadfastly into my eyes. At that moment I detected — or thought I did — a certain something that looked at me and answered to a certain something in me understandingly. That something I feel free to call a soul if I wish to, whichever of the two somethings is indicated. It really seems conceited to call my ‘something’ by one name and hers by another.

Anyway, there is something about Peggy — and you may call it whatever you please — that is simply Peggy and

nobody else. I have watched it grow, too, and it seems to become more intrinsically Peggy all the time. I have known many fine dogs and have always been struck by the fact that they were so singularly themselves — much more so than most human beings. You are never quite sure about a human being, whether what you see is really himself or is his histrionic creation of a self that he keeps for show; but you are always sure about a dog. When I look at Peggy, for example, I know that I am seeing her and not her attempt to look and act like the dog around the corner. And it is the same way with the dog around the corner, whose name is Betty. She is even funnier-looking than Peggy, but is not at all humble on that account. She looks like a composite picture of a very large mole, a very small kangaroo, and a muskrat, while Peggy looks only like a dog that tried to look like an Irish terrier and then changed her mind. But Betty, in spite of her rococo appearance, is still every inch herself, and I always know exactly how to take her. I know, for instance, that she feels a profound scorn of Peggy and that she will try to bite her whenever she can. I think that she objects to Peggy’s lack of dignity, though it may be that she remembers how Peggy used to wear, last winter, a green sweater that made her look like a cucumber. Betty does not believe in dogs wearing green sweaters. Peggy, however, far from cherishing any grudge, lives under the unalterable delusion that Betty wants to play with her.

Peggy’s complete independence of mind, considering her size, is almost humiliating to a human being who sometimes knows his own mind and sometimes does not. She always knows hers. In fact, I often call her ‘Mr. F.’s Aunt,’ after the startling old lady in *Little Dorrit*, who I suspect, by the

way, has been reincarnated in her. For just as Mr. F.'s Aunt had only one idea at a time but had that with all her might, so does Peggy; and just as Mr. F.'s Aunt shook her venerable fist under poor inoffensive Clennam's nose, so does Peggy object to our iceman. She even disapproves of icemen as a class, and flies into a rage the moment she hears the rumble of an ice-wagon on the block. She begins to rumble herself, making in her throat a terrifying noise which, by long practice, she is able to keep up unintermittently and without losing her breath, until the iceman has come upstairs and has gone down again. She also erects the hair along her spine, and draws back her lips in an expression that would chill the heart of the most frigid iceman; and when he has left the pantry and is well on his way downstairs she rushes to the door and breathes hard through the crack under it.

There seems to be no good reason why she should do this three or four times a week for months on end. No iceman has ever done anything to her, and our iceman has made many overtures of peace. The only reason I can think of is that she enjoys doing it; and that, I suspect, is her reason. I cannot help admiring her and even envying her a little, for it must be very amusing to fly into such a terrible rage for no reason whatever.

What I especially admire in her is the stability of her opinions. When she has once made up her mind on any subject, there is nothing more to be said. That is her opinion, whether it rests on any rational grounds or not. It must be very comfortable to feel like that. We human beings look before and after and pine for what is not; Peggy never does — at least, not for any length of time. We, as the poet says, fluctuate idly without term or scope and each of us strives, nor knows for what he strives, and each half-lives a hundred different

lives; but that does not describe Peggy in the least. She is living only one life at a time, but she is living it for all she is worth and not worrying her small head about all the it-might-have-been's and if-there-were's that so commonly assail human beings. When she is sad, she is the complete and final epitome of sorrow, from the twitching black button that answers for a nose to the last quivering red hair at the tip of her somewhat too long tail. When she is glad, she is equally a compendium of all the denotations and connotations of joy. When she is hungry, she is just that; and when she eats, well — perhaps the less said about that the better.

Her soul is probably a simple little elementary soul, but it is crystal clear. It might not carry a man very far toward the skies, and yet he would be lucky if his were as honest and as staunch and as brave.

While I have been writing that last paragraph, Peggy has been making her bed. This is a serious matter, which occupies her for half an hour every night. She pulls her blankets up in little points with her teeth, then tramples them down with her feet, ploughs them up with her nose, tramples them down again, and sighs and snorts, while her basket creaks like a ship in heavy weather. At last she turns around half a dozen times, and flops with a thump and a final deep sigh. I sigh, too, thinking that her efforts are ended. But no! So long as there is a light in the house, she has to make the rounds of the rooms at intervals to be sure that all the family are safe. She has just been in to see me, laying her black nose on my knee and looking up at me with her brown eyes. I have pulled her ears, and scratched her back, and now I hear her toenails scratching on the oilcloth, as she goes to her basket in the kitchen once more. 'Good-night, Peg,' I say, 'you're a good dog.'

CAILLAUX

BY MAJOR T. H. THOMAS

I

WITH no touch of malice one may begin a portrait of Caillaux with a quotation from the German philosopher who points out that 'nothing actual can be impossible.' It is only because Caillaux actually does exist that he is possible. No one would invent him. No writer of historical melodrama would conceive a character of such antagonistic qualities and defects, or imagine a career of such extreme ups and downs of fortune. In his personality no less than in the course of his history Caillaux is a challenge to all our sense of what is credible — and never more than in the latest phase.

It is not altogether beside the point that the quotation from Fechner was happened upon in a page of William James's *Pluralistic Universe*. Only the nimble pluralistic method of dealing with facts and interpretations of facts can cope with Caillaux's startling contradictions; by any absolute standard, or from any fixed standpoint, he escapes you altogether. One of these last, for example, presents him as a monster of iniquity, committed body and soul to the powers of darkness, and working from first to last to deliver France into the hands of her enemies — Germany for choice. By another conception — his own — he becomes a victim of unjust persecution, a liberal of genius and vision, striving to bring to a hate-distracted world peace, concord — and bigger dividends. There is some basis to each view; but they do not hold

with each other; and as a matter of fact neither one corresponds to the reality.

An exception in all things, Caillaux reversed the usual process of French political evolution. At the outset a solid Conservative, he moved steadily to the Left and became in the end the perfect demagogue. Beginning his career in the social milieu of the Duc de Broglie and the Royalist noblesse, he burrowed downward through the successive layers of French society until he accepted the company of such persons as Bolo and Malvy — whom we may fairly take as the absolute zero. In public life he was a financial expert first and a politician afterward, but he lost no time in redressing the balance; the wider his grasp of sound financial and economic principles, the readier he has become to adapt them to political expediency.

Joseph-Pierre-Marie-Auguste Caillaux was born in 1863. His father before him had made his mark in public life, and reached high rank in the Government. After nearly twenty years in the public service, as an engineer in the Ponts et Chaussées, the elder Caillaux entered the service of the Chemins de Fer de l'Ouest, and became chief engineer of that great system. Now a successful man of affairs, he turned to politics, and in 1871 was elected Deputy; later on he entered the Senate. His political sympathies were marked by sudden fluctuations. He left the Conservatives of the Right to join a Centre group

supporting Thiers as Republicans. With them later on he suddenly abandoned Thiers and brought about the election of MacMahon, a Royalist President. He was at once made Minister of Public Works, and joined thereafter in MacMahon's effort to head off the establishment of a republic and to prepare the return of the monarchy. He later joined in MacMahon's attempted coup d'état of the *Seize Mai*, and was Minister of Finance in the reactionary Cabinet which MacMahon brought in to dissolve Parliament and establish the personal power of the President. This fiasco threw him out of office, and he was threatened with prosecution 'for having illegally expended public funds for various unauthorized purposes.' He was not re-elected to the Senate.

With his father's influence and official connections behind him, the son was naturally destined for a public career. Entering the office of the Inspector-General of Finance at the age of twenty-six, he showed from the start an exceptional ability in the work of his department; and in 1894, in collaboration with two of his colleagues, he published the first volume of a technical study of the subject, *Les Impôts en France*. No one up to this time had ventured to set forth a comprehensive and clear statement of the intricate operations of the French fiscal system; the success of this effort gained Caillaux a wide reputation outside the circle of his Department, and allowed him to launch out in a political career. At the next parliamentary elections, in 1898, he stood as a Conservative Republican candidate for the Chamber of Deputies, at Mamers in Sarthe, the constituency which had elected his father before him and has remained faithful to him ever since. His opponent, a Duc de la Rochefoucauld, had gone abroad at the time on the reassurance that he

would have no contest. But, like many after him, he reckoned without Caillaux, who was duly elected. Ten months later, before the young Deputy had made his mark in the Chamber, Waldeck-Rousseau was called upon to form a new Cabinet and picked out Caillaux to be Minister of Finance, on the strength of the reputation he had already acquired as a fiscal expert. Caillaux had reached full ministerial rank in an important department — the goal of the ordinary parliamentary ambition — at the age of thirty-seven, in a Cabinet which was to remain two years and a half in power.

Once in office, however, Caillaux showed no ardor for administering French finances on other than the usual political lines. In spite of his expert knowledge, he betrayed no eagerness for fiscal reform; and the outstanding achievement of his administration was his defeat of the Income Tax, a measure which later on he was to make the main instrument of his political career.

The Income Tax had long before been recommended by Treasury officials in the interests of the *fisc*, since a great part of the national income, the part most easily collected and best able to bear the burden of taxation, passed untouched through the meshes of the existing fiscal system. By 1894 it had been taken up as an attractive political issue by both Radicals and Socialists, and a resolution in favor of it had then failed in the Chamber by only a few votes. In 1896, Doumer, a Radical Minister of Finance, took it up in earnest and boldly incorporated it in the budget as a straightforward and thoroughgoing reform of the whole fiscal system. But before the budget was voted the country took alarm, and so much opposition developed that the Cabinet dropped the projected reform, after allowing the Chamber to approve

it 'in principle.' This shuffling combination of principle and practice was the keynote of the whole policy of the Radical Party toward the Income Tax from then on until 1914. At heart they feared and detested it, like all true Frenchmen; from the standpoint of politics they wavered between the certain danger of its unpopularity with one section of the electorate and its possible appeal to another as a 'democratic' reform. But the Socialists accepted it without reserve, and the Radical leaders could not let the Socialists outbid them on an issue of such evident political possibilities. Henceforth, accordingly, the Income Tax was formally embodied in the Radical platform, to be brought forward or kept back according to circumstances—a hardy perennial, one shrewd observer termed it, which nothing could kill, but which no one could bring into bearing.

It sprouted up next just as Caillaux came into office. In 1899 the Chamber twice approved the measure, again 'in principle'; but two years later the Finance Committee formally incorporated it in the annual budget. Caillaux then stepped into the breach alone and by a determined stand succeeded in killing the proposal. The Conservative and Reactionary groups eagerly supported him, while the Radicals showed little rancor. Their anxiety was not to pass the bill but to go on record as having voted for it; in allowing them this satisfaction and then heading the thing off, Caillaux had rendered them a double service.

In this vigorous stand Caillaux was no more than loyal to the position of his party, and as a candidate three years before he had pledged himself against the Income Tax in any form. But we may note that he objected to it as a formula rather than as a reality—put forward under the illusion that it would

be possible to raise the necessary taxes from the rich alone. It was precisely this illusion—among other and better arguments—that he was to appeal to so effectively later on.

II

Caillaux's first period in office was a disappointment both to his hopes and to the expectations entertained of him. Partly by his own fault and partly from circumstances beyond his control, his exceptionally favorable start led into a blind alley. He had come on the scene at a time when France was passionately absorbed in the final crisis of the Dreyfus case, and in that whirlwind it was out of the question for any man to make himself a political leader through mere financial ability. The whole energy of the Waldeck-Rousseau Government was absorbed in liquidating the Dreyfus affair, and this operation led directly into the long struggle against the Church. From then on until the war, the conflict with the Church dominated directly or indirectly the whole course of French politics. Its immediate effect was to change the whole balance of political power, and to alter radically the alignment of parties in Parliament. For twenty years past, the balance of power had been held by the *Progressistes*, the great Conservative Republican Party which Caillaux had very naturally joined when standing for Parliament in 1898, normally in alliance with the parties of the Right. But during all the time Caillaux was in office the country was drifting steadily toward the Left, and the majority gradually centred around the Radical Party. When Waldeck-Rousseau resigned, in 1902, he was succeeded by an out-and-out Radical cabinet; and Combes, the new Premier, chose a Minister of Finance from his own party. Caillaux, with the

rest of the Conservative Republicans, was left stranded.

He lost no time in getting back into the current. The Progressistes now broke up. Some of them, clinging to the Church, fell back in opposition before the parties of the Right. The rest followed the lead of the Republican bloc in the fight against the Church, settling down among the floor groups of Moderate Republicans just within the limits of the Majority—where they formed a right wing, technically anti-Clerical, but thoroughly conservative in other matters. In 1905 the religious issue reached its crisis, and like most of his friends Caillaux crossed the Rubicon and cast his vote for the separation of Church and State. He thereby, in spite of his Conservative first phase, qualified once for all as an orthodox Republican.

Caillaux had no sooner risen to be president of one of these groups of Moderates than the elections of 1906 showed the current swinging more strongly than ever toward the Radicals and gave them a clear balance of power in Parliament. From the danger of being left stranded a second time he was now saved, oddly enough, by Clemenceau, who on coming into power with a still more Radical cabinet offered Caillaux his old place at the Ministry of Finance. Then followed a second political migration across the Chamber, but this time it was no halfway measure. Entering the Cabinet as a Moderate, Caillaux before long had established himself further to the Left than Clemenceau himself—in the very bosom of the Radical Party.

The Radical Party in France, roughly speaking, was then about as radical as our own Republican Party, or any other political group securely established in power. If it offered its clientele a more advanced programme on one side, it was on the other even more

heavily ballasted with bankers, captains of industry, and solidly Conservative affiliations. Its real policy was to combine a conservative policy with a radical programme; to be thoroughly 'safe' in actual practice, but yet to stand out as the great party of the Left; to maintain close working relations with the Socialists and to attract the working vote of the cities without actually passing Socialist legislation. But even this heavily discounted Radicalism was beyond the pale in the eyes of the orthodox world of Caillaux's previous affiliations, and at this particular time the alliance with the Socialists was the guiding principle of the party strategy. Above all, of course, the Radicals were the party of anti-Clericalism, a matter in which he himself took no interest. Caillaux was quite untouched by the convictions and violent political emotions which the religious issue aroused in the breasts of all normal Frenchmen. He accepted the issue impatiently as a necessity of practical politics.

But these various divergences from his own views were trifling details, compared to the solid fact that the Radicals were the strongest and by far the best-organized party in France; and there was every indication that they would establish themselves as the dominant party of the future.

Clemenceau had recalled Caillaux to office in 1906, not from any close personal or political affiliation, but because he had not a very wide choice in making up his Ministry. Although a Radical of the old stock, Clemenceau's exploits in overturning Cabinets had left him on distant terms with the elder statesmen of his party, and the best minds prudently held aloof. By his vote on Separation, Caillaux was politically eligible, and a year or two before he had freshened up his reputation as a financial expert by completing

his *Impôts en France*. In his critical introduction (written in 1904), he had discussed the merits and the many defects of the existing fiscal system, but had avoided committing himself as to the advisability of reforming it by means of an income tax. This step his Moderate Republican friends did not favor. When Clemenceau presented his new Cabinet before Parliament in 1906 he duly included an income tax among the other Radical platform promises to be carried out, but six months later the country perceived with astonishment that his words were to be taken seriously. Caillaux himself launched the campaign for the reform in a speech to his constituents at Mamers, and immediately afterward laid before Parliament a bill embodying a thoroughgoing reform of French taxation and making a comprehensive application of the new system.

Coming from Caillaux, not only the general body of French taxpayers but even the Radicals in Parliament eyed the proposal as a Trojan Horse; it made no headway in the Senate and was stabled for more than a year in the Chamber. In this long debate, Caillaux showed plainly enough that he was the only person capable of grasping the subject clearly, or of dealing with its technical application to the general fiscal system; but on the floor of the Chamber he managed the bill so badly that Clemenceau himself had to intervene and apply the whip in order to carry it through. Apart from this venture, Caillaux gained little credit from his conduct of French finances during his second term at the Ministry. In dealing with Parliament he was weak and vacillating; his budgets became the usual playthings of political expediency; he accepted the indiscriminate pork-barrel demands of local politics, and lived by the usual hand-to-mouth methods of

deficits, loans, and deficiency budgets characteristic of French parliamentary finance at its worst.

Last of all, Caillaux made the serious mistake of playing his own hand against Clemenceau, and making himself a sort of opposition within the Cabinet. The temptation was strong. Clemenceau had been always rather a free lance among the Radicals, and on distant and uncertain terms with the party organization. Throughout his Ministry the orthodox Radicals were restive and rebellious, and toward the end they broke out in open insurrection. At this period they were determined above all things to keep the anti-Clerical issue alive indefinitely as a permanent political issue. Clemenceau, like the rest of the country, grew tired of this prospect now that the Separation was an accomplished fact, and turned more and more to Briand's new policy of burying the hatchet. Caillaux, however, was intent upon establishing his place among the regulars — the old Guard — of the Radical machine. During the declining months of the Clemenceau Government he played openly to that gallery, and exhibited in the lobbies of the Chamber all the confidence of an heir apparent. It was a serious error of judgment. The Radicals succeeded in upsetting the ministry, but Clemenceau turned over the reins of office to Briand. The Income Tax, which had not yet passed the Senate, disappeared in the shuffle.

Once again Caillaux had guessed wrong as to the course of the political market. For a second time he had come in at the peak, and joined the party in power just as its power was about to decline. The net result of the second stage of his career was that he had lost completely his original character of a fiscal expert, and had acquired in place of it the reputation of a political trimmer with unlimited ambition. It was

not an advantageous exchange. His own somersault toward the Income Tax had not only developed the normal hostility of the country to the measure, but had added a rooted and quite sincere conviction that the whole reform was a matter of demagogue finance, a bar sinister which lay across it from this time forward. The French taxpayer after all had his side to the argument: for the Socialists from first to last enthusiastically hailed the reform as a means of penal taxation, against which the whole class who formed their political opponents would be left defenseless. This unpopularity and discredit now recoiled upon the measure, the Radical Party, and most of all upon Caillaux himself.

But at the same time Caillaux had pushed forward; he had revealed together with ominous faults of character certain talents peculiar to himself which left no doubt that henceforth he was a figure to be reckoned with in political life. He went out of office unmourned, unpopular, and more or less under a cloud; but every competent observer recognized that sooner or later he would come back.

This event occurred less than two years later, and was largely due to Caillaux's own efforts. From 1909 on, popular sentiment was strongly behind Briand and strongly against the anti-Clerical Radical machine. From this time until the war, the real issue in French politics was a contest for the control of the Republican majority, between the Moderates — led by Briand, Millerand, Poincaré, and Barthou — and the Radical organization. The rank and file of the Radical Party wavered between the two, and for long it seemed that they would follow Briand's lead toward new issues and a new party alignment. But in spite of their unpopularity, Caillaux and the anti-Clerical leaders were able to hold

their own in the next Parliamentary elections, and a year later forced Briand out of office.

For the third time Caillaux returned to the Ministry of Finance, in what was known as the Monis-Caillaux Cabinet. Monis, the most ignominious of French Premiers, was a mere figurehead. His authority was divided up between Caillaux, Bertaux, and Delcassé, all three standing ready in line for the succession. The question of succession was settled in odd fashion only three months later, when an aeroplane fell on a group of Ministers at an aviation meet. Monis was injured, Bertaux was decapitated, and Caillaux — at the age of forty-seven, twelve years after entering politics — installed himself as President of the Council.

III

Having reached his goal, Caillaux at once turned to the serious business of consolidating his position and making himself the acknowledged head of the Radical Party. The Income Tax was swept into the discard without more ado; and to give full assurance on this point he tossed the Ministry of Finance to Klotz, an opponent of the measure. Caillaux himself took the Interior, — the Ministry from which patronage is distributed and from which the formidable steam-roller of the French administration is directed, — where he could act most effectively as party whip, and reach out to bring the party organization under his personal control. The older leaders were not enthusiastic, and the fact that no statesman of weight or reputation would accept the Ministry of Foreign Affairs indicated certain misgivings in responsible quarters. But no one in Parliament disputed Caillaux's authority and all the cards seemed at last in his hands. With justifiable confidence he set to work to make peace

with the Moderates and to stabilize the Radical Party in its true position as a broad and fairly conservative 'Centre' group, leading the whole Republican majority, and untrammelled henceforth by the liaison with the Socialists. This revision of policy, had it succeeded, would have 'fixed' Caillaux's political evolution in a stage comparable to that of the Lloyd George of the post-war Coalition.

This fair prospect was suddenly destroyed by the arrival of a German gunboat at Agadir. A fresh outbreak of the perennial Moroccan crisis dragged Caillaux away into the perplexing field of foreign affairs, and six months later drove him from office utterly discredited. For the crisis he had only himself to blame. His predecessor, Briand, had attempted to put an end to Franco-German friction in Africa by a pooling of commercial interests both in Morocco and in the Congo. Caillaux disapproved of this solution, perhaps rightly, and on coming into office at once vetoed it. He had, however, no other arrangement to offer in its place. Irritated and impatient, Kiderlin-Waechter proceeded to make the most extravagant demands, and before long Europe stood on the verge of war. In the end Caillaux gained his essential point and secured for France a far stronger position in Morocco; and, although he had to pay a price, one could after all live happily without the uninhabitable river-bottoms of the Congo.

But in the course of the negotiation Caillaux had resorted pretty freely to private and unofficial channels, among others apparently an official of the Deutsche Bank at Berlin. Rumors of all this had spread abroad, and his whole Moroccan treaty was in bad odor when it came up before Parliament. The Chamber ratified it grudgingly and with misgivings, and while it

was still before the Senate Caillaux was rash enough to bring forward a project authorizing the listing of certain German securities on the Paris Bourse. Under any circumstances the proposal would have caused an outburst in Paris, and in the present situation it amounted to defying the lightning. Caillaux had become a banker himself in the course of his rise in politics, and the short-lived Monis Ministry had been heavily clouded by the smoke of financial scandals. The French public instantly concluded that this new project was an international stockjobbing transaction, and expressed its view in the plainest terms. In this atmosphere of suspicion and distrust Caillaux, appearing before the Senate in regard to the Moroccan Treaty, swore upon his word of honor that he had carried on no unofficial negotiations — most foolishly, because the statement was false; and, whether blameworthy or not, the fact was notorious. Foolishly above all, because the recording angel stood waiting. Clemenceau arose in the Committee Room, and asked Caillaux's Minister of Foreign Affairs to confirm the declaration; De Selves politely asked permission not to answer.

From this single question, without any proof being presented, without even any definite charge of wrongdoing being brought against him, Caillaux went down in ruin.

Without waiting for proof or charges, his Cabinet disappeared, so to speak, through door and window. His party turned from him as from one who brought the plague, and his parliamentary majority dissolved overnight into nothing. For all his imperturbable nerve, Caillaux this time did not face the issue; without appearing before Parliament to fight the matter out or to defend himself, he sent Fallières his resignation.

The dramatic perfection of this

Judgment Day episode, and the rather indefinite nature of the alleged offense, gave free rein to rumors and accusing insinuations, and almost overnight Caillaux stood convicted of having sold out to Germany. Ever since he has been branded with this stigma. Without condoning his real offense, it may be suggested that in this verdict of his contemporaries Caillaux suffered from what the Indian described as too much justice. He deserved the fate that had overtaken him, for he had thrown away his own reputation and brought discredit on France; but as to selling out to Germany — that is another matter. It should be remembered that neither Clemenceau nor Poincaré nor any responsible leader among his opponents made this charge against him at the time, and it was not proven afterward. However irregular or even discreditable his methods of negotiation, and however dubious, for the sake of argument, his motives in the German securities dicker, it does not appear that the result he secured in Africa was a betrayal of French interests. He could point out with perfect justice in his own defense that he had got the best of the bargain, and that the Germans considered themselves worsted: Kiderlin-Waechter had been hooted in the Reichstag, the Minister of the Colonies had resigned. Last of all, the Moroccan Treaty Caillaux had drawn up was at once accepted and ratified by Poincaré without the change of so much as a comma.

Caillaux, in short, had sinned not in the tangible substance of his venture in diplomacy, but in the incidental result — the impression of intrigue and crookedness his methods had aroused. Even in this there seems to have been no little exaggeration, whatever the basis of substantial fact. Cambon, the Ambassador at Berlin, in his testimony before the Senate, in 1920, did not substantiate the charges of Caillaux's

mischievous interference. De Selves, his Foreign Minister, was incompetent and useless, and as Premier it was Caillaux's duty to take advantage of every means at his disposal, however private and unofficial. Asquith did not hesitate to approach Berlin privately through the Deutsche Bank when the opportunity offered. There was, however, a distinction — and in this lies the whole point of the matter. No one thought of suspecting Asquith of a disloyal purpose; no one thought of believing Caillaux when he denied it. Clemenceau had gone straight to the essential point in thrusting him under the guillotine; Caillaux had conducted affairs in such a way as to give the French Government the credit of underhand dealing. His course of proceeding had menaced the entente with England, and left Germany still more bitter and resentful. Rightly or wrongly, all Europe for the time being entertained the conviction that France was in the hands of a crook.

We may note here, out of chronological order, that Caillaux's arguments in defense, resting, many of them, on substantial and accurate evidence, sweep away the whole basis of a different case he later put forward. In his trial in 1920 he presented the Moroccan negotiation as the first step in a general policy of Franco-German reconciliation and of economic coöperation between the Continental nations. This vast project in turn was wrecked, first, by England's forcing France to continue in the old path of antagonism to Germany; second, by those familiar powers of darkness, the nationalist-militarist parties in France, led by Clemenceau, Poincaré, and the Boy Scout Royalists of the Action Française. By this attractive thesis Caillaux becomes the man who would have prevented the war. Failing that, he would have made a peace which would have left all the

belligerents contented and prosperous, dwelling together thereafter in peace and harmony — under the leadership of France, however, and the political principles of the French Revolution, and on an 'imposed' basis of free trade! This bewildering vision is set forth in his three post-war volumes of political apologia: *Agadir* (1919), *My Prisons* (1921), and *Whither France? Whither Europe?* (1922). It is out of the question to analyze here his arguments and sweeping generalizations; we may only note that they effectually contradict one another. This retrospective rearrangement of history is a campaign document, put forward to explain away Caillaux's defeatist activities during the war and to offer a basis for his political resurrection. It bears, so to speak, an inverse relation to historical facts.

IV

In 1912, in any case, the question of war-responsibility did not exist. Caillaux was down and out, and the discredit of his debacle spattered over the Radical Party at large. So keen was the sense of national scandal that Poincaré was summoned forth from the background of politics for the express purpose of having an honest man at the head of the government. In the general revulsion of feeling away from the Radicals and all their works the tide turned more strongly than ever toward the Moderate Republicans, and the Radicals seemed doomed to a rapid decline. As the one immediately responsible for this reverse, Caillaux had become his party's heaviest liability. Shunned by the world at large, among his party colleagues he had all the credit of a sea-captain who had driven his ship upon the rocks. Bad as was the prospect for them, his career seemed definitely ended; and for more than a year nothing was heard from him.

At this time, the midsummer of 1913, the Radical Party split sharply in two over Barthou's bill restoring the three years' military service. This development, which seemed the coup de grâce of the party's fortunes, was to give Caillaux his opportunity to return to power. The Radicals who opposed the law were, roughly speaking, the least worthy element of their party — the Jacobin anti-Clerical faction, the demagogue fringe most committed to the trading alliance with the Socialists. They were also, however, the most expert and thoroughgoing politicians, the strictly professional type — the boys who got out the vote. It happened that they were in need of a courageous leader; and all Caillaux needed was a following. By the most extraordinary industry and domineering aggressiveness he succeeded only a few months later in pushing these followers into control of the Radical Convention, and then by somewhat drastic caucus methods reorganized the party under the name of the Unified Radicals. This meant not a united but a divided party, since the older leaders and most of the better element held aloof; and only about half the Radical deputies enlisted under his banner. But Caillaux's half included the *cadre*, the working force, of the old organization; he had at last a disciplined body of which he was in full and formal control — and to this solid and reassuring basis of political power the bewildered Radical office-holders now pinned their faith. Among these last were the Prefects, the Great Electors of the French political system, the technicians who would operate the steam-roller in the approaching election. Much to Caillaux's disappointment, the Socialist rank and file refused to ratify a project he made with their leaders for an out-and-out coalition; but there remained always the old logrolling system of

trading Radical patronage for Socialist votes, and it was definitely arranged that in the coming campaign Socialists and Unified Radicals would coöperate on the old basis. Caillaux had completed his evolution from Right to Left.

With the elections ahead of him, Barthou on behalf of the Moderates now began to lay hands on the Prefects, by way of seeing to his political fences. Faced by this danger, even the most respectable Radicals joined forces with Caillaux in a desperate effort to prevent the steam-roller from being applied against them. A few days later Caillaux himself caught Barthou in a blunder over the budget and turned the Moderate ministry out of office. To the exasperation of the country, the Radicals returned to power.

Caillaux was still too discredited throughout the country to be the head of the new Government. For the fourth time he returned to the Ministry of Finance, but there was no question as to who was the dominant and driving force in the Cabinet. Caillaux had made the repeal of the Three Years' Service Law the main pledge of his campaign in opposition to Barthou, but once he was in power he wasted no time in trivial consistency. Instead of repealing the law he joined in carrying it out; over the clamors of the Socialists and other irreconcilables the Government provided the credits necessary for putting it into force, and threw in an extra Army Corps for good measure. In performing this judicious somersault, Caillaux was merely an adroit accessory. He now took matters directly into his own hands. Producing the Income Tax from the shelf where it had lain since 1909, he forced it ruthlessly through the Chamber, and presented it point-blank to the astonished Senate. The Radical majority in the Upper House relished the venture as little as ever, but was still

less willing to turn out a Radical government on the eve of the elections. Caillaux, with his personal bloc behind him, now held the whip hand; he could force the government to toe the mark on the question of confidence, and the Senate reluctantly swallowed the bitter dose.

In this tour de force, Caillaux revealed as never before the full measure of his political talent, his financial ability, and above all his indomitable fighting spirit. Throughout the three months' debate over the Income Tax he crushed every opponent by his obviously superior grasp of public finance and his mastery of the intricate details of the French fiscal system. By adroit and supple tactics on the floor, no less than by his courage and promptness of decision, he affirmed his control over Parliament; and by sheer force of his peremptory autocratic manner, his domineering passion for authority, forced a divided and wavering party to accept the leadership of the most unpopular figure in France.

Moreover, whatever bargain with the Socialists or other political considerations may have been involved in this resurrection of the Income Tax, the measure was as unpopular as ever, and only Caillaux's persistence achieved a reform long needed in the interest of the French Treasury.

But now in the very moment of his triumph Caillaux's evil genius again overtook him. Toward the end of the debate in the Senate he agreed that the *rente* should be exempt from tax, a concession to political expediency which crippled the effectiveness of the reform. The price of the *rente* instantly went up on the market. Next day in the Chamber he assured Jaurès that it would be taxed, and the *rente* dropped heavily. Paris then learned from the *Figaro* that each of these fluctuations had been preceded by

heavy trading in the rente on the Bourse, and went on to read a direct accusation that Caillaux or certain of his friends had made large sums as a result of these tactics of parliamentary finance.

In the midst of the uproar that followed, the *Figaro* came forward on the scene and brought Caillaux a second time to ruin.

The *Figaro* for two months past had been attacking Caillaux as a discreditable character, taking up one after another the various charges brought against him in his past career, and particularly the scandals of his period in office in 1911. By a skillful combination of accusations, quoted documents, and summaries of documents not quoted, it was made clear that Caillaux had been intimately associated with affairs of which he had denied any knowledge; and that in one case an order from Monis which had permitted a notorious embezzler to escape from justice had been issued at Caillaux's personal insistence. These disclosures incidentally touched upon matters of his private life.

Caillaux had married in 1906 a Mme. Dupré, recently divorced. Three years later Mme. Caillaux came upon a letter from her husband to another lady, the wife of a M. Clarétie, setting forth the reasons which made it impossible for him then to divorce his wife and marry Mme. Clarétie in the event of her own divorce. There was a break, a reconciliation, and in 1911 a divorce. Later that year Mme. Clarétie, now also divorced, became the second Mme. Caillaux.

It was a private letter involving indirectly this domestic history which the *Figaro* now spread before the eyes of Paris, under the classic heading, *Intermède Comique — Ton Jo*. The explanation Caillaux immediately issued was that the note was a private

message to 'une amie,' written on the evening of the day he had defeated the Income Tax, far back in 1901. In it Caillaux had informed her of a triumph:—

. . . J'ai d'ailleurs remporté un très beau succès. I crushed the Income Tax, while giving the impression of defending it. I gained the applause of the Centre and the Right, and did not offend too much the Left . . . and succeeded in giving the course of things the turn toward the Right which was absolutely necessary. . . . This evening I shall be irritated, dead tired, almost ill, but I shall have rendered a real service to my country.

TON JO

To the general public this epistle was a startling reminder of Caillaux's attitude of thirteen years before, now brought forward just at the moment he had dragooned the Left into accepting his long-championed measure of 'democratic fiscal reform.' To his wife the document was a more intimate source of mortification, for it was not to her that the Minister of Finance had affectionately signed himself *Ton Jo*, and his letter antedated even the period of her predecessor, the first Mme. Caillaux. The *Figaro* serial had been bad enough already; there was now no telling how far back the trail might lead. Mme. Caillaux took up her revolver and called for a taxi.

One must grant Caillaux the credit for his conduct in the agony which followed; no husband could have been more loyal than was he to the wife who had completed his ruin and turned for a second time every man's hand against him. But the struggle to save her from the guillotine exhausted the last shreds of his political credit; and in a sensational murder-trial, with its vast unsavory background of adultery, graft, divorce, and intrigue, Caillaux's reputation finally foundered. During the years that followed he was to bring

his name into still deeper ignominy; but this war-time Caillaux was rather a ghost of the old formidable reality, wandering through the outer darkness in despair and vindictive resentment at the fate which had overtaken him. The touch of that dead hand gave war itself another horror; and toward the end this apparition, with its ominous forebodings of failure and disaster, became a real danger. But, for all that, the world in which Caillaux lived after August 1914 was a world of unreality, filled only with himself and his ruined ambition. His history thenceforward is not a political but a pathological study.

From being the dominant power of the French Government he had become almost a pariah, deserted by his party, banished from office, even mobbed whenever he appeared in a café; and the swiftness and completeness of this downfall produced a collapse within the man himself. This collapse did not perhaps change him, but merely brought out the *sbilancio*, the fundamental disequilibrium between talent and character in his make-up.

V

As to the question of character, the problem for the analyst is very simple. In Caillaux's case the word does not apply. He has strongly marked traits and strong qualities: intelligence, keen and quick perceptions, breadth of vision, with endless pluck, resource, and determination. But with all this goes a complete absence of the moral sense. Other men, in a pinch, are unscrupulous; Caillaux's distinction is a perfect innocence of the nuance between right and wrong. What takes the place of character with him is a supreme unquestioning self-confidence, which when checked or thwarted swells into fantastic, almost comic, megalomania.

This megalomania, distorted by resentment and baffled ambition, was the explanation, the guiding impulse, of his conduct during the war. Once again Caillaux did not sell out to Germany — he had little or nothing to offer. He did not desire a German victory per se, and still less, as an end in itself, the defeat of France. In his purpose, at least, he was working neither for France nor for Germany, nor for peace — but for Caillaux. The war was being fought by men who kept him out of power; the more successfully it was fought the more securely they could retain their hold and keep him in political exile. The failure of the war meant to him not the defeat of France but the downfall of his political enemies; not a military disaster, but a mere lobbying operation. Other French statesmen at times thought the war was hopeless; to Caillaux alone this prospect was itself a hope, for it offered the only means of his returning to power.

For this lofty object Caillaux, a former Premier of France and still a Deputy of the French Parliament, made himself a vague headquarters for all the political underworld of Europe, that queer war-time stratum of bungling spies and informers, German agents and defeatist propagandists, crooks and grafters of every description, and all the riffraff of French politics.

His purpose in all this, as he explained with perfect accuracy later on, was not to assist Germany but to form 'a new current of opinion.' The practical effect was stated bluntly by the German Chancellor when he informed a Reichstag committee, 'Herr Caillaux ist unser Mann'; and later on this same general truth was dealt with in still more concrete fashion by Clemenceau.

Caillaux himself argued that his arrest was an act of personal animosity

and persecution by partisan political enemies. The point is worth noting. Thanks largely to his own efforts, the Radicals, Caillaux's own party, had retained their balance of power in the elections of June 1914; and throughout the whole period of the war, in spite of their unpopularity and beneath all the superficial unity of the Union Sacrée, they retained control of the French Parliament. No move could be made without their consent, no Ministry formed without their support, and in every War Cabinet they were fully represented. In August 1914 his party joined in the common protective impulse to isolate Caillaux from all political authority. It was one of his friends who devised the pretext of the South American mission late that year in order to get him out of France; and all of them, even those who knew him still in private, disinfected themselves, so to speak, in public, by maintaining the formal excommunication against him.

When the time came Clemenceau merely arrested him. It was by his old political associates that Caillaux was kept under lock and key thereafter. Only the Socialists and a few of his personal followers protested at the time; the mass of the Radical Party

joined in the vote which sustained the proceedings against him. Thenceforward until the end of the war, throughout the Peace Conference and the ratification of the Treaty, through the whole period of the parliamentary elections, — over a period of two years in all, — they made no move to release him from prison, to test or challenge the charges on which he was held, or to hurry forward his trial. From this record, from the certificate of character thus given him, we may discern the judgment of his own friends upon Caillaux. After their condemnation his trial later on was a mere detail of procedure; and a verdict — one way or the other — could be no more than a verbal formula.

Ambition, tireless energy, and exceptional ability have ever brought him to the fore, and ever will. But each time that power has come within his grasp, at each high point in his career, — in 1912 as in 1914, and again three years later, — his own actions have cast him down.

From beginning to end the same relentless enemies have pursued Caillaux and overcome him: himself, his record, and his reputation.

They stand now, close behind him, waiting and ready.

GERMANY AND MODERN CIVILIZATION

BY REINHOLD NIEBUHR

I

STUDENTS of contemporary civilization may find an analysis of modern Germany a particularly fruitful and rewarding study. Nowhere will they discover the forces which contend for mastery in a modern state more clearly defined or the moral impotence of modern industrial civilization more obviously revealed. The moral limitations of modern life, which in other nations, and particularly in America, are obscured by a tremendous wealth the production of which is almost the sole achievement of modern industrialism, are vividly delineated in this unhappy nation, which the war and the war's aftermath have robbed of the only blessings which modern civilization knows how to bestow. The poverty of Germany aggravates every vice and defines every weakness which she possesses in common with other Western nations. The German temper serves to outline the resulting picture even more sharply, for it is inclined to philosophy rather than to politics and is gifted and cursed at once with the virtue and the vice of consistency. In other nations, and particularly in England, a penchant for compromise serves to soften the asperities of class- and race-conflicts. In Germany, however, the various economic and political groups contend for their rights and support their prejudices with a vigor and venom which make ordered government well-nigh impossible, but which offer the interested observer a

very clear picture of the vital factors and forces in a modern industrial state.

The political situation in Germany reveals a triangular conflict between three economic and political groups, none of which is powerful enough to gain permanent ascendancy in the nation. These groups may be roughly designated as the Nationalists, the Industrialists, and the Socialists. Each group has a quarrel with the other two, but also some affinity of interest or inclination with the second against the third. Thus Nationalists and Socialists are idealists of a sort who do not understand each other but both abhor the realism of the Industrialists. Industrialists and Socialists unite in supporting policies of European conciliation against Nationalist dreams of vengeance. Nationalists and Industrialists are combined to oppose the collectivist economics of the laborers. So the political life of the nation is fretted with endless conspiracies between the groups, in none of which a clear and victorious principle emerges to save the nation from endless conflict.

The Nationalists represent the old traditional Germany which hewed a place for itself in Europe by military power. They exhibit all the vices and virtues of the kind of patriotism which fashioned the modern nation out of the wreck of the Roman and the mediæval empires. In them the traditional patriot is the more clearly

typified because he is slightly caricatured. They imagine themselves cold-blooded *Realpolitiker* who deal ruthlessly with the hard facts of *Machtpolitik*. As a matter of fact they are naïve romanticists whose sentimental attachment to the nation places them in opposition to the internationalism of 'big business' as much as to the internationalism of the workers. Their patriotism is hopelessly anachronistic in the new Europe of economic interdependence. It is compounded of the narrow loyalties of the traditional European peasant and the robustious conceptions of national honor of the landed aristocrat. Living close to the soil, these classes do not understand the political needs of the great industrial centres which have developed in Europe in the past century; and from the vantage point of their agrarian prosperity they are able to defy these needs with impunity. The Nationalists naturally abhor all the political and economic arrangements which under the name of the 'Dawes Plan' are for the time being preserving peace in Europe, at the price, of course, of the political and economic servitude of Germany. Momentarily in power at the head of a coalition, they refrain from doing violence to these arrangements only because the Industrialists, whose support they need, are committed to them. Naturally the Nationalists are monarchists. They have convinced themselves that the revolution was the cause and not the consequence of the defeat in 1918; by incessant reiteration they have raised the idea of a Socialist 'stab in the back' to a political dogma.

A noisy right wing of the monarchists detached itself from the party some time ago under the leadership of Hitler and Ludendorff, but was fortunately reduced to impotence in the

last election. These extremists have discovered an easy way of cursing the Industrialists and Socialists in the same breath by ascribing their pacific tendencies to a Jewish want of patriotism and to Semitic conspiracies against the State. The basis in fact for their curious and violent anti-Semitism is the undoubtedly strong Jewish influence in the ranks of both capitalists and Socialists. The Kaiser is persona non grata among them because he is believed to have been a vital factor in the industrialization of Germany.

II

The Industrialists are politically articulate in the *Volkspartei*, of which Stresemann is the acknowledged leader. Under his leadership this party initiated those policies of *Erfüllung* which finally resulted in the acceptance of the Dawes Plan. The Industrialists are the real *Realpolitiker* of modern Germany. Bereft of any sentimental attachment to either the nation or the ideals of peace, they follow the political course which their interests dictate. They are the perfect representatives of the secular spirit of modern industrialism. For the past few years they have pursued a policy of European conciliation, for they feared that the truculence of the Nationalists would only play into the hands of French militarism. Knowing that behind French chauvinism was the desire of French iron to gain control of German coal, they followed the course of saving the title to their resources by acceding to even the most exorbitant demands of French militarism—as, for instance, in the Micum agreement. Meanwhile they have tried to place the chief burden of Reparations on the backs of the workers, and have succeeded in destroying some of the most dearly bought advantages of Labor. Their conciliatory

policies have had the active support of the Democrats and Centrists, who have a real interest in European pacification, and the passive support of the Socialists, who were ready to pay any price that war might be averted. Now that the Dawes Plan is a fairly secure working arrangement, the Industrialists are inclined to part company with their liberal and radical supporters, and they have in fact entered the Nationalist government. More or less monarchist at heart, they have supported republican parties only because the monarchists were hopelessly involved with the idea of a war of revenge. Now that there is no immediate danger of such a war, the Industrialists are inclined to exploit the Nationalist temper for the purpose of securing better trade-agreements with France.

It may be imagined that the path of the Labor Party in such a situation has not been an easy one. The conflict in the industrial community had to be abandoned in order to defeat Nationalist policies which were perilous to industrial employers and employees alike. The workers accomplished this purpose by maintaining an anxious neutrality toward the governments dominated by the Industrialists. Naturally this policy exposed them to the suspicion of connivance with the enemies of Labor — a suspicion which the Communists assiduously exploited, so that it seemed for a time as if the Communists might capture the trade-unions. In the last election the Socialists have, however, regained their lost strength and practically eliminated the threat of a Communist uprising. While the Socialists are not so uncompromising as the Communists in their class-war doctrines, they are more orthodox Marxians than British Labor; needless to say they are, as all Continental Socialists, thoroughly internationalist

in their outlook. Practically ostracized from the cultural unity of the nation and denied access to the real treasures of their various national civilizations, Continental workers have been driven to develop class loyalties in compensation for and in opposition to the traditional national communities. The internationalism of the German workers drives the old patriots into veritable frenzies of righteous indignation, but they fail to see anything more significant in the revolt of the helots than evidences of Semitic conspiracies against the integrity of Germany.

Both the extreme nationalists and the internationalists dream of a day when order will be brought out of the chaos of conflicting loyalties by the forceful elimination of either the class or the nation as the object of general fealty. The dreams of neither are likely to be realized. Modern industrial nationalism is too arrantly secular in its aim, and the old traditional nationalism is too blind to the inequalities of class, to be able to regain the confidence of the worker in Europe. The industrial worker of the Continent is probably permanently alienated from the nation; but his dreams of destroying it by means of the class conflict are no more likely to be fulfilled than the dreams of the patriot. What happened in Russia will hardly be duplicated in any advanced industrial community in which the economic organization creates a much larger middle class than the Marxian prophecies contemplated and where the peasants are not so readily reduced to the ranks of the proletariat as Marxism assumes. Here the evidence from contemporary German history is significant and illuminating. If Communism could capture a nation it would have conquered Germany in the winter of her discontent, when poverty drove the workers to despair and forced many

members of the middle classes into their ranks. Even under such conditions the forces of revolution could not succeed, though they were actively supported from Moscow. The German workers knew that a revolt of the Left would be as disastrous to them as a military coup of the Right.

III

It seems, in short, that European civilization is destined to be harassed for years to come by a conflict between political and economic groups in which each group lacks the power to reduce the others to impotence and thus fashion a homogeneous civilization. This conflict does not appear so clearly in other European nations as in Germany, but it is nevertheless a common characteristic of European life. Since no group is strong enough to build a new order by force, one might hope that the community as such might fashion ideals and conceive principles which would transcend and finally compose the fruitless conflict. But there is no evidence, particularly in German life, that such a hope may be realized in any immediate future.

Two small political parties of Germany, the Democrats and the Centrists (Catholics), typify in a sense the political forces which are not immediately dominated by the political and economic interests of the three great groups. The Democrats, among whom Jewish intellectuals are conspicuous, represent the professional middle classes and intellectual idealists of various classes. They are sincere republicans and passionate devotees of the ideal of European peace. In domestic politics they exhibit tendencies closely akin to those of British liberalism, and are probably too involved with the individualistic ideals of the nineteenth century to play a

determining rôle in a country in which tradition supports the modern tendency to collectivist economic theories.

The Catholic Party is the only political group in Germany which really transcends the class conflict. Claiming support of individuals in all economic groups, who are united in it by religious sentiment and ecclesiastic discipline, the Party has followed a political course which has been of inestimable value in preserving parliamentary government in a time when the violence of the class conflict threatened to destroy it. Of all non-Labor groups it has been most sympathetic to Labor. That is why governments which needed the benevolent neutrality of Labor have usually been headed by a Catholic chancellor though they were dominated by the *Volks-partei*. The Party has been vigorously republican, probably because it had no special love for the Protestant Hohenzollern dynasty. In its international policies it has worked as sincerely as the Democrats for European pacification. Its international outlook may be prompted by its international ecclesiastical connections, but there are other Catholic parties in Europe which are violently nationalist. More likely the explanation for its internationalism must be found in the traditions of the Holy Roman Empire, which, unlike the modern German empire, was not a nationalist state.

Though it could not be maintained that these two parties represent the only expressions of political idealism in the state or that their idealism is untainted by class interest, they are nevertheless, both in their strength and in their weakness, fairly symbolical of the position of intellectual and religious idealism in the modern state. If the Democratic Party may be regarded as representing intellectual idealism, it is significant that it is able

to transcend national prejudices partly because of the Semitic genius for internationalism. That is a circumstance which is not lost on the Nationalist opponents. If the Catholic Party represents religious idealism, it is significant that mediæval and not modern religion grapples with the social problems of modern civilization. In other words the typical citizen of the modern industrial state, who is more liable to be Gentile than Jew and Protestant than Catholic, lacks both the imagination and the spiritual passion to detach himself from the prejudices of his political or economic group or to act contrary to its immediate interests; nor is he seriously impressed by the counsels of races and religions which are not altogether indigenous to his own civilization. He discounts the virtue of their position because he suspects it of being conceived in opposition to his own civilization. The internationalism of both Jews and Catholics aggravates his own nationalism, because he believes that it is a form of vengeance against his refusal to accept them as fully accredited members of his society.

IV

The situation in Germany is of course only roughly typical of Western life as a whole. The position of the Jewish internationalist is more typical than that of the Catholic internationalist, for the Catholic Party of Germany is unique rather than typical. But in the inability of Protestantism seriously to influence the economic and social life of the nation or to make the inspiration of a spiritual interpretation of life available for the problems of social life, Germany is typical. The complete secularization of her life is typical. The modern mind has been obsessed with the task of conquering nature

and completely lacks the imaginative faculty which is needed to develop the art of living together. The highest intelligence of modern life, which should have been devoted to the task of emancipating man from ancient hatreds and political frictions, has been used to aggravate those hatreds by building up an industrialism which has added horizontal to the already existing vertical divisions of human society. European civilization is perishing in its fratricidal conflicts, with no arm strong enough to coerce it into some semblance of unity and no heart warm enough to win it to the ideals of brotherhood. Men are so imperfect that mutual love can be built only upon a mutual trust which assumes virtue in the neighbor and thus helps to create it; in their imperfections they are bound to wrong each other so much that the art of living together must finally depend upon the grace of forgiveness. A love which is based upon trust and which can issue in forgiveness requires a high degree of spiritual passion and imagination. The current religions of Western civilization are supplying neither the passion nor the imagination. They are too immersed in the problems of the inner life to concern themselves seriously with the needs of society, too infected with the secularism of the day to generate sufficient spiritual passion for the social task, and too involved with national and middle-class groups to gain a proper perspective of the needs of modern society as a whole.

It is significant that any realistic and necessarily pessimistic analysis of modern life is generally resented and little understood in America. We accept it either with incredulity or with pharisaic detachment. Whatever may be the matter with Europe, we do not feel that anything is seriously the matter with us. We do not realize that

the forces which are so vividly outlined in Germany and other European nations are contending for mastery in our life as well as theirs, and that we possess no spiritual grace which they may lack. Our geographic isolation and economic opulence will save us for a while from sharing the fate of European civilization. We thus have time to fashion morally redemptive forces for modern life. But there is no evidence in our life that encourages us to hope that we will improve the time.

The race prejudices which we exhibit, particularly in our relations to Asia, and the unimaginative and timid attitude which we assume toward impoverished Europe, in which the fears of a political novice and the anxiety of a wealthy creditor are mingled, do

not offer much hope for the future. The very fact that the sins of modern civilization which we share with Europe are more covert here than there only serves to add the sin of blatant self-righteousness to the other moral deficiencies of modern society. Europe may stumble to her doom in confusion while we walk into ours with pride erect; but nothing can finally save our Western civilization either in Europe or in America if we do not add to the achievement of the conquest of nature the moral achievement of a social order in which men may live together in peace in spite of the conflict of their interests, and in which men will learn to trust one another in spite of wrong which they have inflicted upon each other.

A SCHOOL FOR PEACEMAKERS

BY LYMAN BRYSON

I

It is natural that a scientific or, more properly speaking, a 'technical' age should approach the problem of eliminating war from a technical standpoint. The ethical war on war, since before the day of Horace's '*bellaque matribus detestata*,' has been too slowly effective, if indeed it has had any results whatever. The announcement of a School of International Relations, to be endowed at Johns Hopkins University in memory of Walter Hines Page, is a signal on the horizon. We look hopefully upon the founding of such an institution as a step toward giving permanent effect to sporadic

but worthwhile efforts which have been seen in education for several years.

The scientific probity which will be assured by Johns Hopkins administration may make this the beginning of a laboratory attack upon war as a social disease. It is so described by Mr. Owen D. Young in his announcement of the plan. It is, for that reason, of even greater importance than the simultaneous endowment of scholarships for British students in American schools by the Commonwealth Fund, or the study years for American men and women abroad which Mr. and Mrs. Simon Guggenheim have established. These

scholarship funds, after the example of Cecil Rhodes, will increase, no doubt, the precious leaven of men and women in the English-speaking world who can sympathize with lives and ideals outside their native provinces. But the Page Memorial School, if boldly directed, may pass beyond the clinical study of foreign affairs. The method of science, the method of the exact search for truth without regard for any ulterior purpose, may have at last a chance of application to the affairs of nations.

The mere hopeful possibility of such study of world politics shows once more the beneficence of the present control of our affairs by the technicians. No one who carefully watches the trend of our political and social conduct can doubt the steadily increasing domination of the engineer. As we insist upon having more and more 'goods and services' which only machines can provide, we gradually surrender essential governmental processes to the men who can make and manage machinery. But engineers are dependent upon science. They are not usually scientists themselves, for scientists are concerned only with the truth and engineers are concerned with control; but they follow science — out of the armory of impersonal data they arm themselves for the conquest of force and the reshaping of our malleable lives. And since they know how far their own 'practical' achievements must depend upon the inhuman questing of the scientist, they support and defend his irreverent and dangerous curiosities.

Somewhere in the long line of the radio enthusiast, the keeper of a radio shop, the manufacturer of radio machines, the laboratory experimenter with radio development, and the physicist who moves freely among theories, someone must be found who has heard of Herz, and finally a queer and

abstract person who comprehends the Herzian theorizing. That queer person for his esoteric usefulness is protected by the technician in power.

It is perhaps foolishly optimistic to hope that the Page Memorial School will at once make the tremendous forward step of approaching the problems of international politics in disinterested curiosity. But it will be surprising if men of good minds, who are associated in a university with numerous examples of the scientific temper, do not finally become ashamed of jejune generalities, of prejudices and emotions, of guesswork and self-deceit. It will be strange if the young student of politics does not gradually acquire the caution in assertion and the courage in conviction which are the divine gifts of the true scientist. He will in the end have the serene bravery to prick the balloons of political nonsense and begin to build a structure of political fact out of the minute fragments of which he can be sure.

When that time comes, however, the problems of international politics, even the central problem of scientific control, will not be solved. Our habitually 'technical' thinking may lead us into illusory confidence in facts. Truth — the mightiest — cannot prevail until it is acted upon. And politics concerns people. The public is capable of strange hostilities against even the most innocent of the technical applications of science. The first umbrellas in New York were greeted with brickbats. And when science announces a new political hypothesis the first acknowledgment is always a roar from the lions. J. B. S. Haldane has remarked that biological inventions begin as indecencies. One might go further to say that new theories in anthropology have begun as blasphemies. Worse still, inventions in statecraft are certain to begin as treason.

To predict what a scientist will formulate is doubtless the most unfriendly act one can commit against him; but in order to imagine the probable effect upon the public mind of a new theory in politics one must recklessly manufacture an example. Consider, for instance, what would happen if some retiring and comparatively obscure student should deny that national sovereignty must be preserved intact.

Imagine the publication, in a harmless-looking monograph, of something like this: —

‘Since coöperation between national units is the arrangement which mankind as a whole is seeking to arrive at, it is certain, in the light of facts adduced, that some surrender of national sovereignty is a first necessity. This surrender would be of the same character as the abatement of personal liberty which is customarily accepted by every citizen in a legally organized community. The individual citizen may be said to have greater real liberty within a legal community than would be possible in a condition of complete anarchy, because by surrendering his right to act as he chooses he gains protection from others whose unchecked freedom might very probably endanger his own life or property; but the surrender is made, nevertheless. He submits to having his own claims adjudicated as a price paid for the protection of the law-enforcing machinery. In precisely the same way a nation cannot be protected from the possible encroachments of other nations unless it is willing to abate its national sovereignty in submitting its claims to the justice of some supranational court, and in submitting to the enforcement of supranational laws by supranational police.’

This is not offered here as a scientific truth, and its language is, if you like, a solemn travesty of the terms in which

a theory of politics is likely to be set forth. It is not even new; but it will serve as an example. So long as it lies embedded in the gray pages of a scientific monograph it will not cause a ripple, although in our present state the obscure young student might conceivably lose his academic job. Even a ‘popular science’ article in the newspapers, setting it forth in calm words, would probably cause no lynchings or riots.

But — if the technicians are to be believed — they expect to act upon any truths which may be unearthed in the laboratory.

Mr. Young is an excellent example of the technicians who occupy a dominating position in our present-day affairs, not because he is himself an engineer, but because he exercises administrative control over one great phase of that technical activity. In announcing the plan for the Page Memorial School, Mr. Young is reported to have said: —

‘The Page School will, therefore, achieve three things. First, it will develop a science of international relations; second, it will ascertain the facts, so far as they can be found, on any particular problem; and third, it will produce a continually growing body of men trained in that science and available for service in the fields of education, government, and business.’

If this means anything at all it must mean that those men whom Mr. Young represents — the greatest forces in an industrial civilization — are willing to attempt the control of political action by scientific truth regardless of damage to preconceived doctrines. It is obvious enough that politics should be the application of science to human relations. It is equally evident that such application is neither accomplished nor desired by most men who engage in

political activity. The manipulation of technical boards appointed with great show of fair-mindedness to advise the government on difficult questions is painfully well known. 'Political considerations' are by definition not considerations of truth.

The purpose of the new school must be revolutionary in the sense of changing the attitude of government toward fact. But can such a revolution be accomplished? Can the forces which men like Mr. Young represent bring about such a transformation of political habits and machinery?

Perhaps. But the difficulties in the way are more than simple ignorance and inertia. There is at least one tendency in American thinking which will run directly counter to this wise courage.

II

What I have in mind is not the trend toward economic imperialism more or less inherent in industrial development. I believe that the men who think for the enormous power which is concentrated in technical equipment and capital accumulation are open-eyed enough to check such imperialism if it leads into war. There is not good reason, outside of obstinate prejudice, for doubting the good faith of the men who give large sums of money and their own prestige to advance the study of international relations to the point of eliminating war. If they were entirely self-seeking they would still know the evidence which has been brought to support Norman Angell's contention that war is a very unprofitable business for industry as a whole. The United States did make enormous sums out of the last war, but that was before it became a combatant. One must see a lack of good sense as well as a Machiavellian subtlety in the business man who supports schools of research for

eliminating war in public and plots embroilments behind his office door. It is difficult to believe in such immoral and ultimately futile duplicity.

Nor is the danger permanently great from the self-appointed guardians of our national honor — the sabre-rattlers. Nor do I think the splenetic and vicious intolerance of racial groups and religious sects which has a temporary vogue is likely to affect permanently the stable mind of the nation.

The greatest obstacle to peace is in our growing philosophy of power.

We are a people of fairly active mind. There is a great number of what might be called secondary thinkers, journalists, educators, lawyers, social workers, men of affairs, superior politicians, who, although not gifted enough to contribute new social philosophies, are carrying bricks to a final structure at the behest of a vaguely defined leadership. And they are building a philosophy of power.

They are building a body of doctrine which values life in terms of aggressive achievement, in which happiness is measured in terms of imposing a personality on its surroundings, human and material. This doctrine in its patriotic form means a haughty, intolerant nationalism, fit to find itself a divine mission and accomplish it in blood.

There is no attempt here to prophesy that this tendency will prevail. But it exists; and the outcome, if it should prevail, is reasonably certain.

A popular philosophy of power is a natural rationalization of industrial greatness. It is so much the natural result of our sudden and tremendous technical development that it finds common expression among the technicians who are themselves the protagonists of power. And because it is an extension of their common mode of thought it will be difficult for them,

when the time for decision comes, to deny its doctrine in the hope that scientific truth can control political action.

There is nothing essentially vulgar about this philosophy of power. It is being constructed, not by the rabid purveyors of the Nordic myth or any other pseudoscientific intolerance, but by men who are intellectually honest and cautious, men who feel the movement of the national mind and innocently rationalize it in acceptable terms.

Nor does the tendency in its present stage have much concern for the conduct of the United States in relation to other countries. It is busy with domestic problems, such as business and education and sport. How it is working is evident in a conversation I had recently with an educator, a man of wide experience, distinguished position, and noticeably liberal mind.

He was bewailing the high-school youth's lack of interest in study. But he had his 'constructive' programme in mind if not in hand. 'We find the boy interested and happy while he is driving his flivver,' he said, 'because he can step on the gas and feel a sensation of power. What education has to discover is a way to give him that same sense of power in conquering a mathematical problem or a laboratory experiment. He must be shown how he can enjoy a sense of power in overcoming an intellectual difficulty as well as in a simple thing like running a motor-car.'

There is nothing secretly sinister about that conception of education. But examine it for a moment for its implications. Education must find a way of giving the boy a 'sense of power.' Is this the same thing as the older idea of giving him a sense of pleasure in effort toward a good end? A sense of power which comes from the

throbbing of a motor under your feet can be purchased by anyone for a few hundred dollars. A sense of pleasure in effort toward a good end is not so easily attained and must be paid for in moral coin. But a sense of power in intellectual attainment is a beatitude which falls upon few creatures and usually upon them only after years of intellectual training. It is possible, of course, that my educator friend meant the sense of power which is enjoyed by a child in solving a crossword puzzle, but I do him the honor of thinking he was occupied with a greater illusion. He appeared to believe that a sense of power, a feeling of domination or self-assertion, was possible for any person in any field. It was a good in itself and should be used as the motive of education.

The idea of power over self is so old-fashioned in these Freudian days that no one could have had the hardihood to trouble him by dragging it into the discussion.

Other educators currently take their moral data from games rather than from motoring, but some sort of sport supplies the common object-lesson. And our conception of sport is notoriously a glorification of the winner and his power; talk about effort in a good cause is largely a sop to the defeated, which no one takes very seriously.

This thinking in education is parallel — it may be either cause or effect — with simultaneous thinking in business, the professions, and all affairs. The 'inspiration' luncheon-clubs talk a good deal of coöperation, but only as a form of power.

This is, as I have said, a natural rationalizing process. We are getting to be more self-conscious, and by the common philosophical process we are finding an *ex post facto* explanation for our success and making divinities to fit our qualities. We are a powerful

people. Almost the whole population of the United States enjoys external and obvious forms of power which are rarely distributed in most other countries and nonexistent in many. Our technicians, employing our natural resources, have given us those blessings. And now we are making power a condition of happiness, as if it had been written, 'life, liberty, and something over which he can assert himself.'

In that, we are human, and we can console ourselves with the thought that under similar lucky circumstances any other national group would probably have evolved the same standard of values. The power which was in the moral strength, and physical might, and mental adaptability of our pioneer fathers is passed on in the form of developed resources, technical equipment, and plethoric prosperity to the second and third generation. With greater mental subtlety, which comes from weaker sinews and wider learning, the present generation is deifying the unearned increment.

The possibilities of danger in such a tendency do not show themselves so readily in domestic affairs as they may in international politics. A philosophy of power is the rational basis for a 'chosen people' myth. It is a philosophic justification for contempt toward peoples of lesser power. It is a spiritual resort for those who are tempted to sympathize with peoples or races standing in our way. Since it makes of personal assertion an absolute good, it will naturally make of national aggressiveness a great and splendid political doctrine.

We were trying to imagine what would happen if the scientists of a new school of political research should construct the hypothesis that the world can never attain peace without a superstate to which each government will surrender a fraction of its

sovereignty. They may quite possibly affirm many things very different from this. If one knew in advance what their conclusions or even their facts were likely to be, there would be small reason for putting them to work. But it does not seem probable that they will sponsor the doctrine that unchecked international aggression by the United States is the world's assurance of permanent peace. If, while they are studying, we continue to develop our philosophy of power, their first suggestion of any curtailment or repression of our natural tendency to expand will be greeted with cries of treason. This will not be unintelligent patriotism. It will be the logical expression of our guiding standard of values, and no amount of purely scientific thought could prevail against it. If we once get thoroughly into a conquering frame of mind, it will have to wear itself out before any facts repugnant to it can get a hearing.

Our will to power will be as well documented with solemn intellectual justifications as was a German conqueror with Hegel in his knapsack. Our outcry, if it comes, will be a dutiful and honest resentment against a political heresy which threatens our convenient ethics.

It will be a rallying to the defense of human rights and the possibilities of human development whose principles we have learned not from personal-efficiency advertisements but from college lecture-platforms.

Such philosophies of power have grown up in nearly all nations which have at one time or another tried to dominate the world. England had such a philosophy under Elizabeth, Spain when she was spreading Europe over America, France before the Revolution, England again in the nineteenth century, and Germany from 1870 to

1918. Whenever a nation has got into such a position, through natural advantages and the weakness of nearest rivals, that it could with some chance of success attempt world-hegemony, it has developed its philosophy of power. It has rationalized the chance at tyranny and domination which luck has given it into a belief in a 'mission,' or a 'manifest destiny.'

The United States is still only partly conscious of its strength. It is almost entirely unconscious of the fact that it is building up a system of thought that will give the color of righteousness to the selfish exertion of that strength. But by the time our honest scientists have assembled and arranged some of the facts concerning international affairs, and the technicians who follow them try to direct our course by those facts, we may have reached a stage of self-deception which will make it impossible for us to see the difference between leading the world into the ways of peace and trying for a *pax romana* on our own account.

Not even the technician, stiff-minded as he sometimes is, will suppose that the mere citation of a fact can settle a question of conduct. If he is not to be confined forever to dealing with soulless metal and stone, he must know that man moves among his major interests — art, religion, and politics — triple bound in the armor of theories. Man cannot act upon a fact. He must act with a purpose, and purpose involves the evaluation of facts. In politics he will always be guided by synthetic interpretations of facts — by opinions.

Mr. Young in his address on the plan for the new school said: 'I cry again for facts.' But he knows, as does any man of affairs, that facts are sterile without comparative evaluations. He instanced the French debt. He said: 'Right now we find irritation

and misunderstanding between two great nations. And why, Mr. President? Because no impartial authority, free from the handicaps of domestic politics in either country, has been able to study the question of the fair amount or the practical method of payment of the French debt.' But the question is begged in the term, 'the fair amount.' What is fair will never be determined by facts, though they be heaped in monographs, charts, maps, statistics, and other evidence beyond the capacity of the most voracious expert. Like a sly stain, opinion colors the mind of any man who approaches facts to find a course of action. It shows itself even in a sincere plea for impersonal truth.

The second purpose of the new school is fundamental, since only the ascertaining of facts and their orderly arrangement can serve as foundation for the first purpose, the creation of a science of international relations. The development of such a science is undoubtedly as near possible as is the development of any other science in which humanity is the material substance.

The quantitative method which has saved the physical sciences from magic and rhetoric, and which is beginning a similar salvation in social studies through the work of such statisticians as David Friday, may in time clear the debris of charlatanism from politics as well. The second purpose is comparatively easy of achievement, and the first requires only the sort of intellectual courage which is still rare, but is found nevertheless in an increasing proportion among physicists, chemists, and their beneficent ilk.

The third purpose, the training of a group of technicians to apply the discovered truths, may follow as a matter of course.

III

But what I have been trying to show by reference to our growing philosophy of power is that the task of these technicians, when they try to move us the first step toward scientific control of our international conduct, will be complicated by our tendency to rationalize our national situation into a working theory. When a physicist inquires into the behavior of iron under the influence of heat, he wisely omits any consideration of purposes or motives in either metal or vibration. The iron submits to experiment; and when the technician takes hold the iron submits to use. But in politics, although the scientist may get at truth with his quantitative methods, the technicians will not find that the human material out of which political machines must be made is so impersonally submissive. The question of values, of what goals are to be arrived at, will enter into the behavior of the material.

The establishment of a school which will make the attempt at scientific control of politics is cheering news. But it is not too much to say that politics, international affairs as well as domestic, will always require an irreducible minimum of art for its

solution. Politics is a matter of conduct; and conduct, even for an omniscient being, would still be a matter of art. Mr. Young cites an apposite example of political ineptitude. He says we learned something of psychology from the Washington Disarmament Conference. But, as he says, 'a few months later, without careful study, without many facts, without restraint, either in act or word, without politeness, the Congress of the United States passes an immigration law under such circumstances as to offend the pride and dignity of a great nation in the Pacific, a nation with which we have every reason to live in peace and friendship.'

But is it to be supposed that any number of facts would have brought the wisdom of tact into that unhappy transaction?

It comes down to this: all that is generously projected is good, but the technicians that the new school turns out, armed with scientific truth, will be compelled to acquire the art of public persuasion. The first great practical results will not be obtained until they have successfully acquired that art and have used it to establish effective machinery without losing thereby the science which justifies their bid for political control.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

ANSER MATER

EVEN before those oversexed persons, the Freudians, divested the dreaming of dreams of the last shred of good repute left to that frequent yet flagrant practice, it was the rule of many well-conducted breakfast-tables, our own included, to taboo the recital of visionary adventures, not as damning evidence of depravity, but as unutterably childish twaddle. Why, then, do I wrong my training by publicly reviving a certain slumberous experience of last June, save to show, with our old friend Cicero, that dreams are in general images of things that men in waking hours have known? Listen to the provocation — what the psychoanalytic fellows call the 'stimuli' — of one summer day, and then to the resulting 'dream-stuff' of the ensuing night.

Deeproot University — 'dear old Deeproot' — is only a stone's throw from my home. (I know that to be the exact distance, for I sometimes throw stones at its towers.) So on June the sixteenth last, in the stifling company of the many-headed monster, I stewed on the benches of its ancient auditorium, erected in Cleveland's second consulship, and drowsed through the protracted fever of its fortieth Commencement. There is little doubt, however, that I was fully awake during the conferring of honorary degrees, for I remember marking with especial unction the pungent contrast between the ostensible virtues of the candidates, portrayed in pretty cameos, and the traits of the men as I knew them on the street. While they bent their fat forms under the heavy weight of

hooded honors, I punctured each with a pointed epithet of my own: 'Oleaginous' Ole Petersen, and 'festering' Festus Skinner, and 'Grab-all' Grimball, all LL. D.'s; and 'holy' Willie Wilkins, D. D.

'For heaven's sake,' asked the man in the next seat, 'why are they giving Willie a degree?'

'For heaven's sake,' I answered.

It is necessary for the understanding of the coming dream to add that, dazed by all this academic moonshine, I tottered home, and regained my wonted poise only after reading 'Mother Goose' aloud to my grandchildren.

Then came night, when 'wicked dreams abuse the curtain'd sleep.' Meseemed that, across vividly green spaces and through shrubby fragrant with June, I with many others hurried to a hall of collegiate Gothic, in the lofty gable of which were deeply carved the legend 'Anser Mater' and beneath it this couplet, so suggestive of academic relations and reflections:—

When the rain raineth, and the goose winketh,
Little wotteth the gosling what the goose
thinketh.

Squeezing into the crowded auditorium, I crept into a corner where I could both see and hear. The strident syllables issuing from craning necks, and mingling with hoarse cackling and heavy rustling, proclaimed the full flood of the tide of this Anserine Commencement. On the stage suddenly appeared figures at once strange and familiar, creatures remote from my daily round of life, and yet the intimates of my childhood and, only a few hours since, the inmates of my thought. And I knew in a flash that the worthies

of youth's wonderworld were to be honored with the degrees for which they had waited too long.

Madam President, — herself the incarnation of Anser Mater, — whose features under the peaked cap bespoke a soaring mind at home in those cloud-lands through which, in her best-known portraits, she sails in supreme dominion, advanced to the front of the stage and faced with impressive dignity the candidates that her own muse had made famous. I had expected the dame to speak in wonted verse, but her eulogies were couched in a sonorous prose which possessed the double merit of according perfectly with the name and the character of the goose-goddess and of maintaining fully the traditions of such tributes. Her first compliments were paid to 'the Three Wise Men of Gotham, who went to sea in a bowl': 'Scholarly citizens of no mean city, natives of the world, denizens of the universe, and sons of this University, intrepid adventurers in uncharted seas, following knowledge like a sinking star beyond the utmost bounds of human thought.' For obvious reasons these degrees were conferred *in absentia* by the University, which was, it seems, the residuary legatee of the Gotham mariners. Deafening applause and shouts in passable imitation of the English accent: 'Well bowled, sirs!'

Significantly enough, another good bowler, Old King Cole, was unanimously rejected by the Anserine trustees on account of notorious features of his home-life that had already been visited with the reprobation of the W. C. T. U. and the Anti-Nicotine Society. Anser Mater is nothing if not moral. Likewise 'the man who had naught,' and who escaped 'the robbers that came to rob him by running fourteen miles in fifteen days' was declared absolutely ineligible to a degree by the

collectors of 'the bigger, better Anserine' fund who had 'followed him up,' though his sprinting-record won for him the sympathetic support of many athletic alumni, who had covered the same distance when paced by the same collectors. The full vote of the Corporation had been unhesitatingly given, however, to another track-hero, 'the Crooked Man who went a crooked mile and found a crooked sixpence against a crooked stile.' He was glowingly praised not only for 'going' his famous mile under difficulties, but also for his acquisition along the way; and he moreover received due commendation for that curvature of body and of mind which had brought success to him and prestige to Anser Mater. As he arose to receive his honors he deliberately drew from his pocket a strangely shaped coin and placed it in the outstretched palm of the University treasurer.

The next notable was Thomas Piperson. 'Schooled in adversity in his youth (when he was known as "Tom the Piper's son"), indeed frustrated by violent enemies, who called him harsh names, in his early attempt to create a corner in the pork market, he was later eminently successful in leading both the human and porcine world of his day a merry dance and in making his hearers pay the piper.' To this 'joyous herald of jazz and beloved benefactor of the youth of every country' was awarded the degree of Doctor of Music, *honoris causa*. It was whispered in the audience that the University had generously offered to assist Dr. Piperson in his praiseworthy design 'to die poor.'

Anser Mater then demonstrated her interest in foreign talents, whether one or ten, by her hearty recognition of a Welsh gentleman named Taffy. It appeared from the soaring pæan upon his acquisitive powers that, with greater

success than his friend Piperson, he had made one or two daring ventures in beef and bone. He, also, had suffered wrong, even personal injury, from others. His head was 'bloody but unbowed,' as, stiffly erect, he received the plaudits of the multitude. I was informed that the beef and all the marrow from the bone were in the University larder.

The double degree of B. A. (Ba-a, ba-a) was conferred on Black Sheep, who was hardly distinguishable among the candidates, with the tacit understanding that the 'three bags of wool' be diverted from their present possessors to academic purposes. The double degree of M. A. (Mama) was given to the 'Old Woman who lived in a Shoe' with aptly worded commendation of her 'lifelong warfare against race suicide and noteworthy achievements as dietitian and disciplinarian.' High praise was accorded her well-known treatise on 'The Child at Close Range.' Shoe Hall, her gift to Anserine, would soon be open to subfreshmen. Three gentlemen of the name of Jack were honored with degrees, and a few minutes later announcements were made of their benefactions: the House that Jack built (to be used as College Commons), the fat and the lean uneaten by Jack Sprat and his Wife (here the degree seems to have been obtained under false pretenses and promises), and the tarts erstwhile in the possession of the Knave (Jack) of Hearts. Delighted cackles of greedy anticipation from all the children of Anser Mater! And then the insubstantial pageant faded, leaving not a quack behind.

THE POWWOW DOCTOR

DESPITE the dullness of monotony, some who dwell in quiet places never lose their sense of strangeness in famil-

iar things. These are the wise women and seers of their neighborhoods, for whom the unknown lurks just around the corner or under the nearest bush.

In a certain Pennsylvania valley lived, not so many years ago, a woman who saw the world in this fashion. There was no sharp line for her between the seen and the unseen, and by virtue of this second sight she was the 'powwow doctor' of her community. An old man disputed the title with her, but his was an evil magic, invoked only to 'overlook' an enemy's field, or to make eggs cease in his henhouse and milk in his stalls. Old Barbara Kulp had never been known to 'put a hex' on anything, although no one doubted that she could if she so desired. The neighbors came to her to unspell their cattle and lift the blight from their fields. When she passed a thread of scarlet silk about a festering thumb and then burned the thread among the ashes on her hearth, to the accompaniment of muttered words, relief was sure to follow. Blood which flowed stubbornly from a sickle-cut stopped quickly when she charmed.

Yet there was nothing of the visionary about her, despite her reputed powers. The blood of generations of sturdy peasants ran in her veins, and if it bred visions they were kin to the warm earth. Her small white house, perched upon a high bank beside the road, had the marks of centuries of German cottages. The inner sanctum, open only on great days, held the final product of her creative spirit — a curiosity jar. Once it had been a mere fruit jar like any other, holding pears and plums. Then it had taken to itself a coat of putty, on which the flotsam of generations had come to rest. There were square-rimmed spectacles, thimbles open at both ends, candle-snuffers, flattened bullets, acorns, broken scissors, and army buttons from two wars. The

whole was gilded brilliantly and set up on the parlor table, an unconscious symbol, in that room of funerals, of the immortal commonplace.

In the yard the last draw-well of the countryside bubbled under its sheltering roof. About it, and in rows along the narrow path that led to the front door, grew coxcomb, larkspur, petunias, and kings'-crowns. The rose-red tomatoes which glowed in her July garden were her especial pride, for they were direct descendants of the first in the county. She told, with a chuckle, the story of those pioneers.

In her mother's day tomatoes were a wild and forbidden fruit, reputed poisonous to humankind. But the spirit of adventure was strong in Barbara's mother, and she planted a few seedlings of the despised weed in her garden. They flourished for a time, then one morning hung limply on the earth. The cutworm had done his deadly work overnight. Another planting went the same way, despite salt sown thickly on the ground, and a third took its place. Then, looking out to the garden before daybreak one August morning, the planter of tomatoes saw a man kneeling in the half-light, carefully severing each stalk with his penknife, just below the surface of the soil. Her husband was venturing no ventures with unknown fruits.

The neighborhood babies opened their blinking eyes in Barbara's accustomed arms, and she planned their futures according to her seeing. Her favorite belief was that a child would most deeply love whatever it held first. So she filled the hands of hour-old girls with pansies and thyme and feverfew, marigolds and tansy and bridal wreath, or sacrificed a treasured geranium-blossom in the wintertime. To her, perhaps, life was a kitchen garden, and God the Gardener, Who loved His plants.

GENTLEMAN WITH THE BRASS CANDLESTICKS

IF I may give advice, through the indulgence of the *Atlantic*, to anybody tempted to carry to town a pair of brass candlesticks unwrapped, I shall feel that my recent ordeal has had value as public service.

To begin with, the cause of this embarrassment was innocence and beauty itself, combined in the gorgeous form and ravishing voice of a Kentucky cardinal. I woke as usual at quarter-past six. It's a heathenish hour to get up. It is impossible to bound energetically out of bed and begin the day conscientiously and methodically with heavenly music floating through the window. I lay enraptured exactly fifteen minutes, but it was enough to upset the first two hours of my daily schedule. I was late and rushed at everything I did. I got no breakfast. I tore out of the house and down the street and into the train, breathless, and bulging with a pair of three-branched brass candlesticks under my arm. There was no time to wrap them and I was to take them to town to be electrified. 'It's very simple to do,' my wife said. 'Your electrician, I know, will do it.'

They were very ceremonial and religious-looking candlesticks. I looked as if I had robbed an altar and was away, breathless, with the loot. Somebody said so. Of course all my friends in the train asked all about the candlesticks. The more imaginative tried little jokes, the witty were *very* witty, the dull were deadly. I thought, 'I shall be glad when *this* trip is over.' The brass candlesticks' evil work, however, had not begun! They were an inverted talisman.

When I reached town I decided not to subject myself to the intimacy of a street-car but to walk. The walk made me hungry and I began to want Childs'

buckwheat cakes and coffee. Everybody I passed smirked or smiled. I ducked into Childs' as into a haven. There was no place to hang or check my brass ornaments, so I had to set them on the table. Having one in each hand, I set them down so, then hung up my hat and coat and sat down — accidentally, I suppose — in the mathematical centre of the two three-branched candlesticks. I must have looked like Gabriel or the Ark of the Covenant, in between, for everybody in the place was convulsed. I was embarrassed, of course, and started instinctively to move them so that the frame, at least, of this self-centred picture would be broken. Then I found I could n't without acknowledging to the hilarious public I was entertaining that I was annoyed. So I sat more like a god or a Buddha than ever, apparently totally unconscious of the ribald compliments that were being paid me.

The waitress came and folded her hands and looked down as she would at prayer, and wondered in a whisper what my celestial being required for nourishment, if anything. The distinguished person who walks up and down the aisles in these establishments, doing nothing so elaborately and successfully, unbent and confided something side-splitting to the boy that carries out the overloaded trays of soiled dishes. Having made such an undeniable hit with this class of employed, she hastened to get applause from a rank much higher. She told the cashier and, not content with that, told the buckwheat cook, who was innocently patting the backs and curiously peering under the edges of my three sturdy cakes.

I had dropped down at the nearest table, so I overheard a word or two that gave me an insight into her mind and the quality of her wit. It seems that I represented in a highly burlesque way

one of those classes of virgins used in the Bible as symbols of thriftiness and shiftlessness. The employees of this restaurant that flourishes and prospers so abundantly upon the principle of democracy and comradeship were satisfied with my incongruous and irrational resemblance to a virgin, and not one of them, I was willing to wager, even considered the much more beguiling and moral aspect of the resemblance: Was I wise or foolish? Did I have candles concealed on my person? Was I prepared or not?

One of them did ask, but she had not been contaminated by the virgin joke, so I credited her with original and pure humor. She asked as she brought my cakes and coffee: 'Shall I light the candles, sir?' I said, 'No, thank you,' sweetly and ate those heavy, huge, and melancholy cakes in bitterness and genuine repentance. My repentance was not for being lazy merely, or for the sin of listening to a cardinal singing in the morning, or for taking a pair of brass candlesticks to town unwrapped. These were minor repentances. My all-consuming regret was for putting the blooming things on the table in such ceremonial positions. Then this passed and I regretted more than anything the instinct that suggested buckwheat cakes, and — of all places — Childs'.

I sneaked on to my office, hating the candlesticks more with every step, with every notice I got from the unencumbered and superior passers-by. I immediately called the electrician, for I could at least spare myself the sight of them on my desk all day. He looked at them in that absolutely final and don't-argue-with-me way electricians have, and said they could *not* be electrified.

I should have thrown them at his head or out the window. Instead, I called the office boy and weakly said, 'Will you please wrap these up?'

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Few authors have come to live so vigorously in the land of their imagination as does **Leo Crane**. In 1910 Mr. Crane was a successful writer of short stories; one year later he had been made a monarch of that very realm where so much of his fiction had been staged, the Indian Desert. Since the day of his appointment Mr. Crane has served variously as Indian Agent for the Hopi and Navajo Indians of Arizona, the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico, the Lower Yanktonai Sioux, and the Mohave and Chemehuevi of the Colorado River area — in all a record of fourteen devoted years. **J. Leslie Hotson** is an instructor of English at Harvard and a detective who has unraveled one of the most deplorable mysteries in all literature. Expressing a dissatisfaction with all 'possible titles' for his essay, Mr. Hotson wrote:

If I had my way (which I have n't) I should write an impossible title, running something like this: —

A TRUE DISCOVERY / of the Tragical / SLAYING / of CHRISTOPHER MARLOW GENT: / by I. L. H. *Philosophiae Doctor Universitatis Harvardianae Massachusettsensis.* / In which for the first time are unfolded / THE FINDINGS OF THE QUEENES CORONER / vpon viewe of his vnhappy body / lying dead in *Deford Strande.* / 1 June 1593. / And store of other matters All as new / as Lamentable and true. / Kynde Kit Marloe / London Printed by R. Clark for F. M. 1925.

But literary taste has changed for the worse.

Imogen B. Oakley was an eyewitness of certain conditions which attended the Direct Primary in Philadelphia. Before judging her indignant photograph every citizen may well pause and consider his own province. ¶For **Louis E. Reed**, a school-teacher of West Virginia, the forces of home and education have been opposed in an elemental conflict.

* * *

Kirsopp Lake, Winn Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Harvard University,

has composed some pages of modern history which for their justice and discernment must commend themselves to observant readers. ¶With a poem of delicate suggestion **Margaret Pond** makes her début in the *Atlantic*. **J. T. Bounphrey** set out to capture 'something of the color, the fierceness, and the true beauty of rowing,' and in the heat of the moment he has carried us with him into a stirring race. ¶Challenged by **Stephen F. Hamblin's** article, 'Plants and Policies,' which appeared in the March *Atlantic*, **Charles L. Marlatt**, Chairman of the Federal Horticultural Board, and Assistant Chief of the Bureau of Entomology, has prepared a vigorous and authoritative reply. ¶Eight years' experience as a motorist and a bank president have convinced **William Ashdown** of the perpetual expense of the automobile. As a bank president Mr. Ashdown may be able to afford this extravagance, but how about the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker?

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A philologist by trade, **Ernest Weekley**, head of the Modern Language Department at University College, Nottingham, has made a particular study of those curious counterfeit phrases which circulate as legal tender. ¶Formerly of the faculty of Johns Hopkins University, **Lawrence H. Baker** is now a member of the editorial staff of the *Baltimore Sun*. **William Preston Beazell**, the assistant managing editor of the *New York World*, describes an entertaining household recently of his neighborhood. **Edward Carrington Venable** has called upon the Comic Muse and found her at home, and a smiling and sophisticated matron. **Anne Goodwin Winslow**, a graceful poet occasionally in our midst, will be remembered for her 'Masque of Loved Ladies' which appeared in the *Atlantic* of May 1922. ¶A meeting with the ghosts of Dr. Johnson's and A. Edward Newton's famous friends may arouse in

Atlantic voyagers an appetite for the Cheshire Cheese and well-fed rumination at Gough Square. Robert M. Gay, Professor of English at Simmons College, is an essayist whose felicitous pen has charmed many an audience. A new and whimsical volume by Professor Gay, entitled *The 8:45*, has recently been published by the Atlantic Monthly Press.

* * *

Long residence in France in years of peace and war has enabled Major T. H. Thomas to become skilled and understanding in the ways of European politics. During the war Mr. Thomas served as a major of the Intelligence Section in the G. H. Q., and afterward was assigned to an important post at the Peace Conference. ¶The fresh study of Germany by the Reverend Reinhold Niebuhr of Detroit brings us a profound perspective and a substantiating faith. Lyman Bryson served for several years on the international staff of the League of Red Cross Societies, and later became editor of the League's monthly, *The World's Health*, and its other printed material. His devotion to the cause of peace is manifest.

* * *

This philosopher would seem to have acquired the profound meditation of the East despite the ceaseless traffic of his post.

SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In the April *Atlantic* "22" states some of the complex elements of a personal perplexity of religious faith for which she desires an answer. At forty-six I am only a crossing-watchman, with a serious problem of my own, but perhaps I can indicate to "22" a way to self-solution of her problem. In what I say is much profound ignorance. The cue to intelligence is to find the hidden wisdom.

"22" seeks a faith in immortality which will satisfy her emotions and stand the test of intelligence. The first requisite is to keep faith in the virtue and sufficiency of intelligence to solve every human problem, for her difficulty is with intelligence, not with her emotions.

If "22" wishes immortal union with T., she must take advantage of her opportunity to cultivate the fullest spiritual union with him in the present; then, if conscious immortality of identity is a reality, the condition of this union at death of either is assured to her for all eternity.

Intelligence is certain that no further development of the human aspects of the soul is possible after its spirit leaves the body. What T. is to "22" at his death will be hers for all eternity, with greater prospect of eternal happiness, if they never meet in the hereafter.

But there is another phase to the problem of immortality which is more vital to the welfare of humanity. Is immortality the natural destiny of nonentities — which it is if all are immortal — or is it to be acquired? If we are to achieve immortality, we must of necessity be born again and strive to become something, or accomplish something, worthy of immortality. This turns the problem of immortality from a personal matter into a human affair of great public importance. Here, again, immortality is dependent upon our employment of the mortal present. Science tells us that stars will remain visible in the heavens for thousands of years after becoming extinct as emanators of light. Intelligence and science tell us that our acts are recorded elsewhere than in ourselves with a permanence in proportion to the intensity of their commitment. We know that Joan of Arc has an immortality that will endure as long as creation, even though her own consciousness is lost in oblivion.

H. A. FARRAND

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Of men who go down to the sea in ships.

TORONTO, CANADA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The primary reason for this new invasion of your mail and attention is found in the article by Judge Wells in the March issue of the *Atlantic*. I was not far away from the scene of that wreck. At sea in the same storm, we reached safety only by a miracle. The next evening I read the newspaper account of the wreck of the Shanghai and the following morning traveled with Mr. Wells and his party on the first stage of their train-journey home. As I watched them and talked with them emotions that were very deep were stirred. Nothing quite compares with them save those aroused by John Synge's *Riders to the Sea*, and in particular by that great line, 'The sea can do me no more harm.' Mr. Wells was heard to murmur more than once in that reverie or half-dazed silence into which he lapsed repeatedly: 'The Shanghai is gone!' He took the loss of his dream ship with the most intense emotion. Rarely is it given one to share and witness an experience such as was mine that day. One thought of Mr. St. John Ervine's remark, that an audience should leave a theatre, after seeing a great tragedy, proud that they too were men, of the same race and spirit.

H. M. P.

The prophet, the mouse, and the profit.

LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS

EDITOR the *Atlantic Monthly*

DEAR SIR:—

Having labored with the 'Little Profiteer' through three pages of the *Atlantic*, I was a bit disappointed when nothing more than a large mouse was brought forth. It seems, after all has been said, that the author of 'Milking the Public' is only a good business-man earning a fair income, and not nearly so wicked as he would have us believe.

I have heard rumors, from time to time, that the distributor of farm products is able to accumulate more of this world's goods than the producer, and the successful business-man more than the school-teacher or the editor—their supereducation (it may be) notwithstanding. So that these revelations come as no great shock. Farming and educating must, for the present at least, be their own rewards, and the Little Profiteer should have realized this before he started off to college.

However, it might ease his conscience to know that he is not filching any untoward amount from the farmer or from the public. If the farmers cooperated to pasteurize and distribute their own milk, instead of selling to him, they would have to hire a manager, and one who could produce the same financial results would command a salary of something like ten dollars a day. As the Little Profiteer was averaging only about thirteen and a half dollars for himself, only three dollars and a half profit would be left for the farmers. Doubtless at least fifteen farmers deliver milk to this 100-gallon plant, so that each one is being deprived of a possible profit of a little over twenty cents a day. Meanwhile, under private management, if anything goes wrong with the business it is the Little Profiteer who is holding the bag.

I should advise our friend to stifle his qualms of conscience, assume the rôle of prophet as well as profiteer, and straightway set about laying up against a rainy day.

PAUL H. MILLAR

There is no question of the validity of the Little Profiteer's record. Of his prosperity in the lean years we cannot be so sure.

MASON CITY, IOWA

DEAR ATLANTIC,—

Some way or other 'Milking the Public,' by a Little Profiteer, in your April issue, does n't ring exactly true to my ear; but let us admit for the moment that this is a conscientious recital by a man who is actually engaged as the Little Profiteer claims to be. I would label him a

mighty poor business-man—one who is fast consuming his borrowed capital, one who will find himself in the bankruptcy court in less than four years if he does not begin before another four months to save all he can of that \$12 to \$15 a day he now so blithely calls profits. And I would offer the following items toward a bill of particulars to support this contention:—

1. Two drivers are not needed to deliver milk to 225 families a day.

2. Trucks are a costly method of retailing milk from house to house. Horses are more economical, and are used practically 100 per cent here in the Middle West.

3. Cheap motor-trucks in service seven days a week will depreciate practically 50 per cent the first year and an additional 40 per cent the second year. In that item alone—with two trucks—is an overhead cost that should be charged at the rate of at least \$2 a day.

4. Milk-route drivers here in the Middle West draw \$4 a day and up, seven days a week.

5. He charges no rental for his milk depot or place of business. He charges no insurance or tax.

6. The Little Profiteer charges no sinking-fund. And he is indeed a poor business-man who does not charge off and lay away a reasonable per cent of his gross income as a reserve from which to draw when business reverses come or temporary difficulties arise and it is inadvisable to increase selling-prices to meet the situation.

Even if his story is a recital of his own actual experience as he sees it, he is milking himself more than the public; his story is not representative of the milk business except in so far as it might be representative of the fallacious methods used by most of those who have failed in the business.

JAMES A. KING

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The many letters that have come to us in appreciation of 'O Theophilus' may well be represented by this sincere expression.

NEW YORK CITY

EDITOR of the *Atlantic*,—

In 'O Theophilus,' in the April *Atlantic*, Caroline Atwater Mason touches a chord for which many have been waiting. Her disgust with the Gnostic tradition revived in 'intellectual Christianity' is felt by many. Reasoning without insight, logic without vision, sense without faith, are poor guides in ethics, blind guides in religion.

'That time is at hand.' If I mistake not, the Christian of to-morrow will be a truer Christian than the world has known since the first century. We feel deeply the futility of 'modernism' and

also, many of us, the irrelevancy of much that poses as 'fundamentalism.' The very early Christians were not so greatly concerned with the inerrancy of the written word or with the literal verity of each reported miracle. They were greatly concerned with the stupendous fact of Christ, His divinity, life, gospel, and resurrection. To them Christ proved the miracle. The miracles did not prove Christ. They were as planets to a sun, dependent for their existence or credibility upon its light. The sun was not and is not dependent upon them. The 'modernist' sees the planets wobble and he wants to prop up or remake the sun for fear the light of the world may go out. The 'fundamentalist' lends strength to this fear and weakens the essential faith by struggling to support the planets, demanding belief in each of them as essential to belief in the sun itself.

If the Western world were pagan to-day, it would have its altar to the 'unknown God' to-morrow. On the third day it would return to Christianity. It would see more clearly if it could see anew the one light in all the ages, the light that burst on Greece and Rome, tumbled their philosophies and 'modernized faiths' into the dust, and re-created the world. In the blinding divinity of that light the new Christians, like the old, inspired by faith and putting sense where it belongs, will find it easy to accept the miracles. Whether they accept them, one or more or all, will be, as it always has been, irrelevant to the essentials of a Christian faith.

* * *

R. R. R.

The nomad and the shut-in.

WATERTOWN, CONNECTICUT

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Mr. J. Norman Hall, in one of his travel adventures published in the *Atlantic Monthly* some months ago, introduced his article by mentioning the obligation of the nomad to the stay-at-home.

In his recent story of 'The Forgotten One,' again, he has made the person surrounded by humanity and fettered by its ties be contented with his lot.

Having started 'The Forgotten One' at the breakfast table before the appearance of my 'Only One,' I could not put it aside when he broke into my solitude. The description of the orderly house, the well-selected library, and, most precious of all, the infinite leisure to read and ponder, was what my hungry soul most desired at that time. This was most appreciated, since I was the centre of attraction for my 'Only One' and I was being attacked from first one side and then the other. My feeling of annoy-

ance for the 'Only One' gradually decreased and finally disappeared as the article drew to a conclusion. It makes me shudder to think of what might have happened to Mr. Hall had he taken a deep breath, after the deliberate and ghastly silencing of the harmless cock.

Mr. Hall forcibly impresses on the civilization-locked populace the fact that to maintain a normal balance occasional contact with humanity is necessary. He shows that intermittent solitude is the only fruitful kind (his writings prove it) and in this he has again helped one of his stay-at-home readers.

EDITH M. PROUT

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Three charter-members who have been with us since our first issue answered to our April honor-call. Their letters have brought us great pleasure, and none more so than this of Major Saxton.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

April 18, 1925

MY DEAR ATLANTIC MONTHLY, —

In reply to your query in the April number, I will state that I joined the family in November 1857, by purchasing the first number on Court Street, near Washington, in Boston, early in its issue. I soon subscribed, but have not always been on the list. The Civil War came on and I went into the Union Army. I was stationed in different places. But wherever I was located, the *Atlantic Monthly* came to me fresh from the press to the end of the war without missing a number. It has never ceased to be a regular visitor in my home in Washington. And furthermore I am quite proud to say that the entire set of the *Atlantic Monthly* is now in my family, standing in a good substantial binding, the last volume, No. 134, not having been returned from the binder. If there are any more interesting *Atlantic* tales to tell our 150,000 family, it will be a pleasure to hear them. I have even talked with many of the worthies of 1857, and heard most of them lecture.

With highest regards to our whole prosperous family.

S. WILLARD SAXTON (b. August 13, 1829)

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The *Atlantic* in the fo'castle.

HOBOKEN, N.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have been much struck by the popularity of the *Atlantic* on the Atlantic and other oceans among the dozen or so men in the 'black gang' of the tramp steamers. There is usually one at least who carries along the good old *Atlantic*.

MACKENZIE MARSHALL